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Art. 1.—BRITISH-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

1. *Great Britain and the American Civil War.* By Ephraim Douglas Adams. Two vols. Longmans, 1925.
 2. *The Diplomatic Relations of Great Britain and the United States.* By R. B. Mowat. Arnold, 1925.
- And other works.

IN 334-5 B.C., Aristotle founded the Lyceum of Athens, and there won his peerless title, 'the master of them that know.' Man, he declared, possesses certain properties common to all mankind: the essential properties which distinguish him from other created beings. In addition, each man possesses incidental and unessential properties, in which he differs from other men. But the things which make men alike are more important than the things which make them different. Therefore, he added, all men are alike in what must be, though they differ in what may be. Such a generalisation is the key to international unity. When we add, however, the equally characteristic Aristotelian generalisation: what is most known is most real, we have the key to national or race prejudice. Men know best their own nations, their own races, their own localities, and very little of those which are distant. Therefore, the known things being for them the real things, they attach to local matters an exaggerated importance.

Knowledge, of course, deals with both 'essentials' and 'incidentals'; but with increasing knowledge comes also the consciousness of their relative importance. Knowledge can never remove differences, whether

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essential or unessential; but it serves to make clear the superior importance of 'essentials' as compared with 'incidentals,' of the things which make all men alike as compared with the things which make them different. Thus the truly educated man appreciates the superior importance of the wider unity; the uneducated, or the improperly educated, concentrates his attention upon divergence and resents the suggestion that recognition of wider unity is desirable. America's national motto, 'E pluribus unum,' interpreted according to its historical meaning, represents the ideal of the unity which slowly became apparent between thirteen, and later between forty-eight states within one continent; but it might with equal logical propriety be taken as the motto of the wider unity which is now slowly becoming apparent among the nations, as these draw closer together in space, in commerce, in thought. Our present conception of the essential unity of races and nations is as vague as was that of American national unity a century and a half ago; but as the milestones pass, we believe they indicate progress. Unity which we once limited to areas called states or nations, we are now beginning to conceive as limited only by planetary boundaries. Old conceptions yield slowly, at times sullenly, to newer, broader conceptions, and it would be absurd even to hope that international chaos will suddenly yield to international unity. The truly educated of all nations, however, owe to the advancing vision this much at least, the resolution to think of every question in the largest possible terms. Viscount Grey was right when he said: 'the large view will bring them together where the small view has separated them.' And the large view is becoming ever more possible as increased knowledge makes men understand how much they have in common.

History too must deal with 'essentials' and 'incidentals'; but here the meaning of the terms is different. 'Essentials' in history are the forces, processes, or incidents which time has proved of lasting importance. 'Incidentals' are those which have not been found to matter much, if at all. Many men saw apples fall in Cambridge gardens before Sir Isaac Newton; but his view alone belongs to history, for it led to the comprehension

of the laws governing a force not before understood. Many boats sailed from Palos, Spain, in 1492, but history remembers only three, the 'Nina,' the 'Pinta,' and the 'Santa Maria,' because they were later seen to have had a vital connexion with the process which later generations called the discovery of America. Thousands of children were born under the British flag on Feb. 22, 1732, but history associates that date with only one, George Washington. The chronicler is smothered by a myriad of incidents the meaning of which cannot appear until his day is past. The historian concentrates upon the essentials. For the chronicler, the sky-line is close at hand: for the historian it is as wide as organised society. Plato's genius discovered 'in every fact a germ of expansion'; but this is beyond the ordinary, or even the extraordinary mind. In that bold assertion, Plato stands alone; but it requires no genius to perceive that the things which are of lasting importance in Greek history, in Roman history, in English, French, or American history, are of value to every man who faces the perplexing problems which belong to organised society, if properly interpreted. The basic problems which each faced in discovering the essential unities that made it a nation are the basic problems which every group has faced in seeking to establish a national unity, and the same which the nations of the world must face in discovering the world-wide unity upon which alone real international law can be established.

The Romans complacently declared that all roads lead to Rome, and measured distances in their so-called world empire from one golden column erected in their own forum. To-day we begin to see that all roads lead to 'the unity all pervading'; but there is no golden column to show us the exact centre of that new unity. In consequence, each nation is crying: 'Lo, here it is, in the centre of our nation. Measure from that.' Thus we have as many centres as we have nations; and each, for its own people, is the centre of organised society, a centre which they stand ready to insist upon by force if necessary. This is not a criticism; it is the statement of a fact inevitable to a certain stage of progress.

The determination of justice by the exhibition of major force was a rational theory so long as men

believed that God gave to justice always the major force; but it is supremely irrational after we have ceased to believe that God has so organised His world; and it becomes absurd when those who have impiously eliminated God from the picture continue to employ the terms of the old theory. Without God in the world, it is reasonable for men to elevate mere physical force to His despoiled throne; but to pretend that they fight for the right then becomes a grim jest. The only logic in such a situation is the logic which gives to force the right to rule by virtue of its physical power. To pretend to any other virtue is to mock intelligence.

Everywhere and always, men organised into smaller unities have shown a tendency to fight against the creation of larger unities. If we take America as an example, we find this tendency to have been the very centre of her history. The conscious aim of the American Revolution was not the creation of a nation; and America persistently refused to be a nation when the war was over. Each state had emerged from the common struggle possessed of a local government deemed sovereign, and a personality in International Law which it jealously cherished. Supremely local, supremely self-conscious, it was as fearful of control from a central American government supreme over all, as it had been resentful of parliamentary pretensions to supremacy.

To picture the American Revolution as an attempt to erect a new nation in a new land is to write inverted history. The American patriots fought to protect their local governments, and their struggle produced conditions which forced nationality upon them. The creation of the nation was a slow and painful process, an unwilling yielding to the imperious demands of necessity, not the eager following of an ideal of 'liberty and union, now and for ever, one and inseparable,' as it slowly became. John Adams was writing sound history when he declared that the constitution was 'extorted from a reluctant people by grinding necessity.' Before the new form which we call the American nation emerged, it was necessary that new unities, common interests not before discerned, should become evident, not alone to the few, but to the many. A people which

had thought in a political form called the state had to learn to think in terms of a larger unit called the nation; and that could be no sudden process.

When the British army departed after the battle of Yorktown, the American league of friendship and perpetual union at once began to emphasise the fact that localism was too strong as yet to permit the creation of a nation. Every national proposition which localism could interpret as a threat against the supremacy of state power was resisted, long with success, by the states which it appeared chiefly to menace. Did the central government suggest central taxation, each state stood indignant, pointing to the clause of the Articles of Confederation which declared: 'The taxes . . . shall be laid and levied by the authority and direction of the Legislatures of the Several States.' Even before the treaty of peace of 1783 was agreed upon, Rhode Island prevented Congress from imposing a duty on imports and prize goods, declaring it 'repugnant to her liberties'; and Congress answered in despair: 'The conduct of the war is entrusted to Congress . . . without any competent means at their command to satisfy the important trust.' In 1784 Congress, remembering the fact that Great Britain had 'adopted regulations destructive of our commerce with her West Indian Islands,' asked the legislatures of the several states 'to vest the United States in Congress assembled, for the term of fifteen years, with power to prohibit any goods, wares, or merchandise, from being imported into or exported from any of the states, in vessels belonging to or navigated by the subjects of any power with whom these states shall not have formed treaties of commerce,' the consent of nine states being gained. But localism was too strong and the request was denied.

In 1785 Congress asked the states to give to the Central Government 'the sole and exclusive right and power . . . of regulating the trade of the States, as well with foreign nations as with each other, and of laying such impost and duties upon imports and exports as may be necessary,' thus depriving the states of the powers which were theirs by virtue of a clause of the Articles of Confederation which declared: 'No treaty of commerce shall be made whereby the legislative

power of the respective states shall be restrained from imposing such imposts and duties on foreigners, as their own people are subjected to, or from prohibiting the exportation or importation of any species of goods or commodities whatsoever.' The committee's report urged in favour of the change the obvious argument 'that it will be difficult for thirteen different legislatures, acting separately and distinctly, to agree in the same interpretation of a treaty, to take the same measure for carrying it into effect, and to conduct their several operations upon such principles as to satisfy those powers.' But again localism remained supreme, thus giving verity to the scornful remarks of foreign nations, that no one could tell whether in dealing with America he was dealing with one nation, or with thirteen nations.

The brief history of the Confederation is crowded with such instances; and as amendment of the 'Articles of Confederation and perpetual union' explicitly required confirmation 'by the Legislatures of every State,' no remedial changes could be made. Had the Articles of Confederation allowed amendment by less than unanimity, the American people would, doubtless, have become a nation by means of slow adaptations, the gradual alteration of their constitution; and in the end their constitution would have been very different from the one under which they have won so many battles against localism, that perennial enemy of larger unities, whether we think in terms of a single nation aiming at local peace, or of fifty odd nations seeking 'to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security,' as the Covenant of the League of Nations expresses it.

The keynote of all American history, from the adoption of that constitution of 1787 which made the nation the only sovereign power, to the Civil War which established that sovereignty, is the struggle against a larger unity. The Civil War itself has been so interpreted as to cause the average American to look upon the Southern States as a sort of unique instance of localism; but in its localism the South was by no means unique. The eleven states which attempted secession in the hope of retaining 'state sovereignty' were merely belated instances of localism once shared by all sections

of America. They had merely maintained longer than the other states an attitude once common to all, and which each in turn had stood ready to defend when threats of central control seemed to menace especially cherished rights and privileges. All Americans now know, and freely admit the truthfulness of the words of Elihu Root: 'The preservation of our dual system of government . . . has made possible our growth in local self-government, and national power in the past, and . . . is essential to the continuance of that government in the future.' It required, however, 137 years for America to understand that her people are more secure in their vital liberties as one sovereign nation than they could ever have been as citizens of thirteen sovereign states. And it will require the long patience, which the French proverb calls genius, to make the nations of the world understand that the vital liberties of their people will at last be more secure under an all-pervading unity sustained by International Law than they could ever be as citizens of fifty odd sovereign nations, standing each alone.

As soon as the Federal Constitution of 1787 had established a machinery strong enough to weld the sovereign states into a sovereign nation, and had begun the long process of vital unification, American national diplomacy began; and its aim as defined in the preambles of our most important treaties, is 'a firm, inviolable, and universal peace, and a true and sincere friendship,' to quote Jay's treaty; 'a firm and universal peace,' as the treaty of Ghent expresses it; 'a firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship,' as the treaty of the Florida cessions declares; 'firm and universal peace,' to use the words of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Treaties represent a search for international unity, whether they include only two nations, or the whole family of nations; and they succeed or fail in proportion to the degree in which unities are discovered and embodied in their provisions.

Thus it is safe to say that the most successful diplomat is the man with the vision to see what the nation to which he is accredited has in common with his own nation. Therefore, the 28 British subjects and the 39 Americans, who have represented their respective governments in the capitals of the two nations during the 135

years which have elapsed since the first American minister, under our new constitution, sailed for England, have succeeded or failed chiefly because of their ability to see, or their failure to see, essential unities between these two nations. But here also the wider vision comes slowly, more slowly because the unseeing insist that there is something unpatriotic in seeing international unity, because the too locally minded have learned to employ what they call history as a means of cultivating the narrow view. This they interpret as using history to teach patriotism, while the only patriotism worth teaching is the patriotism which faces the facts, weighing them in the scales of justice, whether the balance rises or falls upon our side of the scales. It required not alone vision but a high order of patriotism for Chatham to face the parliament which had passed the Stamp Act, and to challenge it with the words:

‘I would fain know by whom an American is represented here . . . will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough? A borough which . . . no man ever saw! That is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. . . . The idea of virtual representation of America . . . is the most contemptible that ever entered into the heart of a man. . . . I shall never own the justice of taxing America, internally, until she enjoys the right of representation.’

He and the many far-sighted patriots who stood with him were, of course, denounced as unpatriotic. George Onslow, just before Lord North’s fall, threw into their faces these stinging words: ‘Why have we failed so miserably in this war against America, if not from the support . . . given rebellion in this very house?’ It required both vision and patriotism for Grover Cleveland to say to the nation, over which he presided as president, that its plan to take Hawaii, by means of indirection, and without the consent of the Hawaiian people, was an international crime.

‘It has been the boast of our government,’ he said, ‘that she seeks justice in all things, without regard to the strength or weakness of those with whom it deals. I mistake the American people if they favour the odious doctrine that there is no such thing as international morality; that there is one law for a strong nation and another for a weak one; that even by indirection a strong power may with impunity

despoil a weak one of its territory. The Law of Nations is founded upon reason and justice, and the rules of conduct governing individual relations between citizens or subjects of civilised states are equally applicable as between enlightened nations. . . . On that ground the United States cannot be properly put in a position of countenancing a wrong after its commission any more than of consenting to it in advance. On that ground it cannot itself refuse to redress any injury inflicted through an abuse of power by its officers clothed with its authority and wearing its uniform.'

The vision of a wider unity, slowly as it comes to individuals, comes even more slowly to nations; and, therefore, a second test of the success or failure of the 67 diplomats who have represented America in England and England in America is their ability to cause their respective nations—both governments and people—to see the new unity which they themselves have perhaps discovered. The only enduring political unity rests upon law, discovered, formulated, and operating with the consent of the governed; and, as President Coolidge recently declared: 'Men do not make laws, they only discover them.'

The law which British-American diplomats seek, and have sought from the beginning, is not the law of England alone, nor the law of America alone, but the law upon which Great Britain and America can agree. It is International Law between two nations, operative without 'the drumming guns which know no doubts,' only as it rests upon generally perceived unities between the two. Therefore, whenever these diplomats have formed agreements, given pledges, signed treaties, which disregarded the sober, second thought, which means the real opinion, of the governed of one country or of both, they have recorded failure; and, in general, where they have properly assessed the community of ideas, they have registered success.

The high character of the 39 men who have represented the United States at the Court of St James is illustrated by the fact that they furnished:

5 Presidents of the United States: John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan;

1 Chief Justice of the United States: John Jay;

- 4 Vice Presidents ;
- 10 Secretaries of State ;
- 4 Secretaries of the Treasury ;
- 3 Secretaries of War ;
- 1 Secretary of the Navy ;
- 3 Attorney Generals.

And from their ranks come also the names of five of America's most eminent authors, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, James Russell Lowell, and John Hay.

America as a nation began the search for British-American unities in 1791 when Gouverneur Morris took up the difficult post of American Minister in London, a post which John Adams had held under the Articles of Confederation from 1785 to 1788, and which had been left vacant from 1788 to 1791. But Morris saw very little indication of British-American unity ; and his immediate successor, Thomas Pinckney, was not more successful. They found in England what they had left in America, distrust, suspicion, a brooding sense of unforgotten injuries, conditions which the ripe wisdom of Lord Balfour has recently declared responsible for all international troubles : and despite their best efforts, by 1794, these differences, or fancied differences, had brought the two nations face to face with what seemed inevitable war.

As an adventure toward the discovery of unities sufficient to justify a treaty, President Washington sent John Jay as a special envoy to England. Jay was an ideal man for the crisis. Trained as a jurist, a lover of peace, and with a mind singularly free from the pettiness which magnifies differences, he at once saw and reported a disposition on the part of King George III, and Lord Grenville, his Foreign Secretary, 'to give conciliation a fair experiment, by doing us substantial justice, and by consenting to such arrangements favourable to us as the national interests and habitual prejudices would admit.' The King had received him with the words : 'I imagine you begin to see that your mission will probably be successful.' 'Next to the King,' Jay wrote to a friend, 'our President is more popular in this country than any man in it.' Despite the prophecies of inevitable war, Jay dared to build upon essential unities, and, to the disappointment of an enraged war party in

America, he made a treaty which maintained the peace, sacrificing much, but gaining more; not for America alone, but for the world. In face of bitter and often insulting denunciation from his fellow-countrymen, he maintained throughout the fierce conflict which preceded ratification, a dignified reserve, remarking simply: 'God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to Him.'

When we think of Jay's treaty from the point of view of the immediate, apparent interests of one nation alone, the United States of America, it is easy to understand the opposition which it met, in the Senate, in the House, and before the public, from pulpit, press, and platform. But when we think of it from the point of view of the growth of a consciousness of British-American unity, we must see in it a milestone of progress. From the point of view of that small thing which men call personal ambition, his treaty was a cancelled passport; but it has served, better than any other act of his life, to give him access to the larger fame which belongs to all statesmen with the vision to perceive and the courage to declare the larger vision. And 'courage,' if we may accept the definition of Plato, 'is nothing else than knowledge.'

The conflict over the ratification of Jay's treaty had served to make clear the fact that America, from the point of view of international affairs, is not as other nations. Already the problem of a racial complex unmatched in other lands was present, bringing to bear upon each effort to recognise British-American unities old racial prejudices brought to America by immigrants from other lands. Since the 'Susan Constant,' the 'Godspeed,' and the 'Discovery' sailed from the Downs, on Dec. 20, 1606, with 105 potential Americans aboard, bound, as Captain John Smith prophetically declared, for a land where the only drink was water, and the dwellings castles in the air, many races had come to make their homes in America. And with each had come the call of blood which seems to be a part of every man. These had left their countries for freedom of conscience, for adventure, for the chance of gain, for the avoidance of ills grown too heavy. A thousand lures had brought them into the wilderness; and with each Pilgrim, refugee, or adventurer had come the memory of another

land, loved or hated, but never viewed without some prejudices, some powerful emotion, either of love or hate. Father Jacques, who visited Manhattan Island as early as 1643, had reported 400 men living within sight of the Battery, and speaking all told 18 languages; and since 1643 the number had vastly increased, until America had become what she has since continued to become, in ever increasing measure, a polyglot nation, each inhabitant having inherited loves or hatreds which quickly manifested themselves when questions of British-American relations were before the nation.

When, therefore, France ventured to interpret the Franco-American treaties of 1778, as entitling her to expect military assistance from America in the rising European conflict, and had presumed to offer French aid—and by implication American aid—to any nation which desired to dethrone its kings and banish its privileged classes, America at once divided into a pro-French and a pro-British faction. Washington wisely refused to allow France to interpret for America her duties under the treaties, and, in the face of bitter insult from his own countrymen, as well as from the liberty-mad crusaders of France, declared and maintained neutrality, refusing to allow the new republic to be employed by France for her own purposes. The injection of the French problem, however, changed the problem of two bodies into a problem of three bodies, and the task of the British-American diplomats thus became vastly more difficult.

The lessons of the French Alliance had, however, caused America's leaders, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and their colleagues, to redefine the aim of American diplomacy in such a way as to meet the problem of three bodies, and as many more as might be forced into the picture. Therefore, in 1796, when Rufus King succeeded Thomas Pinckney as America's regular minister to Great Britain, he took up his task strengthened by the knowledge that the United States proposed to build upon essential unities, not with one nation alone but with all nations. In September of that year, 1796, Washington published his farewell address, the product of many minds, wherein he expressed for his country the policy which has dominated her foreign policy for

130 years, and continues to dominate it. For domestic policy the farewell address asserted what was still but a vision, a national unity supreme over mere local attachments: 'The name, American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.' But for the guidance of our diplomats, it declared :

'Nothing is more essential than that permanent and inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. . . . It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world . . . Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.'

In this address, the most lastingly potent of all America's diplomatic landmarks, Washington pleaded not for isolation, but for the permanent retention of freedom to serve the grandest cause of all, the cause of international justice, freedom to serve the right 'as God gives us to see the right,' to adapt the words later employed by Abraham Lincoln. The most vital sentence in the document is not the oft-quoted warning against '*permanent alliances*,' but the sentence too little noted at the time and since: 'Give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.' By following after injustice the lust of power, the greed of gain, America would depart from the essential teaching of Washington's farewell address more vitally than by entering into 'permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.'

It is safe to say that Rufus King and his two immediate successors at the Court of St James, James Monroe and William Pinckney, carried on their negotiations with a full consciousness of the ideals expressed for the guidance of American diplomacy by Washington's farewell address; but each in turn discovered that the task of the builder is hard, even when he has the blue-prints to guide him. As the gigantic figure of Napoleon, the Conqueror, rose out of the chaos which was France; as England struggling to avoid his chains dealt blow

for blow, the world's freedom hanging in the balance, it was not easy to see where 'exalted justice and benevolence' lay. The summer of 1806 saw Monroe and Pinckney working together in London seeking to negotiate with the friendly Foreign Secretary, Charles James Fox, a treaty to replace Jay's treaty, soon to expire by limitation. Postponing by mutual consent the discussion of the vexed question of impressment, they had agreed upon terms more favourable to the United States in many respects than Jay's treaty, when news came that Napoleon, in his Berlin decree, had ordered the capture of every vessel coming from England or her colonies to any port under his control. The British negotiators then declared that the American negotiators must pledge their country to resist the Berlin decree, defying Napoleon to the verge of war, before they could consent to the other terms under consideration. To this Monroe and Pinckney gave their hesitating assent; but when their treaty reached the hands of President Jefferson, it was rejected, without even the formality of consultation with the Senate. To accept a treaty with impressment omitted, he said, 'would violate both a moral and political duty of the government to our citizens.' As the British government was convinced that the formal abandonment of what she considered her right to seize her subjects, even on board neutral merchant vessels on the high seas, would tend to overthrow her naval power and increase Napoleon's chances of supremacy, there appeared small chance of any agreement which both nations would accept. And this was the more unfortunate as both nations professed an ardent desire to avoid injustice in the matter of impressment, the British commissioners going so far as to suggest the passage of laws which would make it a penal offence for British commanders to impress American citizens, and for officers of the United States to grant certificates of citizenship to British subjects. This, at least, made it evident that the difference arose rather from the respective views upon naturalisation than from the desire of either nation to injure the other, a difference which wholly disappeared in 1870 when the British Naturalisation Act conceded the right of voluntary expatriation. But for the moment

it remained among the irritating disagreements which were forcing the reluctant nations nearer to war.

At the opening of President Madison's first term, hope of a peaceful adjustment with England appeared for a time. The British minister, David Montagu Erskine, was instructed by George Canning, Foreign Secretary, to offer the withdrawal of British restrictions upon neutral commerce upon three specific and drastic conditions, which would not have been acceptable to the Madison government, had they been reported. Unwisely suppressing the conditions, Erskine, in his praiseworthy eagerness for peaceful adjustment, actually made a treaty permitting Madison to declare that trade with Great Britain might be renewed on the tenth of the following June 1809. Ex-President Jefferson warned President Madison that the terms agreed upon by Erskine appeared too good to be true; but Madison was confident, American shippers jubilant, and, therefore, the news that Canning had refused Erskine's treaty and recalled Erskine, fell like a thunderbolt; and war would have been declared forthwith, had not Canning wisely exempted from capture such American vessels as had put to sea in good faith, believing that the Erskine treaty was an assured fact. In the end, acting upon the belief that Napoleon was less dangerous to America's essential liberties than was Great Britain, and urged on by the 'warhawks,' Madison and the Congress of the United States, in June 1812, declared war on England; the vote in the House being 79 to 49, and in the Senate 19 to 13. 'I flung forward the flag of my country,' Madison declared a quarter of a century later, 'sure that the people would press onward and defend it.'

Thus, by majorities perilously small in view of the tremendous stakes, did America add to the chance that the Conqueror of Europe would make firm his conquests over seas, and then renew the old, old dream of France, a French Empire upon the American continent. Had Napoleon won, his cession of Louisiana made in 1803, in the face of Great Britain's military preparations for the day when the flimsy truce of Amiens should end, would have proved a scrap of paper; for he had instructed his negotiator to leave the boundaries of Louisiana undetermined, evidently with the thought that its restoration

to France, when his victories should establish his power, would be easier with vague boundaries as the specious cause of new aggressions.

The treaty of Ghent served to emphasise the fact that Great Britain's disregard of neutral rights had been due more to Napoleon than to any permanent differences of view between England and the United States upon the abstract questions. The aggressions which had been the chief causes of America's declaration of war against England, impressments and paper blockades, were not even mentioned in the treaty. With the banishment of Napoleon, they had ceased to be regarded as menacing, and they have never since that day resumed their former importance. Indeed, less than fifty years later America hailed with enthusiasm the news that Captain Charles Wilkes, of the 'San Jacinto,' had stopped the British mail steamer, the 'Trent,' on the high seas, and forcibly removed the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, a violation of the very principle which the United States had fought to maintain in the war of 1812. Had it not been for the vision and courage, the Platonic knowledge, of the British Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, the Queen, the Prince Consort, of Lincoln and his advisers who restored the commissioners to a British steamer, and the diplomatic skill of the British and American ministers, Lord Lyons and Charles Francis Adams, that same difference of opinion might have caused another war.

And when the question speedily arose again, this time upon matters relating to the slave trade, which both nations abhorred, the new unity was manifested by the conclusion of the British-American Reciprocity Treaty of 1862, in which both nations accepted the right of search of suspected slave-ships; while a supplementary article, concluded on the seventeenth of February, 1863, allowed this reciprocal right of search to be exercised within the areas of the American coast. The logic of common ideals had again discovered new and superior unities.

Napoleon's not irreconcilable views upon blockades, impressment, and neutral rights, had caused the war of 1812. His conscienceless skill, not a unity of interest, had caused America to send her citizens to fight, though indirectly, for a cause that was not their cause; and the

whole trend of British-American relations since the treaty of Ghent has served to emphasise the fact that it was not their cause. That American interests were safe with Great Britain victorious over Napoleon was convincingly demonstrated within four years, for Richard Rush and Charles Bagot, the American minister to London and the British minister to the United States, concluded a convention by which both nations agreed to practical disarmament on the Great Lakes, which separate the British dominions in Canada from the United States. From this agreement, proclaimed on April 28, 1818, to the present day that boundary line has stood, unmarred by hidden mine or frowning bastion.

And from the end of the war of 1812 to the present hour England and America have never been at war. Subsequent ministers have faced grave differences, perplexing problems; but none have been strong enough to destroy the 'firm and universal peace' which the treaty of Ghent promised in its first article, and which the Rush-Bagot agreement so signally confirmed. In this convention England and America had discovered a new unity, a mutual faith in the peaceful method; and in the strength of that new unity all the pending disputes respecting American and Canadian questions were ultimately adjusted by rational processes, and without the presence of menacing guns of war. 'This arrangement for mutual disarmament on the Lakes,' says Frank A. Updyke, in his 'Diplomacy of the War of 1812,' 'has undoubtedly been the greatest single factor in the continuance of peaceful relations between the United States and Great Britain during the last one hundred years.'

Richard Rush's eight years of continuous service as minister at the Court of St James during which term Charles Bagot, Stratford Canning, and H. U. Addington filled in succession the post of British minister to the United States, saw the newly discovered British-American unity illustrated in new fields. The old Spanish Empire, built up by a process which can never be repeated, the discovery, conquest, and settlement of a new and fertile continent, had dissolved. The Spanish-American colonies had declared themselves independent of Spain, and the United States had, in 1822, recognised them as independent republics. The Holy Alliance, in pursuance of its set

purpose, 'to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government . . . and to prevent its being introduced into those countries where it is not yet known,' was contemplating intervention, to restore those republics to their former allegiance. The problem of three bodies had suddenly expanded into almost world-wide proportions involving many nations, but the immediate concern of British-American diplomacy was still British-American unity.

In August 1823, George Canning, Foreign Secretary from 1822 to 1827, wrote to Minister Rush:

'Is not the moment come when our governments might understand each other as to the Spanish-American colonies, and if we arrive at such an understanding, would it not be expedient for ourselves and beneficial for all the world that the principles of it should be clearly settled and openly avowed? For ourselves: . . .

- I. We conceive the recovery of the colonies of Spain to be hopeless;
- II. We conceive the question of recognition of them as independent states to be one of time and circumstances;
- III. We are, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the mother country by amicable negotiations;
- IV. We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves;
- V. We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference.

'If these observations and feelings are, as I firmly believe them to be, common to your government with ours, why should we hesitate eventually to confide them to each other, and to declare them in the face of the world?'

Without waiting for instructions Rush replied: 'I believe I may confidently say that the sentiments unfolded in your note are fully those which belong also to my government.' He then reported the facts to President Monroe, who consulted the two ex-presidents, Jefferson and Madison, each of whom expressed the belief that the joint declaration suggested by Canning was highly desirable. Jefferson's reply declared:

'The question presented by the letters . . . is the most

momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation ; this sets our compass and points the course we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. . . . By acceding to her proposition we detach her (England) from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. . . . I could, therefore, honestly join in the declaration proposed.'

Madison's reply was no less definite :

'It is particularly fortunate that the policy of Great Britain, though guided by calculations different from ours, has presented a cooperation for an object the same as ours. With that cooperation we have nothing to fear from the rest of Europe, and with it, the best reliance on the success of our joint and laudable views. There ought not to be any backwardness, I think, in meeting her in the way she has proposed. . . . It cannot be doubted that Mr Canning's proposal, though made with the air of consultation as well as concert, was founded on a predetermination to take the course marked out, whatever might be the reception given here to his invitation. But this consideration ought not to divert us from what is just and proper in itself.'

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the whole history of American diplomacy one single instance of so complete an agreement among three equally eminent statesmen concerning a proposition of comparable importance ; but the proposed joint declaration was never made. The reason is, doubtless, contained in the following passage from John Quincy Adams's Memoirs, under date Nov. 15, 1823 : Monroe 'asked for the correspondence . . . with a view to the particular notice he intends to take of it in his message, which I thought should have been only in general terms. . . . He thinks, as I do, that this movement on the part of Great Britain is impelled more by her interest than by a principle of general liberty.' Distrust, suspicion, fear, that great sinister triad which has wrecked so many projects for the promotion of international unity, these, and these alone, prevented the proposed joint declaration. America and England, seeing as one, acted as two. The meditated

crusade was abandoned; but its defeat marked no new milestone on the road toward international unity. John Quincy Adams wrote the sentences of the message of Dec. 2, 1823, known as the Monroe Doctrine, and he expressed them in general terms. His scattered sentences, conveniently vague, have to be sought out and brought together from a mass of information upon a great variety of domestic subjects, before we can realise fully the text known as the Monroe Doctrine. All told they make up only about 15 per cent. of the message; and they state not a new but a very old American policy. Alexander Hamilton, in the early days of his career, had formulated one element of it thus: 'It ought to be the aim of American statesmen to prevent and frustrate for all time European interference with the development of the states, or even with the destinies of the whole northern continent.' Tom Paine, in 1776, had provisioned another element when he said in 'Common Sense': 'As Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no partial connexion with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions.'

Gradually, as the two continents grew closer together, Hamilton's principle had been extended, by new announcements, to South America also, and Paine's doctrine of steering clear of European contentions had been repeatedly revamped to meet new emergencies. The Monroe Doctrine, therefore, as John Quincy Adams well understood, presented no new programme. It merely stated an established point of view. The vital paragraph declared:

'We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers (the Holy Alliance) to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their

destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.'

Although not novel, the statements in the message were immediately effective. Minister Rush reported: 'When the message arrived in London, the whole document excited great attention. It was upon all tongues; the press was full of it. The Spanish-American securities rose in the stock market, and the safety of the new states from European coercion was considered no longer doubtful.' Although disappointed that he had been unable to induce England to recognise the Spanish-American states, thus increasing British-American unity with reference to the problem, Rush unhesitatingly declared the message of Dec. 2, 1823, the best and the best-timed state paper he had ever read.

Canning, despite the fact that his offer of a joint declaration had been rejected, accepted with evident satisfaction Monroe's separate declaration, and prepared for an independent British recognition of the South American States. This action was taken not to strengthen the Monroe Doctrine, but in the hope of limiting it. The British government feared that, without such British recognition, America might succeed in bringing about 'a division of the world into European and American, republican and monarchical, a league of worn-out governments on the one hand, and of the youthful, stirring nations with the United States at their head, on the other.' And Canning announced the coming recognition of the South American states, on Dec. 17, 1824, to the British ambassador at Paris in the significant words: 'The deed is done. The nail is driven. . . . Spanish America is free, and if we do not mismanage our affairs sadly, she is English.' Thus Prof. Mowat is justified in the suggestion, made in his brilliant volume, 'The Diplomatic Relations of Great Britain and the United States,' that Canning's much-quoted sentence, 'I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old,' should have read, 'I called South America into existence to redress the balance of the North.'

That this plan of forcing 'a division of the world into European and American' was not a mere creature of Canning's fancy is clear from the correspondence

which Monroe conducted before issuing his message. Jefferson's letter to Monroe, under date Oct. 24, 1824, states it quite as definitely as did Canning in the passage above quoted. 'America, north and south,' he said, 'has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate, and apart from Europe. While the last is labouring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.' But Jefferson definitely excepted England from the European camp by the words: 'by acceding to her proposition [of a joint declaration against the plans of the Holy Alliance] we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke.' Had Canning been able to read the entire correspondence, now available to every one, he would scarcely have felt called upon even to call 'South America into existence to redress the balance of the North.' His fears, though reasonable, in view of his incomplete knowledge of America's aim, were at least as groundless as the suspicions which had caused the United States to reject his proposition of a joint declaration. In this instance, as in so many others, is illustrated the truth of the observation of Mr A. G. Gardiner, that in British-American relations 'half knowledge has always produced whole friction, and whole knowledge left no friction at all.'

It is obviously impossible in a limited space to follow, even in outline, the history of the search for British-American unity during the century which has elapsed since Richard Rush's successor, Rufus King, gave place to the famous master of finance, Albert Gallatin, and Sir Charles Vaughan, one of the most interesting of British ministers, began his unprecedented service of nine years as minister to the United States. But it is safe to say that as each successive minister, British and American, made his reports, it became even clearer that a new element of unity was in sight. England was approaching the beginning of parliamentary reform. The vision of Chatham, of Shelburne, of the younger Pitt, was unmistakably hardening into reality. And the inevitable outcome was the gradual change from the

British Empire to the present British Commonwealth of Nations. Prof. Dicey thus interpreted its meaning:

'Parliament . . . long before 1884 practically admitted the . . . folly of the attempt made by the Parliament of England to exert as much absolute power in Massachusetts as in Middlesex; that a real limit to the exercise of sovereignty is imposed, not by the laws of man, but by the nature of things; and that it is vain for a parliament, or any other sovereign, to try to exert equal power throughout the whole of an immense empire. The completeness of this admission is shown by one noteworthy fact: the Imperial Parliament in 1884, and long before 1884, had ceased to impose its own authority, and for the benefit of England, any tax upon any British colony.'

The progress of parliamentary reform and of self-government in the vanishing Empire meant that the United States and Great Britain were consciously travelling the same road, acknowledging ever more fully a common sovereign, not a Tudor, a Stuart, or a Hanoverian, but the Sovereign People. Hitherto the ministers of both countries had sought to build upon unity of blood, which the rising tide of immigration was soon to lessen, unity of speech, and a unity of commercial interests; but after the reform bill of 1832 they began to build upon the more enduring unity, a common conception of the meaning of real, representative government. This new unity has grown in increasing importance as nation after nation has begun to question the soundness of the representative idea. Despite desertions, despite contemptuous declarations that our type of government has failed, America and Great Britain still cherish the representative idea, conceiving their common faith in it as more important than blood relationship, more important than a common tongue, more important than a common economic interest; for it has given more freedom combined with more justice than any other or all other types of government. And it is this common faith which still holds us closer together than any other two nations upon earth. The most vital of all unities is the unity of the spirit, and Aristotle spoke for all men when he urged his disciples to indulge only the immortal that lies in every man. America and Great Britain differ and will continue to differ upon some

'essentials' and upon a myriad of 'incidentals'; but they cherish a common faith in the things of the spirit, they measure 'essentials' by the same standards, and this is the greatest unity which our ministers and ambassadors of a hundred and thirty-five years have discovered.

For the first three or four decades of British-American diplomacy, appointment to Washington seemed to British diplomats, with minds set upon the great problems centring at Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, or St Petersburg, strangely like banishment, for the American capital was a crude affair as compared with the great cities of Europe, and travel in the interior was attended by unfamiliar hardships. The seventh on the list, Charles Bagot, during his four years as minister, saw little except the dawning city of Washington. His immediate successor, Stratford Canning, reported little diplomatic business, in which he added, 'stagnation would perhaps be the most suitable word to express my share of it.' The American capital he described as having only one thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, 'approaching our notion of a street.' But he was wise enough to defy the difficulties of overland travel in order to see American life at its sources, an example which his second successor, Sir Charles Vaughan, followed, greatly to the benefit of his mission, and his search for the things which make for unity. England needed interpreters, as she watched across 3000 miles of ocean the rise of questions which concerned her peace. It is hard for an old nation to understand the problems and the temperament of frontier communities, even when a common tongue prevails. Questions of boundary line, hitherto unimportant, took on a new significance as the complications of new trade, new settlement, and new-born localism emerged. Slave trade, trade extension, and the inevitable tariff complications due to the diverging interests of sections demanded new thought upon very ancient problems. A traveller, like Stratford Canning or Sir Charles Vaughan, did not have to do 'diplomatic business' to justify his position. To the alert-minded statesmen in London, despatches dealing with no pressing problem of diplomacy were at times more vital in importance than a signed trade agreement could have been. Had there been more travel, more study of the myriad forces which enter into

every great popular movement, more adequate understanding of America's problems, history might have been able to record a governmental interpretation of the Civil War as true as that of the great industrial wage workers of England who saw in that contest a life-and-death conflict between freedom and bondage, and with empty dinner pails, but hearts full of sympathy for the strife for human freedom, cheered for the cause that triumphed in the end. A cynic has declared that we can learn from history only that we can learn nothing from history. But the cynic is always wrong, from the point of view of the great processes which dominate civilisation. We can learn from history, if we properly interpret what history is, the great truth that revolutions never go backward, though appearances often deceive the generation which witnesses the process. Plato was right, as usual, when he declared: 'All things are in a scale, and, begin where you will, ascend and ascend.'

From the restoration of the American federal union to 1893, nine American ministers served in London, and four British ministers served in Washington, the latter with an ever diminishing sense of exile. The activities incident to America's new awakening slowly made clear the fact that the post at Washington offered, not alone problems worthy of the best talent, but a sort of virgin soil the cultivation of which required both training and the gifts of the explorer seeking new unities. During those years also, the American ministers in London, Reverdy Johnson, John Lothrop Motley, Robert Schenck, Edwards Pierrepont, John Walsh, James Russell Lowell, E. J. Phelps, and Robert Lincoln, enjoyed to the fullest extent the fruits of the friendly firmness of their predecessor, Charles Francis Adams, who as war-time minister had accomplished the task which he had set himself, 'to prevent the mutual irritation from coming to a downright quarrel.'

Of the first three British ministers in Washington during that same period, Sir Frederick Bruce, Sir Edward Thornton, and Lionel Sackville Sackville-West the fifth son of the Earl de la Warr, only the last failed to maintain the cordial relations upon which the success of diplomacy depends; and the conflict which caused his sudden recall was due to a too eager interest

in domestic politics, rather than diplomacy. By an ill-judged effort to aid President Cleveland's chances of re-election in 1888, he drew upon himself the wrath of that uncompromising Democrat, invoked anew the perennial enemy of all successful diplomacy, international suspicion, and gave a new pretext for the then popular national sport called 'twisting the lion's tail.' Lord Salisbury did not consider the offence grave enough to justify the recall which the Washington government requested, and, therefore, in October 1888, the very month in which he became Lord Sackville, the latter was given his passports by Secretary Bayard, and during the remainder of the first Cleveland administration there was no British minister in Washington.

Lord Sackville's successor, Sir Julian Pauncefote, appointed after the inauguration of President Harrison, soon regained the trail that was lost, and in the fifth year of his thirteen years of service became the first British ambassador to Washington, Bayard, now Ex-Secretary of State, being sent to London with a corresponding title. Together they weathered the storm called 'The Venezuelan incident.' Together they faced the rise of the Cuban crisis which led to in the Spanish-American War of 1898, which gave America overseas possessions and with them a new concern with world problems which before had concerned her little.

In 1897, Bayard was succeeded in London by an ambassador with a diplomatic experience. John Hay had served as one of Abraham Lincoln's private secretaries during the Civil War. Later he had been Secretary of Legation at Paris, and Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, succeeding, in June 1867, the historian Motley, who shortly thereafter became minister to Great Britain. In 1869 he had been transferred to the post of Secretary of Legation at Madrid. From 1870 to 1897 he had lived the life of a literary man in New York where he wrote, in cooperation with John G. Nicolay, a monumental Life of Abraham Lincoln. As ambassador in London from 1897 to 1898, when he became Secretary of State, Hay eagerly studied the problem of British-American unities, being firmly convinced that here lay the key to a successful American foreign policy. And during his single year of service, he won from a most discerning

critic, the historian Henry Adams, the verdict: 'In the long list of famous American ministers in London, none could have given the work quite the completeness, the harmony, and perfect ease of Hay.' Adams also declared that Sir Julian Pauncefote made John Hay Secretary of State, an achievement unique among diplomats. And the unity of method of the two continued after Hay took up his new post. Together Hay as Secretary of State and Pauncefote, a peer after 1899, worked out the important treaty which bears both names, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, which brushed aside the restrictions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, and enabled the United States to construct, regulate, and manage the Panama Canal, and to exercise such rights of policing as should be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder. Together, working in the same liberal spirit, the very spirit of unity, they reached an agreement embodying substantial justice with reference to the Alaskan boundary which was signed by Lord Pauncefote's successor, Sir Michael Herbert, the year after Lord Pauncefote's death at his Washington post.

With the arrival of Mr James Bryce, who became ambassador in Washington in 1907, after Sir Mortimer Durand's three years of service, the search for new unities entered upon a fresh phase. A scholar by training and achievement, the new ambassador was recognised as the leading authority upon American government, his 'American Commonwealth' standing unrivalled as an interpretation of the great experiment. His clear, discerning, and friendly interpretations had given him a position unequalled by any of his predecessors, and during his six years of service in Washington he wielded an influence which became continental in its extent. His keen analyses of the delicate questions which had followed the Spanish-American War greatly assisted the government to which he was accredited; his interpretations of the problems of the South American republics added that continent to his throng of admirers, and he won in addition the title, 'unofficial American ambassador to Canada.' And all the while, by lectures, addresses, and keen, and friendly articles to the press, he interpreted to the two continents the ideals of the Liberal or Whig school of British politics to which he

belonged. His work, with that of John Hay's immediate successors, Ambassadors Joseph H. Choate and Whitelaw Reid, brought the two nations to a clearer understanding of their unities, an understanding which Ambassador Page summed up in the phrase: 'British-American friendship is the greatest asset left to civilisation.'

But British-American friendship, resting upon discovered unities, even if carried to the n th power, alone can never give the peace upon which progress in civilisation depends. The ultimate test of every nation's diplomacy is not whether it enables that nation to live in harmony with one other nation, but with all other nations. Wars may come from the will of one nation to war; but peace can come only from the will to peace of all nations. And an asset of civilisation, greater even than British-American unity, will ultimately emerge out of chaos, the 'unity all-pervading' of which Confucius wrote twenty-five centuries ago. The idea of world unity does not mean that all nations must become alike in all things. Such unity would be highly undesirable, reducing life to a level of deadly monotony. It means only that the people of all nations must come at last to see that there is an all-pervading unity in essentials, and must come to accept the fact that the all-pervading differences in incidentals need never be altered.

And every step of progress toward the world-wide consciousness of such unity must rest upon the same processes as those by which we judge of the successes or failures of our British-American diplomats. Each new discovery of essential unities between the nations of the world marks progress, because it represents a new area within which treaties can operate, and International Law can command obedience, without sacrifice of what we call the personalities of nations. We are not alike; we shall never be alike; but our common interests are more important than our incidental differences.

ROBERT McELROY.

Art. 2.—CRICKET AND ITS CHRONICLERS.

1. *A History of Cricket*. By H. S. Altham. Allen & Unwin, 1926.
2. *The Hambledon Men*. Ed. by E. V. Lucas. Frowde, 1907.
3. *A Cricketer's Book*. By Neville Cardus. Grant Richards, 1922.
4. *My Cricketing Life*. By P. F. Warner. Hodder & Stoughton, 1921.
5. *Between the Wickets*. By Eric Parker. P. Allan, 1926.
6. *The Cricket Match*. By H. de Selincourt. Jonathan Cape, 1924.
7. *The Perfect Batsman*. By A. C. MacLaren. Cassell, 1926.
8. *W. G. Grace, Cricketer*. By F. S. Ashley Cooper. Wisden, 1916.

It is to be doubted whether our cricketers know their classics as they should. In all the immense controversy which we have heard and read during the past cricket season about means for shortening the innings, it seems to have been taken for granted that this is a need which the game is feeling for the first time in its story, and, especially, that such an addition as a fourth stump has never been suggested before. Do they not read their Nyren? If they do not, they have themselves to blame for it. It is only the other day that his ancient wisdom has been set out in a new garb for us, edited by that universal editor, Mr E. V. Lucas, and published under title of 'The Hambledon Men.' It includes, besides Nyren's own words, the Rev. J. Mitford's review of him, some of Cowden Clarke's comments—a very pleasant book! And on its pages 40 and 41 may be read a discussion by old Nyren of a difficulty not at all unlike that in which the great game finds itself to-day, and a proposed solution by way of a fourth stump.

The trouble then, as now, was that the game took too long, and the remedy in use was what Nyren writes of as 'a new style of playing the game of Cricket which has been adopted only within these few years, . . . the modern innovation of throwing, instead of bowling the balls.' Of course what he calls 'throwing' is not an action which we should indicate by the word.

He refers to what we should call 'round-arm bowling.' Up to that time all the bowling had been under-hand, and even this 'modern innovation' so condemned by Nyren did not contemplate delivering the ball from above the height of the elbow. Many years still were to pass before over-hand bowling was permitted.

Nyren objected that 'all the fine style of hitting must in a very material degree cease. It reduces the strikers too much to an equality . . . because it is impossible for the fine batsman to have time for that finesse and delicate management which so peculiarly distinguished the elegant manœuvring of the chief players who occupied the field about eight, ten, and more years ago.' He admits the force of the contention that it helps to shorten the game so that 'now a match is commonly decided in one day which heretofore occupied three times the space in its completion,' but, he says, 'why not multiply the difficulties in another direction? Why not give more room for the display of skill in the *batter*? Why not have four stumps instead of three?' And so forth. The assumption in his last sentence but one above is curious. He does not offer it as a debatable point, but as sure beyond the need of argument, that the fourth stump would give the batter more occasion to show skill. Nyren prophesied that if the round-arm bowling was allowed, 'the elegant and scientific game of Cricket will decline into a mere exhibition of rough, coarse horseplay.' He was not always right; but we have to remember that his mental picture of the game was much affected by the circumstance that 'in those days it was the custom for the party going from home to pitch their own wickets,' and that Stevens (not G. T. S., but he who was nick-named 'Lumpy') 'would invariably choose the ground where his balls would shoot.'

We shall agree with Nyren that, in so choosing, Lumpy (was he so named because he loved a lump in the ground over which to bowl?) 'always committed an error,' and should have selected 'a rising spot to bowl against, which would have materially increased the difficulty to the hitter, seeing that so many more would be caught out by the mounting of the ball. As nothing, however, delighted the old man like bowling a wicket down with a shooting ball, he would sacrifice the other

chances to the glory of that achievement.' With wickets thus 'lumpy,' whatever the bowler may have been, it is likely that the round-arm bowling would have been too severe; but probably wickets had already, even in the 'eight or ten or more years' of which Nyren writes, been improving to a degree which he, being by this time rather out of the game, did not realise, and that the improvement of the wickets happily defeated his prophecy. At this moment of our 'present discontents' it is an improvement which has been carried too far, and it is for us to see how best to counteract it.

In the coal dispute there has been one Cook and one slogan, and that has been one too many of each; in this cricket controversy there have been too many cooks and too many slogans. Also, very nearly all the controversialists have regarded the question with eyes far too closely and exclusively concentrated on first-class cricket. But let us make no mistake about it: the great fun of the game is not in first-class cricket; I do not think it is even in second-class cricket; it is in third-class cricket, in every village match on every village green, in every corner of the city parks on Saturday afternoon where 'long leg' in one match carries his life in the back of his head, which is in the position of 'mid-off' to the next match on that public playing-ground. It is here that the great fun of the game is—not because the fun of third-class cricket is any greater in quality than that of first-class, but because there is such a very great deal more of it.

We must realise that: and then, as a corollary, we must realise that any change which we make for the improvement of first-class cricket must not be a change for the worse when we come to apply it to the third class. And it would never do to have one rule—or one size of stumps or of bat or ball—for one class, and something different for another, because the boy who is in third-class cricket one year hopes to be in the second class the next, and possibly in the first the year after that. He must be trained in the way he should go, and not in some different way.

Looking back in my mind and my deceitful memory on the bibliography of the game, it seems to me that we had first the inimitable Nyren, with his commentators,

such as Mitford and Clarke; then the excellent but principally didactic Pycroft in 'The Cricket Field.' Fitzgerald, with his 'Jerks in from Short Leg,' occurs to me as almost the next of importance, chronologically, and so we go on to the Badminton Library book on the game, and thenceforward to a thickening crop in various kinds, historical, tutorial, fictional. Of all those who have used the game as background to fiction I give first place, without any reservation, to Mr H. de Selincourt, with 'The Cricket Match.' I so place it the more unreservedly because it is with 'the greater cricket,' in the sense above, that it is concerned—the village cricket. It is about the cricket and the village cricket, but always with the human element, the players and their belongings in the centre of the picture, clustering about the village cricket ground and with the great match for the *dénouement*. 'Willow the King,' by J. C. Snaith, is a fine romance of cricket. B. and C. B. Fry give us good cricket in 'A Mother's Son'; and there is Sir Home Gordon with 'That Test Match.' If it is not too presumptuous, I may perhaps name my own humble effort in that kind—'Peter Steele, the Cricketer,' for though written forty years ago, I see that it is still on sale at the not excessive price of sevenpence. Whether even at that it finds a buyer is 'another story,' as says the bright but erring genius to whom the whole thing is but 'flannelled foolery.' So if this village cricket, and other second- and third-class cricket are worthy of consideration, as I believe they are, equally with the first class, or even more so, because there is so much more of it, then it is obvious, as I say, that we have to be careful when we try by some change of rule to help first-class cricket that we do not, by the same stroke, injure those inferior classes. And that is exactly what we are in much danger of doing if we change the implements of the game—widen the wickets or narrow the bat. In village cricket and the rest of that class we seem to have the odds very fair, as they are, between batsman and bowler. We get our matches finished within conveniently brief time. We shall spoil that nice balance if we meddle with bat or wicket.

There is no such objection to altering the instructions to the umpire—and this is the consideration which, after

long weighing of pros and cons, seems to stand out as the best possible cure of our troubles. Tell the umpire that he is to give a man out l.b.w. if his leg prevents the ball from hitting the wicket. Put it like that, quite plainly, with no palaver about the ball pitching between wicket and wicket. It has been objected that this would put too much responsibility on the umpire. But as to that, ask the umpire. Every umpire that I have asked tells me that it would make his task far easier if he did not have to reckon how the ball had pitched, but simply whether it would have hit the wicket. He would have, in fact, only to consider one point instead of two, halving his responsibility. This change would shorten batsmen's lives in first-class cricket and decrease the number of drawn matches. It would make for brighter cricket, because it is better fun to see a man bat the ball than to see him let it bump against his leg. And it would not make a mite of difference to the cricket of the village green, and very little to the cricket of the country house, because in those merry places the batsman does not go on advancing his leg to the ball breaking in from the off and so staying at the wicket long after we have seen more than enough of him.

Of making runs there is no end, and what Solomon, had he been here to-day, would have said about the making of cricket books we can only conjecture. I am unable to say what their number is, but can convey some idea of it by mention of what is written of as 'A Select Bibliography' in, I think, the most important book about the game lately published, 'A History of Cricket,' by H. S. Altham. By 'select' is indicated a picking out, from fuller bibliographies, of choice literary plums, and, even so selected, the list fills up more than nine of Mr Altham's big pages. 'Prodigious!' Mr Altham's book is so good because it so thoroughly comes up to its name. It does give us all that we can ask, and more than we could expect, of the 'history of cricket,' from the earliest word 'Play!' down to the present year—but not including the glorious regaining of the 'Ashes' or other events of this latest summer. It is full of cheer and movement; we never feel disposed to any 'barracking' of Mr Altham for dullness; it is well illustrated. For forefront illustration it has the two great

ones, 'W. G.' and J. Hobbs side by side—'W. G.' with the ball, Hobbs with bat. That gives pause for wonder a moment. 'W. G.' was so seldom without a bat—while his side was 'in,' at all events—that the ball in his hand looks almost as out of place as it looks absurdly small in that great fist. I remember once—not likely I should forget, for seldom enough was I in such high company—a 'Free Forester' (I think) match in which 'W. G.' was on our side. It rained all the time, and by way of distraction we played 'Tiddle-de-winks' in the pavilion. 'Tiddle-de-winks' is a scientific game consisting in the propulsion of a threepenny bit from the centre of the palm to a certain target, marked on the table, by jamming the fingers of the hand from below against the table's edge. I have a mental vision still of the extraordinary minuteness of the coin, almost lost in the vast expanses of 'W. G.'s' palm.

But any one else, even Hobbs, with a bat beside 'W. G.' without one, seemed strange, and, as a picture, faulty in composition—until I lighted on the scrap book of an ardent old cricketer and there happened upon two successive records, one of date Aug. 13 and the other of Aug. 16, both of the year 1877. On the earlier date Gloucestershire were playing Notts, and Notts had a notoriously fine team at that time. Yet 'W. G.' took seven of their wickets, in one innings, with eighteen balls, and no runs scored off them! Then, going on to the three days' later date, we find the county of the Graces playing Yorkshire, who were not quite the perpetual champions (saving this present year of triumph for Lancashire) that they seem to be now, but still were stout fellows with the bat. Yet of them—it is true they were the last four to go in—'W. G.' bowled all four with eight balls, and again not a run was scored off them! So, after reading these extracts, that little ball in the big hand did not seem altogether misplaced.

Before leaving that book of scraps, I would mention one other item. In 1875 the Etceteras were playing Exmouth, on the Exmouth ground. The local side scored 347 and proceeded to 'out' the Etceteras, though they had quite a good batting side for that class of cricket, for 24 in the first innings and 37 in the second. But the point that

is of interest for us, here and now, is that in the second innings seven wickets—and two of the *Etceteras* were absent, probably not thinking they would be needed to go in so soon, and only nine men batted—were taken by one J. Murray; six of them cleaned bowled and the other l.b.w.; so that the bowler had no fieldsman to help him with that wicket either. I believe I am right in saying that in course of this career of triumph he twice did the 'hat trick.' Has the 'hat trick' been done twice in an innings before or since? Now that J. Murray is the present Editor of this 'Quarterly Review.' Another little curiosity of bowling I may cite from the same book. In the days of four ball 'overs,' it is recorded that a bowler once took five wickets in an over, 'which,' as Mr Pepys might note, 'is very strange.' It appears that the umpire had been so excited by the swift rattling down of the stumps that he lost count and allowed the bowler a fifth ball, which was as fatal as the four preceding. Another notable happening was in *Gentlemen v. Players* in 1881, when there was a tie on the first innings and the Players won by a single run in the second.

So, to come back to greater themes, Mr Altham is very well justified in giving 'W. G.' the ball, and though he presents the champion to us thus bat-less he does him full honour in the letter-press. 'There can never be another W. G.,' he writes—bold word, that 'never,' but I believe it warrantable; and, indeed, he goes on to show good warrant for it, saying:

'Never again can a batsman arise who will make century after century against a great generation of fast bowlers on wickets many of which the modern school boy would consider unfit for a house match, and on grounds where, as often as not, every hit had to be run out. Moreover, it is barely conceivable that any cricketer in the years to come will so revolutionise the accepted values of the game as did the Champion in the first ten or fifteen years of his career. In the first place he altered the whole conception of batting; until his time a man was either a back player like Carpenter, or a forward player like Hayward, or a hitter like Griffith, or a stickler like Arthur Hayward or Harry Jupp. But W. G. was each and all at once.'

I take this extract from Mr Altham's chapter headed

'The Coming of W. G.,' and after that I cannot find it possible to chide him for putting a ball rather than a bat into the great hand.

For a complete account of the extraordinary doings of this greatest of three great Gloucestershire brothers we have to look up that book which really is a worthy memorial to him—'The Memorial Biography of W. G. Grace,' by Lord Hawke, Lord Harris, and Sir Home Gordon; while a most useful and complete account is Mr F. S. Ashley Cooper's 'W. G. Grace, Cricketer.' As the record of a big story in little space it is not to be beaten. Another very excellent work is 'The Jubilee Book of Cricket,' ascribed to the Jam Sahib, as he now is, but popularly presumed to have been principally written by C. B. Fry. There again the fresh idea of cricket brought in by 'W. G.' is insisted on: 'He revolutionised cricket. He turned it from an accomplishment into a science; he united in his mighty self all the good points of all the good players and made utility the criterion of style.'

The great and admirable Badminton Library book of cricket, which Mr R. H. Lyttelton edited and to which many hands adept with the bat contributed, strikes the same note—that W. G. really made a new game of cricket.

Whether he ever read a book on cricket himself may be doubted; and how much conscious thought he gave the game may be questioned too. Most of his genius, we may suspect, came to him unconsciously, without effort, almost in spite of himself. Nevertheless, there have been few, if any, helps to the learner more valuable than those given in simple words in his chapter in the Badminton Book headed 'How to Score.' His instructions for dealing with the bowling on wickets of different character and pace are very good because they are so clear. One would say of Grace that he was not very subtle, although he was very shrewd; and it is doubtful whether some of our modern 'thinking cricketers' do not think too much, notably—I had almost written 'nobly'—some of those who come from the land of the kangaroo. I must return to that 'Noble' theme.

It was Fry, perhaps, who penned that whole-hearted appreciation of Grace in 'Ranji's book.' All through the vast literature we see this generous appraisal of W. G.

as on a lonely pinnacle of greatness. It is generously, ungrudgingly lavished. None dares to throw a doubt at it! Fry himself wrote 'The Book of Cricket,' valuable both for his own instructions and for the 'action pictures' illustrating it, in the last year of the last century. 'Have you read Fry's book?' some one at Lord's asked W. G. 'No,' was the answer. 'I was afraid to read it. I was afraid Charles might bowl me out with a long hop while I was trying to remember what he said I ought to do with it.' All cricket instruction by book has been simplified and clarified by the 'action photographs' which were first, I believe, used for the purpose in this book of Fry's. Mr Beldham, who used to play for Middlesex, if I remember right, was—I hope is—a very fine photographer, and he too brought out a good and finely illustrated book: 'Great Batsmen: Their Methods at a Glance.'

It is evidence of the mass of writing about cricket that I have not yet named one who has perhaps written most of all and has done the game as good service as any man living, Mr Pelham Warner, with a wise head under a harlequin cap. For one useful and strenuous work, he has edited the weekly paper, 'The Cricketer,' for years. He has written 'Cricket Reminiscences,' specially so-called, and many more cricket reminiscences by other titles; but the best of them all, to my thinking, and the best of their very good and pleasant kind ever done, are the earlier chapters in 'My Cricketing Life.' No one else, I think, has caught quite so well, or told so infectiously and so sympathetically, the whole-souled zeal for the game of that curious creature, the human boy. All the pages of the book are good, but the best are those about days of long ago.

Why is that? Why is it that in all the immense literature of cricket the notes that go right home to us are those that have some knell of sadness, some regret? I find the fact so, though I scarcely even suggest a reason. If we go with Mr Eric Parker, who the other day published an anthology under the title of 'Between the Wickets,' we shall confirm that rather melancholic opinion. It was a great task that he set himself, to cull the finest flowers of so vast and varied a garden. For my own part, I think I should have liked his book even

better—grateful though I am to him as it is—had he made his extracts rather longer and rather fewer. I find them somewhat ‘snippety.’ No doubt, however, there are many others who like their literary meat small-minced. Let them have their collops.

But in the whole of that collection of grave and gay, it seems to me that those which move and touch our hearts warmly are the pathetic pieces. Many versifiers in many moods have taken the game as their theme or a factor of it—perhaps Mr Andrew Lang most successfully—yet none I find quite satisfying except those who write in sorrow. There are three ‘In Memoriam’ sets of verses, to which I know I shall turn and turn again, when I take up the book. First, there is that singular yet surely most sincere elegy of W. J. Prowse over the great Alfred Mynn. How quaint is its opening stanza :

‘ Jackson’s pace is very fearful, Willsher’s hand is very high ;
William Caffyn has good judgment, and an admirable eye ;
Jemmy Grundy’s cool and clever, almost always on the
spot—’

So on. ‘ Still the Monarch of all bowlers, to my mind,
was Alfred Mynn,’ and how truly touching its last :

‘ With his tall and stately presence, with his nobly moulded
form,
His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever
warm ;
All were proud of him, all loved him. As the changing
seasons pass,
As our champion lies a-sleeping underneath yon Kentish
grass,
Proudly, sadly, we will name him : to forget him were a sin ;
Lightly lie the turf upon thee, kind and manly Alfred Mynn !’

I never read this but I find myself long afterwards, at short intervals, repeating to myself the last line. Then, more modern and, therefore, with less of relief to their sadness from any turn of words which wins our hearts to a smile, are those two moving poems of E. E. Bowen, from ‘ Harrow Songs and Verses,’ the first to the memory of Mr Robert (Bob) Grimston, the second to that of Mr Frederick (Fred) Ponsonby :

‘ Still the balls ring upon the sunlit grass,
Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch the play—’

So begins that to 'R. G.' Then this to 'F. P.':

'Our friend and he, when thrills of warmer spring
Lent health and voice to boyish frame and tongue.'

It is surely curious that in the best that has been written of the game which comes from roots deep down in the soil of our England, we like to think of as 'Merry,' there should always be this echo of pathos.

I have named a few of the attempts to use cricket as a background for fiction. The use, or abuse, of cricket incidentally made by some of our greatest writers in that kind is remarkable. Dickens, at his all too early death, is credited with leaving one immortal puzzle unsolved—'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' He did, in fact, bequeath us another at least as difficult—his conception of a game of cricket. If we study with the most absorbed contemplation, and with our mental faculties at their brightest, his description of the notorious 'Test' between Dingley Dell and All Muggleton, we shall still be obliged to confess ourselves unable to come to a clear understanding of it. A most interesting experiment for pious Dickensians would be an exhibition game conducted on what they conceive to be the lines of this very famous match. And Dickens, in general, we can all understand. The understanding of another and rather different novelist, George Meredith, is less universal. There are those who confess themselves unable to interpret him. But even the strictest sect of the Meredithians might be at a loss to get a very distinct idea of the game called cricket from the match introduced in 'Evan Harrington.' That gentle and charming lady, Miss Mitford, in 'Our Village,' gives us more confidence that she was a real judge of the game.

I have named some of the fiction writers. The others, the historians and the teachers, are too many even for mention. The teaching of the cricketer by book began, I think, with Nyren's 'Young Cricketer's Tutor' in 1832—nearly a century back. Another exhibition match, to follow the Pickwickian, here suggests itself, a match to be played in 1932, the centenary of the 'Cricketer's Tutor,' with the implements, with the manner of underhand bowling, and in the costumes of that period. The top hat was, I believe, the feature of the costume.

To Harry Hall, gingerbread baker of Farnham, is ascribed, to his undying fame, the credit of discovering the virtue of the left elbow high and forward and, as a natural consequence, of the straight bat. He used to give peripatetic lectures to young students. And from the time of Nyren onward, has continued, not a dropping, but a continually increasing, fire of tuition by book, more or less in response to changing conditions of the game, but often inspired by the merely personal desire of the writers to give expression to their views. Later than Harry Hall, however, of whom Nyren tells us that he once played against him and 'found him a very fair player, but nothing remarkable,' we do not hear of any more of these travelling instructors of cricketing pupils. On paper there was no end to them. We should much like to hear, but never shall, any more than we shall know 'what song the Sirens sang,' the instruction given to 'Little Tom Clement,' of whom no less famous a man than the Reverend Gilbert White of Selborne writes: 'Little Tom Clement is visiting at Petersfield, where he plays much at cricket: Tom bats; his grandmother bowls; and his great-grandmother watches out!!' This was in 1786. Did these admirable and venerable ladies bring up their scion according to the blameless doctrine of the great gingerbread baker? We cannot tell, for the name of 'Little Tom Clement,' grown big, is not on the roll of cricketing fame.

So, after Nyren, to name one or two of the teachers, we have 'Felix on the Bat,' by Felix the Kentish man, in 1845; then Pycroft with his 'Cricket Field,' in 1851; and in the same year, Bolland with 'Cricket Notes.' We have passed, we may observe, by this time from underhand bowling to round-arm, in spite of the strictures and gloomy forecasts of Nyren. 'Below the elbow,' however, is still the rule; on occasion, it may be, already broken, and shortly to be breached beyond repair by the action of a courageous umpire of the gentle but glorious name of Lillywhite. We shall remember 'Jackson's pace is very fearful; Willsher's hand is very high.'

John Lillywhite, personal friend, be it noted, of this high-handed one, in a great match, Surrey *versus* England at the Oval, in 1862, 'no-balled' Willsher five times in succession; and might, for all we know, have gone on

no-balling him all day until it was too dark to see his high hand, for Willsher would not bowl with lower delivery. What he did, instead, was to throw the ball down and leave the ground, followed by all his eight professional brethren taking part in the match. It was near time for stump-drawing for the day; and drawn the stumps now were, a little before time, and the game was resumed next morning with an umpire less unpromising, readier to 'turn the blind eye' to the high hand than Lillywhite, and apparently Willsher continued his high-handed action to the end of the piece.

All the umpires except Lillywhite appear to have been in a conspiracy to take this Nelson-like view, or no-view, of the too elevated delivery; so that the rule became reduced to a farce, and the M.C.C. were forced to make a change in that said Rule X, which it would have shown more 'sweet reasonableness' on their part to have changed voluntarily and without constraint a year or two earlier. Box, in 'The Theory and Practice of Cricket,' published in 1868, treats of the cricket that we know. The bowler may give us what we have heard of lately as the 'Gregory Mixture'—mercifully a little less drastic than we found it a year or two ago—banged down upon us from the best height his hand can reach.

Of all the later books, so far too many to name, we shall not easily find a better, both for instruction and general interest, than that Badminton book on Cricket, edited by Mr R. H. Lyttelton, and first published in 1888. It has been a little crowded out by the works of more modern experts, but even now it reads fresh and good. And how sound a judge of cricket Mr Lyttelton is even to-day I may intimate by a remark of his to me about this year's test matches before the first of them was played: 'If the weather's fine, not one of them will be finished—they will all be drawn—except the last, and that will depend on who wins the toss because the wicket is sure to wear on the fourth or fifth day.'

Broadly, it is what did happen, though it was not always fine weather that brought about the draws. At Nottingham only one, Jupiter Pluvius by name, got an innings at all, and he stayed hard at it the whole of the three days, very selfishly. He took a hand in some of the other matches too; and as for any crumbling of the

wicket, to determine the last and deciding test, it simply did not happen: there was no crumbling. The rain god just did enough to allow the roller to smooth all out. It looks very much—though we should avoid ‘frantic boast’—as if the better side won; and that is a conclusion which none of the drawn matches, so far as they went, controverted. The trickiest state of the wicket was when those heroes, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, were opening the way for our victory at the beginning of England’s second innings. And there, at that moment, Mr Noble assured us in the ‘Evening Standard,’ Hobbs was putting up a great ‘bluff,’ declining to score off Richardson, ‘nursing’ him so that Collins kept him on, instead of changing him for Macartney, who would have been far more dangerous on that wicket.

Thus, Mr Noble: and he may be right. Or, again, he may be wrong; but is there not a danger that this ‘thinking cricket’ may be overdone? Much of this study of psychology in cricket comes from ‘down under.’ That admirable captain, Mr Warwick Armstrong, has written an admirable book in ‘The Art of Cricket,’ and so, too, Mr Noble in ‘The Game’s the Thing.’ How they do think! And as a result we have to admit a very scientific and effective placing of the field and bowling of the ball to tempt the incoming batsman to the commission of his most besetting sin. The bowler is even given the counsel to study the expression of the batsman as he comes to the wicket, in order to prescribe for him the medicine likely to be most fatal to the poor patient whose weakness is thus diagnosed. We shall soon have the batsman himself studying to put on a ‘poker face,’ to mask his true sentiments from the bowler! It would be interesting to hear, from one who must know even better than Mr Noble, that is to say, from Hobbs himself, whether that glorious batsman really did practise all the guile ascribed to him. We doubt it.

It is impossible to give Hobbs glory beyond his deserts. One of the very latest, and one of the most excellent, of cricket books is ‘The Perfect Batsman’—of course J. B. Hobbs—by A. C. Maclaren. It names him well. We won back the ashes; we won them worthily; but if we look up the scores we shall be surprised to see for how much in the making of them our two head men,

Hobbs and Sutcliffe, counted. Cut their scores out, and it is not a very large remainder. But not so with Australia. The faculties of the two teams are well symbolised by their totems—the British with the lion, all the fangs and fierceness in his head; Australia with its kangaroo, 'whose terror is his tail.' Excellent fellows, excellent sportsmen, as ever, these Australians have proved themselves, whether in victory or in defeat. But had some of them not better begin to ask themselves whether there is not a pregnant truth in that comment of 'W. G.,' and his fear lest, if he did too much thinking, Charles might bowl him out with a long hop?

And how about future test matches? For, beyond question, the present arrangements here need some amendment. But in what detail? Five tests, all played to the bitter end, would make too big a hole in our native, county cricket. Three fought to a finish is an alternative which seems reasonable. But the more ultimate question remains: What, if anything, are we to do about the rules of the game, to help the bowler against the batter? If we succeed in finding the answer to that, may it not solve the secondary question too? If legs are not allowed for the defence of wickets will not wickets go down sufficiently fast to make three days of full play—and it would not hurt our cricketers to 'add a minute to the day'—adequate for settling most cricket battles?

I know that many of the strokes in this long pen innings of mine will be censured, but on one point I believe all will agree, that it is time that it came to an end. I am just about to give myself 'Out'; yet there is so very much more still crying to be said that I can scarcely bring myself to it. For example, I have not so much as named Mr Neville Cardus, surely the best and brightest of our cricket reporters; though as a team the work of these reporters is now very good. His books, too, 'A Cricketer's Book,' and 'Days in the Sun,' have almost the Nyren touch of enthusiastic sympathy for great men, mostly beneath the turf, but with a minority happily yet leather-hunting over it. He must not be missed. But there are so many! Who is there, we begin to ask, from the great Hobbs downwards—Hobbs as good a fellow, generous, modest, kindly, cheerful, and

unspoilt, on the field as off it—who has not given us his 'Reminiscences'? To Mr Parker my thanks are due for introduction to the Reminiscences of Mr 'Sammy' Woods, who writes in the very spirit of his bowling, and that was spirited enough for most people.

The figure that stands out, of course, for all to survey, is that of the great Gloucestershire man with the big black beard. If cricket is about a hundred years old, that man dominated very nearly half its span. That is wonderful. Most of the anecdotes about him are only to be culled now 'beneath the spreading chestnut tree,' but I believe I have one to tell that has not before been put in print. It is a tale he himself liked to tell.

In later life he lived in a house at Norwood. One day his parlourmaid had her afternoon 'off,' and on her return her master 'hoped she had had a pleasant afternoon.'

'Very pleasant, thank you, sir.'

'What did you do?'

'We went to Madame Tussaud's.'

'Oh, then you saw me there.'

'No, sir—no, we didn't.'

'What—not me with my bat, and Arthur Shrewsbury?'

'No, sir.'

That was Act I. Act II, and the *dénouement*, consisted in the girl's going to Mrs Grace, and innocently saying, 'I'm afraid, ma'am, master was rather vexed that we didn't happen to see him at Madame Tussaud's: the truth is it was sixpence extra to go into the Chamber of Horrors, and we didn't care to pay that.'

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Art. 8.—THE PROBLEM OF MOTOR TRAFFIC.

At the birth of new industries or crafts, such as bicycling, motoring, or flying, a three-party struggle begins, and thereafter impedes, yet guides, their growth. These parties are, in the order of their importance: first, the public, which holds the purse and will one day call the tune; second, the maker and trader, whose *élan* is tempered by the will to tap that purse; third, the innovator, sure that his views are instinct with destiny, but blind to the long vista of delays required for harmonising his proposals to a nation's life. The technician in him often forgets that the driving-force of sentiment is, at least, as strong as that of reason or economics.

The battle for the motor-car at one time was severe. Fears were expressed with emphasis, and a barrage of laws was made. There was bad shooting, and some ricochets painful to the shooter. Thus, about sixty years ago the four-mile speed limit and the turnpikes stunned British motoring pioneers; and also wounded the agricultural, and kept unconscious the automobile, industries for half a century. Again, the 12-mile-an-hour limit of 1896 held us back. That was the day when the imported car was the real thing. The 20 m.p.h. limit of 1903 would still keep us behind the foreign world and choke a most remunerative manufacture and an economic good, were not the law in that respect so fully ignored that not even a Prime Minister would buy a car that was not guaranteed to exceed the limit.

It is bad for the State that the law should not be sanctioned by the moral conscience; and bad as well that the line of progress should be against the law: or, to put it more directly, it discredits the law to be against the line of progress. It is in technical matters that this kind of faulty law seems to be most easily enacted. Some say this is so because science has ever been the weak point of parliaments; others, because parliamentarians are chosen more for their brass trumpets than their bright brains. But the reason goes deeper. The law should be chary of dealing with technical rules expressed in numerical measures. Thus, to take an example apart from motoring. London was prevented from using steel factory chimneys for years by a requirement

as to thickness which was right enough for bricks, but was fantastic for steel structures. Also, the standard of dangerous or furious speed varies with the manners of the period; whereas '20 miles an hour' is for ever the same. Three different limits of speed have, one after the other, been proved impracticable; and, unless we are utterly unable to learn from history, *any* speed limit is bound to be wrong or to become wrong.

What is the prime merit of the car, the one characteristic that, to millions of people, has made up for its smell, hurry, dust, noise, wear, expense, discomfort, dazzle, and risks? It is speed. Speed is the *raison d'être* of the car. Speeds have risen, are rising, and will rise. Eight miles an hour was a good average for a gentleman's carriage; 12 miles for that would be fast. Soon 15 m.p.h. was spoken of by the decent motorist, and 20 m.p.h. became the legal line. Before 1914, sedate matrons were driven at 25 m.p.h. average; while since the war delicate maidens handle their own vehicles at 30 m.p.h., motor cyclists safely do more than that, young 'bloods' do yet more and talk bigger still. Lorries, charabancs, motor 'buses and trams, all exceed their respective speed limits; and would be unsaleable if they could not exceed them. So important is speed to work, to play, and incidentally to health, to the saving of time and fatigue, and now to combating the economic results of the war, that we must educate ourselves up to speed, in order to be able, without resentment or hurt, to harvest its advantages. Difficult as it may be to shake off an habitual error of outlook, it is time to learn that speed in itself is not an offence. What may be harmful is its relation to special circumstances, and what ought to be controlled are the restraining circumstances. To frighten people, to imperil them, to damage them or their property, to be out of control, to make loud noises or nasty smells near them, to prevent their going slowly when they wish to—these are, or may be, offences; and it was to check such offences of the car, and incidentally to express the lack of imagination of the people, that speed laws were made. The law should not have been directed against the one extenuating or redeeming quality, the speed of the car, which in itself is a simple economic good. The way to prevent the

evils is to set the law in motion against them; whereas the plan adopted was as if the law said, 'This boy may one day steal, so I shall cut his hands off.'

In streets which are narrow, tram-strangled, and tortuous, special discs proclaim special speed limits of 4, 10, or 12 m.p.h. Now, whenever the tolerable speed is a function not only of the place but also of the hour, as is almost always the case, a speed limit is wrong. The interest of villagers, etc., is not that those vehicles shall dally, fume, vibrate, and snort as long as possible in their precincts. Their interest is to be safe and yet to have quick and easy contact with other centres and through other villages; to have customers brought to them readily and in numbers. Let us preferably enforce what, at long last, the Home Secretary asks for in 1926—considerate driving, silence, abstinence from overtaking at blind corners, and the like. At last we have 'white lines' to indicate as desirable what long ago should have been compulsory, the keeping of traffic to the left of the road. In view of much continental practice it may be asked, why the left and not the right? That is a long story, but let it be said that, before the war at an international conference in Paris, of the world's automobile organisations, it was agreed, if not unanimously, at any rate overwhelmingly, that the custom of keeping to the left had most to commend it—a remarkable consensus when we recall that the countries of the opposite practice were fully represented.

It is true no change has been made, but there is immense difficulty in imposing a change of rule; and in some countries, any rule—on carters and agricultural voters of remote districts. It would appear that a government, however far-seeing, can only with difficulty survive an attack on an ancient custom, concerning which, like bull-fighting in Spain, every voter is convinced of his own wise knowledge. The quicker-witted Londoner will be wrong if he feels superior on this count, for he gave the world a fine display of obstinacy, personal and municipal, by his recent reception of a proposal to assist traffic on the side walks. The 'Safety First' Committee's proposal would have saved him shoe leather, time, and temper: would have increased his leisure at the luncheon hour, and helped his rush to the

station at night; but his only reaction to the proposal was, 'Who the devil are you to say which side of the pavement I'm to walk on!' So we must continue to walk slowly—let us also walk humbly!

In England generally there is no law—and indeed no custom—of keeping to the left of the road. The custom is to keep in the road-crown and overtake on the right—which is not quite the same thing—nor has it the same result. If all vehicles on all roads at all time kept to their own left side except when overtaking, so as to leave the rest of the space as free as possible for all other oncomers, road travelling would present a singularly different aspect. There are few road-users who have not wished that all *other* vehicles were well on their proper side. Suppose, for example, a charabanc (and most charabancs have become, since the popular outcry of two years ago, about the most considerably driven vehicles) is travelling on the crown of a 20-foot road. A motorist approaching from the opposite direction does not and cannot know how early room will be made for him, if at all, before he stops; when overtaking from behind a driver must approach and hoot, await the signal of recognition, await the drawing aside of the obstruction, and then accelerate from his now slackened speed till he is able to overtake and clear. More often than not, the passage space for overtaking thus freed is now found to be obstructed by an oncoming car or must be respected because of a blind corner—and thereafter the whole process is repeated—to no one's advantage and at a cost of time, of road-wear, tyre-wear, noise, and petrol, which in the aggregate must be enormous. The cure is simply 'keep to the left' always, whether or not you see other road-users. The impediment to this drive-on-the-left policy is that it requires some more skill and a little practice. I have tried doing it myself for 7000 miles, i.e. one year's driving, and have found that it very soon becomes second nature, but that highly cambered wet roads must, when slippery, be carefully negotiated, until they are abolished, as they should be. I expect some fast drivers to oppose this suggestion on the ground that it calls for unremitting attention to the wheel, and because they like to keep the straightest path, which, of course,

crosses and recrosses diagonally any winding road. Yet I believe that if all kept to the left they would get to their journey's end quicker. With a lower maximum speed they would find a clearer road ahead always, they would take less risks and, therefore, cause less. It is precisely the habit of keeping to the crown which has called for the 'white line' by which so many corners and bends are made safer and freer to-day. Obedience to the white line should be enforced. Standing within the white lines should be forbidden. It is a good and useful development of the science of warning signs, a subject which calls for some notes.

The A.I. (as the International Association of the Automobile Clubs is called) has succeeded in getting the acceptance, at the 1926 Conference, of the Governments of the world, of a new scheme of warning signs in the interests of safe travel. It was long ago realised that a foreigner or his chauffeur in a strange land, ignoring the local language, becomes a source of danger unless warning signs are intelligible apart from any written text. Symbolic forms are needed and, after argument and evolution, have been agreed upon. The heat of discussion developed between those who were supposed to advocate *le signal unique* and those who wanted warning signs which by their variety corresponded with the variety of possible road dangers. If it be put to the reader in this way, he will incline to the alternative, which provides distinct symbols for level crossings, zigzags, *caniveaux* or trenches, cross-roads, steep hills, schools, etc. As often happens in such cases, the discussion had been pushed into the form of *signal unique* versus *signaux multiples* by the ingenuity of a controversialist who wished to universalise the oblong plaques used in France, with enamelled diagrams, to the exclusion of the triangle. This method of stating the alternatives was objected to by the R.A.C.—representing the British Empire—and by the clubs of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. Happily unanimity was eventually secured in a useful form and the triangle admitted as a general sign. The triangle, so well known to us and to the Swedes and some others, had not till then any standing as an agreed international symbol; it was unused in France and Southern Europe, but it had advantages

over flat oblong plates, however instructively enamelled. In Northern countries and on the heights where there is snow, the plaques are often obliterated thereby; the triangle retains its profile and is recognised. Again, in the dark, when the plaque may be indistinguishable from other advertisements, the silhouette of the triangle is often recognisable. As to economy, and here a wide interest is aroused, the triangle can be made locally of wood and more cheaply. It also appears that the plaques rust and crack and lose their enamel, being in effect more costly both to put up and keep up. The plaque offers more windage and is more easily dislodged by gales. The economy argument appeals to the motorist because, for a given sum, more roads can be protected; and it is to the common interest that all the danger spots be indicated rather than that fuller details be published about some fractional number. Eventual unanimity at the congress was secured by a suggestion from the erstwhile opponent of the triangle that, though the triangle was to be admitted as a standard, any country that desired to insert within the triangle the extra agreed symbols might do so at will. Thus the triangle becomes, if the Governments are faithful to their delegates in the 1926 agreement, universal as, and when, their stocks of other plaques, etc., are used up.

The colour of the triangle, usually and, I think, mistakenly red, in England, was intentionally left optional, so that, in view of the increase of night driving, the greater visibility of white should not be excluded. The Governments were also urged to forbid the unauthorised use of the warning symbols whether for publicity, or to express some individual's notion of danger, lest by overdoing the cry of 'wolf' the signs should come to be disregarded. Some British local authorities have fallen into this excess, and it is best that a single central body, after taking good local advice, alone should permit the posting of warnings, and so get some approximation to uniformity in their value. Undesirable triangles, etc., have been erected in the past under the reaction due to an avoidable accident. We have been forgetting that the removal of these is important on the principle that inflation of currency damages credit.

To keep up this credit is so valuable that, for example,

a high-road should not be posted with warnings of such side-roads as are themselves fully and sufficiently visible to act as their own warning sign. Thus we maintain the driver's sense of responsibility. On the other hand, minor roads should carry signs warning their users that they approach a major road, because the sight of the road itself does not necessarily convey the further knowledge that it is a major road. (I am using the words major and minor in relation to their traffic importance and not in relation to their width or class of surface.)

The former contrary policy of peppering only the greater highways with triangles is bad, because the man who has been driving in places where there is little traffic, butts unwarned into these highways. It dates from the time when the local authority was not very loth to incommode the through traffic, because this secured the goodwill and vote of the local farmer, carter, herdsman, etc. Some political courage may still be needed to alter the position of the triangles, for it is the local voter who pays for them. In the case of the 'torch of learning' which is used for schools, this should not be replaced though it may be supplemented by the triangle; for here the risk is limited in time, to the hour when scholars enter and issue—say two or four specific periods in each day—whereas to use the triangle when for 22 hours a day the locality is non-risky is to discredit *pro tanto* the symbol.

The International unification of signs, though a move towards safety, leaves untouched certain hazards peculiar to cross-roads, a topic of lively interest abroad as well as at home. There are three suggested cures under consideration; the first seems to me foolish, the second ill-digested, and the third expensive. The first: to protect such crossings with slow speed limits, I will deal with by an example. I was being driven at dusk to a crossing which was also approached by a 'bus. Our roads were ostensibly of equal importance. Both vehicles stopped. Each concluded the other was going to stand. We were a few yards apart and our paths at right angles. Both restarted and we met. A 'bus is very heavy and I lost the toss. I thought and still think no one was to blame, and that a speed limit at a road junction would not have altered our case; though any limit such as 6 m.p.h. that could be expected to yield useful results, would

permanently hamper all traffic. This and other occurrences, as well as the pedestrian's experience of how two polite strangers will stop and restart so as still to face each other, shows that the real matter to be decided, even after all courtesies have been observed, is not speed. It is, which of the two has, by his direction, some preferential status, i.e., which of the convergent roads is secondary to the other.

The next proposal has at least the merit of predetermining the status of the traffic units, and it does this independently of the relative priority of the roads. It asks for a rule that 'every driver shall give way to any vehicle coming towards him from his right side.' We have an analogy to the rule for ships at sea, and, therefore, the Briton will take kindly to it till he thinks more about it. The expanse of the sea bears so little similarity to our narrow roads, with their frequently invisible tributary roads, that we had best test the rule by an example, assuming, however improbably, that it is universally known and faithfully obeyed: I am travelling from London on the Bath Road; there are many inflowing roads and lanes on my right; one of them bears a milk lorry whose driver is well aware of the existence of the Bath Road, and also desirous of proceeding towards Bath. Either I see the milk lorry or I don't—a matter dependent on, say, the height of a hedge—but, whether I do or don't, the milk-lorry driver knows that he has been given a right, by which he expects me to yield, and accordingly he makes to drive across my bows. If I have not seen him I may very possibly not make the expected concession, and we crash.

Suppose, on the other hand, that I do see him some way off. Now, my decision as to whether the rule is operative or not depends on how far he is from the crossing and how fast he is going. The rule would be intolerable if I must await any and every vehicle, however far away it is on my right, and however slowly it approaches. Therefore, I use my judgment, which is precisely what I do in the absence of any such rule. If the judgment is erroneous we crash—as before. But there is a different degree of risk. The advantage of *not* having this rule is that both parties are responsible

and both must take care, instead of only one. The rule is undesirable for another reason, that it allows all side-road traffic to dominate users of the main roads whenever the side roads are on the right hand of a driver.

The third proposal is as follows: Whenever a road meets or crosses another, one of the lines must be marked as secondary for the purpose of that particular crossing. This is radically different from suggesting that main lines like the Great North Road, the Bath Road, or the Portsmouth Road shall have a prior place throughout. On the contrary, these so-called main lines often cross the heavily loaded link roads between local towns; these local roads are often broader, straighter, and in every sense more important and carry more traffic over the crossing. It is essential not to suggest that the vehicles on either road should have a diminished responsibility. What is primarily to be insisted on is that the driver on the secondary road is held by the warning signals to look out for a major road and all that it implies. In the example I gave earlier of my car and the omnibus, whichever of us had emerged from the secondary road would *not* have restarted and the collision would have been averted.

In marking the roads the desideratum is to help the maximum amount of free, safe, and speedy movement of traffic while keeping all responsible. The two earlier suggestions fail on this touchstone. The third suffers from the fact that when Governments are poor, delays in the marking of the secondaries at the crossings seem inevitable. The policy of deciding for each cross, or convergence, which is the minor road, i.e. the road to bear the mark of special warning, has this in its favour, that it is a direct outcome of, and continuance of, the policy of putting warning signs in side roads and lanes before they reach main roads. I have suggested that for this specific purpose of labelling the minor road the triangles to be erected therein at the approach towards this particular danger should be inverted—i.e. fixed with the base uppermost. Whether this particular form of warning is approved or not does not, of course, touch the general method of dealing with the danger at crossings. Nor, of course, is the question under discussion an urban, but mainly a country problem.

Not only for the sake of the motorist, but for economic reasons that concern everybody, it is desirable that night driving be made safe, silent, and unobjectionable. Roads which must always be regarded as an investment in favour of the great wealth-producing function of transport, have to earn a great deal to pay for themselves, i.e., to cover capital charges and depreciation. Now, there is a peculiarity about road depreciation; namely, that it goes on by reason of exposure and weathering and earth movements when the roads are not being used at all, and that fraction of road-wear that is due to legitimate use by vehicles is the only remunerative one. Night-driving, therefore, diminishes not only the capital charges but also the amount of depreciation of the roads per unit of transport. Moreover, since it diminishes crowding by spreading the transport over a large time, it gives clearer roads and accelerates the whole. The basis of night-driving is illumination, and the 'crab' of illuminating lamps is dazzle.

The cure for this evil is, as with many other technical difficulties, closely knit up with finding a means for accurately measuring the evil and distinguishing even small increments of improvement. Mere estimates of an unpleasant sensation are extraordinarily unreliable, and in the matter of dazzle those who most need independent measurements are precisely those who, having some proposed solution, are rendered partial by their hope of success. We may feel justifiably proud that England through the activity of the Royal Automobile Club has evolved, and has secured official acceptance for, what is, so far as I know, the only dazzle measure. The method balances against one another the evil, and the amount of desirable illumination secured by a head-lamp. This is a great step forward. It arrived in time to quash a continental proposal of a purely repressive kind, analogous to the speed limits—which might else have spread to these shores—and like any other bad technical legislation have added one more item to the cost of living. It is usual to impute the blame for powerful lights to the need for avoiding the 'push cyclist' of erratic path who has no rear reflector. But it is unfair and foolish to concentrate the blame on one

of the hazards; it evokes a campaign of opposition from the cycling bodies, and retards the progress of the sane public opinion which would be best obtained by a well-balanced unanimity among road-users, whose interests in spite of the existing acrimony are substantially the same.

The unilluminated backs of cattle, ponies, market carts, other cycles, and pedestrians are as obnoxious to cyclists as to motorists; while dazzle is as much disliked by motorists as by cyclists and pedestrians. However, it is not the pedestrians or cyclists, but the Automobile Club, which has taken the first step towards a remedy. Very careful measures of some thirty or forty devices, adaptors, lamps, lenses, reflectors, filters, etc., have made perfectly clear the order of merit among them. Heavy advertisement by some of the losers will, no doubt, hoodwink the public for a while; but the facts are available for the asking, and the head-lamp makers are to be very much congratulated on their enterprise, ingenuity, and above all on the public spirit which made them submit to public trial. It must be added also that the best devices are by many times less obnoxious than the worst.

The truly courteous instinct that has led many drivers to switch off their light to oblige a *vis-à-vis* has most unfortunately had to be discouraged after careful trial. It has proved so risky that it is urgently to be hoped that all will discontinue it in favour of the better devices—at all events until such time as every moving object on the road carries a back light. The millennium, I fear! Meanwhile, I would urge all cyclists for their own sakes and the general good to put a broad dab of white paint on the back mudguard and to carry a small reflector costing about fivepence. Moreover, no head-lights should be used by any one within the illuminated precincts of an urban area, save as a flash signal, to avoid hooting.

Early motorists expected the car to bring relief to town traffic, because it is much shorter than the horsed cart and can carry double the load at twice the pace. Moreover, every twelve horses require one extra horse to remove the mess and bring in the fodder and bedding. Yet congestion has increased, instead of diminishing! The result is astonishing. What is equally surprising is

that if one flies over London at a time of dense traffic, expecting that little or no road-surface will be seen from the air but only vehicle tops, the reverse is more true! So that road space and speed are available, as well as the will to use them. It follows then that there is something wrong with the arrangement and with the use of the streets as administered. As to the arrangement there is no doubt, historically, that the streets were laid out, their name-plates fixed up, their absurdly sharp corners made, the road rules and customs instituted, all from the horse-drawn standpoint. A horsed cart can turn round on its tracks in any road, a car in almost none. The cart can round the right-angled pavement corner as we know it without the near wheels quitting the gutter. A car must take a much wider sweep—generally on a circle of some 40 feet diameter or more (except taxi-cabs, which require 25 feet circle). The horse recovered while resting at a traffic stop, the car continues to burn petrol at five-sixths of its working rate. The horse could not be stopped rapidly from what were to it high speeds like 12–15 m.p.h. The cart did not come from long distances, hence its driver as a rule knew the road names and the short cuts on his beat, or in the exception he moved slowly enough to be able from his exposed seat to ask his way without stopping—and more useful still, to be taught road manners by the caustic tongues of his neighbours. All this is gone and the car has come; but no technical provision is made to utilise its qualities or minimise its faults, and but little administrative effort until this year when we got a few roundabouts. These are an improvement all too tardily adopted. They have been suggested in the Press and personally for many years, but it appears that till time removed an obstructionist who had a brief authority, we were compelled to stand still.

To-day 'roundabouts' are much discussed again. You approach the roundabout intending to cross it in the direction of some road on the far side—you are told to go round by the left until the circuit brings you to the road you want. There you quit the roundabout tangentially, having lost time only to the extent of the slightly longer distance covered. That is the theory. In practice the roads are not tangential, they are per-

pendicular to the circle; the circle is not round, and you enter or leave it only after negotiating the curve of the sharp-angled pavement corner. It is to be observed that the size of the circle must be greater the more traffic there is, otherwise the round-about fails. The reason for this is that the incoming traffic must be able to infiltrate itself into the line of circulating vehicles. Should these be close-packed nose to tail you cannot get in till a constable stops the circulation to create a gap for you. When this happens the round-about fails. It will occur oftener if the roads which debouch into the round-about are not trumpet-mouthed; in other words, if they prevent the tangential entry and exit—and that is the position at present. The reason why road pavements are not flared or trumpet-mouthed both for the roundabouts and at every road confluence is simple. It is the will of many pedestrians—that is to say, the voters—to retain a convenience they had in the day of the horsed-cart. The pedestrian who declares himself the enemy of all concessions to the motor forgets that even though he never enters a car or 'bus he is one of the most important motor users in the State. His daily work, the raw materials for it, the input and output of the industries from which he draws his means of livelihood, the delivery of his food and his utensils, all depend on motor-cars. By reading his letters to the Press I have formed the impression that he is either self-deluded or selfishly blind to the point which demands awakening. If pavement corners are flared it is clear that the pedestrian must either cross a rather wider roadway at the flared part or proceed down the side street for the two or three yards necessary to give him a crossing of the old width. This is a concession asked from the pedestrian; it must be made voluntarily for self-interest—just as the paying of taxes is a concession made voluntarily for the same reason.

The insufficiently flared pavement corners are a legacy of the horsed traffic days. The larger turning circle of the car causes need for change. Suppose a goods motor-van to-day proceeding along the extreme left of a street. It cannot be steered off into a side road on its left without swinging outwards towards the crown of the street it is in, or of the side road it is entering. Since it

may do one or other or both, there is a threat to the traffic in both; therefore the nearby drivers must go canny and the flow suffers. The van-driver extends his right hand to signal that he is quitting the kerb to turn; the signal passes from hand to hand, and the procession, all too slow already, goes slower. Why? Simply because of the acuteness of the pavement corner. If you think of it, the mere fact that a motor-van on the left is going to take itself out of the procession toward the left should cause all behind it to move up one—i.e. a small improvement of the flow instead of a small retardation.

One retardation may be small, but the sum of these constantly recurrent deductions from the very limited average speed reduces our actual travel to the despicable 6 or 7 m.p.h. of some big thoroughfares. Let us remember that if this speed could but be doubled the visible number of vehicles on the road would be halved, for the same amount of transport. In fact, a jamb would be changed to a free flow. Halving the number of vehicles on the road at once doubles the spaces between them and allows of easy infiltration of traffic from side streets—so this apparently trivial matter of flaring the pavement corners becomes not a trivial matter at all, but a dominant one. Luckily, it is not seriously expensive, the real gainer when it comes will be the ratepayer, i.e. the pedestrian.

Further, it is worth considering what happens if our goods-van has to take some side road on its right. After signalling it must not only cross the path of all vehicles travelling in the same sense, but subsequently the path of all those coming towards it. Latterly the police on point duty have tried to encourage a driver who proposes to take a right-hand turn to edge his way previously towards the crown of his road, when he must stop till a pause of the traffic facing him occurs or is made by the man of law. The sooner the constable is advised of this intention the better he can assist it. In Prague, for instance, provision is made for this. Every motor-car carries outside, on the dashboard or windscreen, a dial over which moves an arrow that the driver is obliged to operate. The arrow must point left, right, or straight, according to the course desired; and it has proved very useful both to the constable on point duty and to

approaching drivers, who can shape their course accordingly. It is the traffic itself that blocks the traffic, and, therefore, it is most important that the traffic shall everywhere and always help the traffic when it can, and this assistance will be much facilitated by knowing what it is that each item of traffic desires to do; every one agrees that a punctilious observance of road courtesy would help much, but can this be assisted administratively? I think so.

Consider, first, the potentiality of speed that is wasted in London. Every street has what may be called a speed ability or speed characteristic which varies according to the hour, the day of the week, and sometimes according to the season. Piccadilly in June, for example, is good for 25 m.p.h. at three o'clock in the morning; but only for 5 m.p.h. at three in the afternoon. In fact, the speed potentiality varies throughout the day, and could be summarised by a curve showing its speed value for any hour. I will speak of Piccadilly and its circus as a type—though the argument extends to any congested line; for Bishopsgate or the Clerkenwell road will have different speed curves—and they too will vary with the seasons—but differently. There is no insuperable difficulty about keeping the curves correct if they are useful, and they are, or may be made, extremely useful in my view.

I will recall that the telephone service some time ago warned all subscribers that the hour of heaviest duty was 11 a.m., and that those who wanted to get through quickly should avoid that hour if possible. The same principle can be employed for the streets—if only we have this traffic survey—and if in addition all streets are thoroughly well marked with name plates low down on both corners and opposite to every road junction.

The difficulty in London, and no doubt in other towns, is to bring into use the roads which an aerial survey shows to be free. For the service of the eleven million persons of Greater London, thousands of vehicles, every morning of the year, are on one side of the town with orders to go to the other side. Their owners have no interest in the precise course taken provided it be the shortest in time. The driver shares this indifference, with a qualification. He knows the way *via* the main thoroughfares, and he knows that their state of

congestion is admitted in his time allowance. He knows that it is extremely hard to get good information as to an alternative route, whether before or during a journey; while it is quite easy to sit and wait at the traffic blockages. He knows that he cannot ask his way from other drivers while he proceeds, and that it is arduous to turn back. He knows, as we all know, that once he has lost his bearings, the chance pedestrian consulted is mostly 'a stranger in these parts myself,' and that when at last redirected, the constable or other kindly adviser invariably sends him back, either into the well-known and well-congested thoroughfare he is striving to avoid, or into another with the added detriment of being unfamiliar.

To consult the map of London is moreover to thousands of people extremely difficult—it must (compared with rural maps) be a very large-scale map, say twelve times the size. Almost all maps published, except the 'six-inch ordnance,' are so adjusted and simplified as to be great offenders, by guiding people into the main arteries, and the lesser-scale maps are to my knowledge misleading in the very streets, the small streets, that should be brought into common use; while, finally, he who takes a gambling shot at a side road that looks helpful will, all too often, be forced away from his objective or be landed in unexpected places.

London has reached the paradoxical state where a widening of, say, Piccadilly, though inordinately expensive will not relieve its congestion, because this will increase its attractiveness as a thoroughfare *pari passu*. To augment the size of the exits will also fail, since exits are also entrances. It would seem that there is but one key to the lock, one class of activity which can reopen the door, and that is to help all those who don't want to go to Piccadilly *not* to go there—and I repeat that I am merely using Piccadilly as a type place for all analogous tangled knots.

To turn the key we need a statistic not hitherto envisaged: a statistic of traffic intention. Officials have counted cars as they pass and noted their direction, east and west and the rest; but this is a half measure ignoring that many, perhaps most, of the drivers neither wanted to be where they were nor preferred the direction or

turning observed. They were compelled thereto by the exigencies of ignorance. To secure a statistic of *traffic intention* without delay or inquisition is, I think, the way to relief, perhaps to complete relief. It is not quite impossible.

Establish a traffic office preferably near a telephone exchange and entrust the curves which I have called the 'speed characteristics' (corrected and up to date) of all congested streets, as well as some good maps, to the clerks therein. Broadcast the offer that any driver who applies, declaring his vehicle number, will be given without charge the route of shortest time (for the hour of the day) from any one place to another, by the diligent clerks of that office. Lastly, ensure by some inducement that the traffic office is popularly utilised. We have then at once a tolerable solution, because we have got, in advance, a clue to the 'direction factor' of the unit of traffic, and we can control it for its own and the common good.

The form taken by the inducements may be left to the Traffic Authority; but I can imagine a constable at the traffic blocks taking the number of a waiting car and asking the driver whether he had been duly advised to travel this way to his objective. The ready lie need not be seriously feared—most people dislike it, notably when it can be brought home by reference to the records of the traffic office. Taxi-drivers are easily persuadable. Their pay for waiting time should be a trifle less than for mileage, and they will avoid congestions like the plague. Once the system was launched the neglectful might be reminded that causing an obstruction is punishable when it is avoidable. The real inducement is public spirit, and the tangible reward, quicker progress. It would be important that all town telephone calls for 'traffic office' should be free of charge; and that the great roads, such as the North Road, the Bath Road, the Great West Road, be furnished with traffic call-boxes at their entry to the town. Above all, improve the name-plateing of the streets.

Whatever view be taken of this brief outline, the fact remains that London streets are gravely neglected in the matter of their name-plates—the selection of their names and the numbering of houses. Put a good driver

in a covered car, for all cars are covered in our climate during the bulk of the year, forbid him to ask the way since that retards the traffic, and tell him to drive by map from East Ham to Brixton, or the like, without using the main thoroughfares save near the bridge; and it will take him several hours for the few miles, chiefly because when he is in a street he cannot discover its name, and when he is entering it he cannot see the name, which is too high, too much round the corner, not discoverable, and not illuminated. Lastly, when he has found it, it is King Street, or High Street, or George Street, just as if there were not 65,000 other possible names in the English language.

A great many years ago, as motoring history goes, the Royal Automobile Club marked out on the map of London a peripheral route, to be called, I think, the 'Circle,' though 'Kuklos' would better distinguish it from the Underground railway. This 'Kuklos' was primarily to enable country motorists to avoid the maze of London on their progress—say from Kent to Hertford, and, secondarily, to help Londoners to reach any end of their town without crossing the central congestions. It was a large irregular circle to be reached by any one within it, or outside, by travelling down a radian until entered. He should then go along it to the nearest point to the objective, and thence once more down a radian till the end was attained. Probably the chief gain from this suggestion, unless there were great expenditure, would be the ease of finding one's way—a facility chiefly due to the continuity of the name 'Kuklos,' which would be added to the existing name.

One would have supposed that the convenience and the wealth such traffic would inevitably bring to the Boroughs traversed would have been inducement enough. I am told that some local authorities cleared, repaired, and even widened, their little bit; but others were incredulous, and so 'Kuklos' remains a dream. It is, however, a prophetic dream. Perhaps a circular thoroughfare raised to clear existing roads with tangential exits and entrances sloping down to the streets and reserved for one-way circulation may hereafter come to round off some such scheme as the 'traffic office' herein outlined, and to simplify the work of the clerks therein, as well as

that of the drivers, while affording under the road a line of rent-paying shops and factories to contribute to the capital charges of such a construction.

In touching upon some of the aspects of modern traffic in this article, no particular mention has been made of the far-reaching—almost revolutionary—effects of its development. Roads which in past times were little more than pointers indicating distant places to an unheeding population have become an integral part of a remunerative industry—and as such have become valuable investments. Profound modifications have been brought to the manner of life of a people, the range of personal and social contact has been so extended that each individual has an increased power of selecting his affinities. The clash of diverse views in diverse places tends to banish parochialism. Access to other persons, things, and places, other beauties, and other instruction, will increase foresight, tolerance, and happiness. The marked freedom which has been given to youths by motoring has earlier given them responsibility, which is itself a training. There will, of course, be rueful grumbling when motoring (and cycling) doubles and yet redoubles, as it will; but such grumbling is not without its merit. England is very sane. When well-directed, grumbling checks an evil and leaves the good, when ill-considered it harmlessly amuses by its betrayal of a lack of vision.

MERVYN O'GORMAN.

Art. 4.—HOMER AND THE TROAD.

1. *Troy, A Study in Homeric Geography.* By Walter Leaf. Macmillan, 1912.
2. *Homer and History.* By Walter Leaf. Macmillan, 1915.
3. *Strabo on the Troad.* By Walter Leaf. Macmillan, 1923.
4. *Diary in the Dardanelles.* By William Knight. Hurst, 1849.

DR WALTER LEAF is perhaps the foremost Homeric scholar in Great Britain, and, like the historian Grote, he unites the practical insight and knowledge of affairs of a great banker with the enthusiasm of a great scholar. He has written many books about Homer and Troy and the Trojan War; and has the distinction of having changed his mind and, if we may say so, improved on his earlier judgment. 'He grows old,' like Solon, 'learning many things.' Beginning as an adherent of the lay theory, inclined to divide the 'Iliad' into separate poems written by different bards, he ends (as Andrew Lang wrote a very short time before his death) by becoming 'plus loyaliste que le roi,' and accepting a single poet, Homer. His work, which began by his co-operation in the excellent prose translation of Homer, and continued through a series of special studies on Homer, finds its real basis in the minute knowledge of the land and its character, which he acquired in an exploration of six weeks in the Troad, and which is set forth in his careful study of Strabo's account of the country and of Strabo's opinions about Homer. Dr Leaf, chronologically speaking, has builded first, and established the foundations later. But the foundations of his maturer theorising were really laid in his own mind by travel and observation, following on the minute weighing of the text needed in translating into English, and cemented by subsequent study at home. He has now completed his work, though it is to be hoped that he has not ended it, by publishing the geographical and topographical study on which it all rests; and it is to this latest book that our attention is chiefly directed. It is an interesting fact that the more familiar he has

made himself with the geographical and topographical features of the Trojan land, the more convinced he has become of the essential truth of the 'Iliad.' The Troes had disappeared long before the time of Herodotus, and the tale of Troy belonged to a remote past, preserved to the Hellenes only by the poems of Homer, a real single maker of a great epic.

The Troad is formed by the range of Mount Ida, the northernmost of the five 'fingers' protruded from the main elevated plateau of Anatolia towards the west and the Ægean coast; and accordingly the Troad falls naturally into two main divisions, the land south of Ida and the land on the north side adjoining the Hellespont. To these two divisions must be added the narrow west-coastland and the glen where the Scamander flows through breaks in the skirts of Ida, and emerges on the little coast-plain of Troy proper. There is no natural harbour in the Troad, which has 'gravely impeded its economic value.' Troy was not naturally a commercial centre: its history shows it as a robber-city preying upon others. The city is not a place where lines of road and of commerce could converge; and the same is true of the Troad as a whole, which geographically is 'the country watered from Ida,' and commercially has no important connexion with the rest of Asia Minor.

Dr Leaf has chosen to describe the geography of the Troad, not as a record of his own travel, but as a commentary on Strabo. Strabo was not a traveller in the Troad. He had not seen what he reasons about. He was little, if anything, more than a commentator on, and critic of, Demetrius of Skepsis, a town in the middle Scamander vale. Demetrius knew the country well; and, where he errs, his mistake lies in theorising, not in description of the country. The plan of Dr Leaf's book is more valuable and instructive than a mere picturesque record of his travels in the Troad. He had a good ancient guide, and his book is a geographical commentary on the 'Iliad.' It is not easy to read, for it needs much preliminary knowledge; and the reader has to exercise the same self-denial that Dr. Leaf imposed on himself.

Few will agree with Strabo and Demetrius that there was a 'Troy-land' ruled by nine governing families, all

related to Priam; and Dr Leaf disagrees also. He accepts the ruling families from No. 4 to No. 8; but the first three are connected only by marriage, and to the ancient mind that did not denote real tribal connexion. If two races are closely connected, that was expressed by saying that their eponymous ancestors were brothers; but the genealogical theory, which is the true ancient mode of expression, does not admit marriage as a proof of relationship. The ninth family was too much for Strabo himself. He speaks of eight, or *possibly nine*, parts of Priam's kingdom; and Dr Leaf finds here, in the case of Eurypylus and the Keteioi, the culmination of the tendency to make 'Troy-land' stretch far away south to Larisa on the Hermus. The reviewer would rather take refuge with Prof. Sayce, and hold that the Keteioi and their chief Eurypylus were a branch of the Hittites or Khita and essentially opposed to Priam and the Phrygians, historically and racially. Priam had fought against the Anatolian war-priestesses, the Amazons, on the banks of the Sangarios.

How, then, do the Khita come to be allies of the Trojans? The explanation is probably to be found in the growth of the conception that the 'Iliad' describes a contest between European Greece and Asia, and that all Asia, together with the barbarians of Thrace, were united against the Greeks of Europe. That conception had grown into being and power between the Trojan War and the time when Homer wrote. In that interval vast racial changes had occurred both in the west-coastland and on the plateau of Anatolia, and the Hellenes of Greece regarded themselves as the natural enemies of Asia and of all barbarians from time immemorial.

Strabo and Demetrius had no conception of the geographical fact that Mount Ida is, as it were, a finger extended westwards from the lofty main plateau of Asia Minor, broken indeed and dislocated, but still essentially one with it. Hence they regard Ida as an isolated ridge with two extremities, Cape Lekton on the south and the promontory near Zeleia at the mouth of the Æsepus and the coast of the Propontis on the north. As Dr Leaf says, however, the rivers of Mount Ida flow from its northern flank, and do not run towards the west and

the sea: this implies the correct view that Mount Ida stretches from the east (i.e. from the central plateau) towards the western sea, although Lekton seems to be a cape running south; but this appearance is due merely to irregularity in the western face of Ida. Geologically speaking, the Ægean Sea is not very old; and Ida with the other four fingers of the central plateau find their continuation in Greece and the Balkanic lands, as a glance at the map proves; for the islands of the Ægean form a much-broken chain which continues those five fingers, left above sea in the convulsion that produced the Ægean Archipelago. On the Asian coast and the European countries those fingers usually form upheaved mountains or capes, and Lekton is one of these.

Dr Leaf would certainly have written a more popular book if he had given to the world a narrative or journal of his excursion in the Troad; but it would not have been nearly so useful for the study of Homer and of ancient Homeric criticism. As this book is constructed, almost every page contains difficult reasoning about some point or other in Homer, or in Demetrius's ideas about Homer, or in Strabo's interpretation (without any local experience) either of Demetrius's ideas or of Homer himself. The salvation of the ordinary reader lies in the additions and remarks made by Dr. Leaf's personal knowledge of the country and the valleys, the hills, and the rivers. The book is one for the Homeric enthusiast; and even he will not find it always easy to grasp: it involves a strain on the attention and on the understanding. Everywhere, however, the reader finds that the guiding hand and personal knowledge (never obtruded, but present in every difficulty) of the author is a strong staff to lean on. The human interest of a narrative of travel lies in the personality of the writer. In this book the interest lies in Homer. Dr Leaf has effaced himself from his narrative except where guidance seemed to be needed: then he is always present and ready. The 'Iliad' sprang from the soil: Dr Leaf's book springs from the soil. They supplement one another; but personal knowledge of the geographical features of the Troad is needed to help the scholar and to save him from errors of misunderstanding, in spite of all the help that the modern author can give. The 'Iliad' assumes knowledge of the geographical

features; Dr Leaf supplies the knowledge; but the modern scholar is apt to interpolate his personal prepossessions, and so to fall into the very traps against which Dr Leaf tries to warn him.

Thus Dr Leaf sets out upon his exploration through the whole Troad under the guidance of Strabo, who had never seen the country, but in his turn was under the guidance of Demetrius. Demetrius wrote seventy books on the sixty-eight lines of the Trojan catalogue. Strabo was mildly sarcastic about the expenditure of so much time and work on so small a subject, and he is far from agreeing with Demetrius in every respect; but the disagreements are mainly regarding matters of opinion and not of fact. In one matter a definite statement is made by Strabo that Demetrius was wrong; and that is where he asserts that Demetrius errs in speaking of silver mining as furnishing the cause of the name *Argyria* in the valley of the *Æsepus*. It is comforting to find that Demetrius was correct: Dr Leaf has been there and confirms him. There are abundant remains which prove that in ancient times silver was mined at *Argyria*.

This is in accordance with the general tendency in the most recent times to confirm ancient authority against the scepticism of the later ancient and of critics, who were less well equipped with knowledge than the original writers; and it is comforting to obtain time after time confirmation of the best and earliest ancient authorities, provided we begin by understanding rightly their statements and how much they imply in the way either of assumption or of peculiarities in the point of view taken generally by the ancients.

Dr Leaf attaches high value to the accuracy and lucidity of Strabo's description, after separating from it one serious error in regard to the *Larisa* of the Pelasgian allies of Priam. It was argued that because the leader of the Pelasgians fell at Troy, 'far from his native land,' and because his *Larisa* of the Pelasgians in the Troad is not literally far from Troy, therefore this leader must have come from some other *Larisa*; and the *Larisa* of the Pelasgian allies was found by Demetrius and Strabo in the old *Æolic Larisa*, not far from *Phocæa* and *Cyme*, that *Larisa* whose site the reviewer in 1880 determined

on the western edge of the lower Hermus valley.* Yet the Larisa of Homer was within the kingdom of Priam, governed by one of his family; and accordingly Demetrius and Strabo are forced to extend that kingdom far away to the south. This confuses the geography and leads to a train of faults. If Strabo had only possessed a good map he would probably have seen the initial error; but there is no reason to think that Strabo had ever travelled in the Troad or in Æolis. This is a remarkable fact, yet Dr Leaf is fully justified in asserting that it is the case. Strabo in this part of his 'Geography' (which he treats at unusual length and to which he attaches special importance) had never been a traveller, and speaks only at second-hand; although once he sharply criticises his authority Demetrius.

In his Introduction Dr Leaf discusses the extent of Strabo's travels and limits it much. The remarkable fact of his career is that he had travelled so little in Asia Minor, his native land. He had travelled rather widely outside of that country; he had been in the south of Egypt, on the coast of Etruria, in Armenia, at Nysa in the Mæander valley, and was probably a student in Cilicia. From Cilicia he must have reached the west coast and the Mæander valley either by land or by sea. There is one passage which has been taken by some modern travellers, and at one time by the present writer, to suggest that he had been at Savatra or Soatra in Lycaonia on the land road. He speaks of the wells there as being extraordinarily deep, and the water as being sold in the streets of Soatra: the latter was a very unusual feature, for a good supply of water was a first consideration both in Anatolia and in Greece, wherever a settlement of men grew into importance; and the idea that water should be sold by the water carriers in the streets appeared to be an outrage on the amenities of Hellenic life. Accordingly, there was at first sight some temptation to argue that Strabo must have passed through Soatra on his way from Cilicia to the Mæander valley, and thus seen the facts for himself; and in fact it is situated on or near what the reviewer has long called the 'Syrian Road,' ever since he observed and

* 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' 1881, pp. 50, 274.

determined its course in 1901. The shortest line traverses an arid region near Soatra. Dr Walter Leaf, however, rightly refrains from using this account of Soatra as a proof that Strabo had been there, a visit which would imply that he had travelled by this road from Cilicia to Nysa. It might be assumed that the road made a very slight detour by Soatra, which lies in a recess among the hills, in order to get water, for even purchased water is better than none at all, or than brackish well-water, another ugly feature of the dry region in the neighbourhood of Soatra, especially to the south.

It is, however, bad geography to argue that the apparently shortest way is the quickest in fact. The reviewer in 1909 chanced to be speaking with Mr Sassoun, the member of the Turkish Parliament for Bagdad. Mr Sassoun mentioned that he was starting next day from Constantinople for his constituency. Interested in roads, the reviewer asked what route he would take. The answer was, 'Steamer to Bombay, thence steamer to Bassora (Basra).' This enormous detour was really the shortest way. Dr Leaf, therefore, is right in cutting down to narrow limits the Anatolian range of Strabo's travels. One might, with as much right as in the case of Soatra, say that Strabo had passed by Philomelium on the same Syrian road,* because he describes so accurately and lucidly the long ridge of Sultan-Dagh and the situation of Antioch on the opposite side of the ridge. The credit for this accuracy belongs to Strabo's authority, not to himself. Near Garsaoura towards the east there are very deep wells; and Strabo may have transferred this account of the deep wells to Soatra, which he describes as adjoining Garsaoura. One may watch four women at evening pushing round a quaint machine near Garsaoura, and see how after 45 seconds' toil, they bring up a tiny goatskinful of water. The reviewer once timed the operation. There are also some deep wells on the dry south side of the hills, on whose moister northern side lies Soatra: one is called 'the

* It is quite possible, indeed almost probable (unless he went by sea), that Strabo (like Cicero) followed this way; but a lucid general touch of description does not prove it, for such touches were often taken from an authority of earlier date. The ancients, like some modern writers, were not very careful to specify the sources of their knowledge of facts: 'they pounced on their own, wherever they found it.'

well of the 99 steps.' There is a stairway leading down to the water; but, after all, 99 very shallow steps make no great depth, and 99 is not to be taken literally in Turkish terminology. There are literally 99 names of Allah: only the camel knows the hundredth name: hence its proud look. But in common usage 99 is like 1001, merely a number. The 'Thousand and one Churches' are only 28 all told.

Accordingly, Dr Leaf rightly refrains from using this passage as a proof that Strabo had passed along that way, the shortest from Cilicia to the Mæander valley. The reasons are evident: (1) The argument is inconclusive in itself. (2) The statement may be derived by Strabo from some other authority. (3) Strabo describes Soatra as being near Garsaoura, which is so vague as to be quite misleading. No one who had actually been at Soatra would describe it so. (4) He has quaint tales about this region, as e.g. that in Lake Tatta, if a bird touches the water, it can be caught by hand. As the lake is very salt, this is like the modern children's saying that, if you can put salt on a bird's tail, you can catch it. Strabo probably got it from some old traveller's tale. (5) He speaks of Iconium as 'somewhere in this region,' and conjoins it with the great lakes which are still more remote, across the mountains from Iconium. (6) Most conclusive of all: in Savatra, as the reviewer observed in 1901, the water is near the surface and the refugees who had recently settled there had wells in which the water was standing within four feet of the wooden cover.* There is not a passage where Strabo shows personal knowledge of Lycaonia or east or central Phrygia, though he has often good touches, which are probably taken from Artemidorus or other authority.

Dr Leaf is fully justified in demanding strict proof in each case, viz. a formal assertion on Strabo's part, about the extent of the geographer's travels. In this case a careful examination has shown that he was not an eye-witness, but a good, though occasionally somewhat vague, user of old authorities. Strabo, however, is perfectly truthful, and, while he, after the ancient

* The reviewer was misled by the fallacy about Soatra, until, in writing a commentary on Strabo's account of Phrygia and Lycaonia, the arguments against it became evident.

fashion, rarely quotes his authority formally, yet he seldom leaves any justifiable doubt as to what he had seen and what he had taken from others.

But, as we have said, the firm basis on which the value of Dr Leaf's study of Strabo rests is his own personal exploration and his own knowledge of the country. He lingers with loving care over everything that can throw light on Homer. He has studied every question on the spot. He was already familiar with every question, and had pondered every argument before he visited the Troad. Then he went to see for himself, and once again reviewed and revised his own former opinions.

Recent discovery has convinced almost every one that after all Agamemnon once lived and ruled and led a Greek host of ships and men. Even those who do not believe him to have actually reigned in Argos or sailed to Troy, cannot now treat the idea that there was once a real lord of men, Agamemnon, with the contemptuous indifference of criticism forty years ago, or pass it by as the idle dreaming of an ill-regulated enthusiasm. The sword that was used by an Argive prince twelve centuries before Christ, the halls in which he lived and dispensed justice, the ornaments and works of art which were made by his workmen or imported by his subjects or his visitors—all these undeniable facts forcibly prevent us from denying that the prince may have sacked Troy. We may prefer to explain the origin of the 'tale of Troy divine' in some other way, and not as the history of actual events; but we must now treat the view that it is a fundamentally true tale as probably right. There is a widespread and growing feeling that in the immediate future the attitude towards the Homeric Poems which is most likely to lead to further discovery is that they preserve a picture of a period of history which did once exist. Partly as works of extreme antiquity, partly as dependent on a still older school of bards who kept alive a genuine tradition, these poems permit a glimpse into the process by which the fine product called Hellenism—with its freedom of view in politics and society, its delicate perception of symmetry in art and in literature, its bold confidence in the individual man as the judge of his own life, and

the true centre of his own universe—was evolved amid the strife of nations in the Levant and the Ægean from the amalgamation of various Aryan and non-Aryan tribes in the Greek lands. Hellenism was a product so many-sided that it could not arise amid a homogeneous race; so delicate that the proper balance of the various racial characteristics which produced it could not last very long; so important in the development of modern society that it cannot lose its value for us; so unique in type that it can never cease to interest educated men. The true way of understanding its origin is to study the poems of Homer as history, and to compare them with the material surroundings of the earliest Greek society as revealed to us by the spade of the excavator and by the study of words. What further methods of study will be developed with increasing knowledge, it is impossible to say; but the long controversy provoked by Wolff is practically closed. Almost all sane judgment is now more and more definitely decided that poems which were able to influence so profoundly the religion and thought of the Greeks must have a solid foundation in reality; it was because they represented a real power that they could succeed in creating a Hellenic unity. One supreme poet gathered up floating tradition and religious ideas into a poem of the world's literature and memory.

The Homeric heroes were real men full of many-sided human actuality, and not one-sided abstractions; and the Homeric gods have always been gods; the envisagement of the religious ideas of an advanced and advancing people, neither personifications of wind or sea or sky, nor conceptions slightly developed beyond the totem or the fetish of primitive savages. Totemistic or fetishistic theories about the relation of Greek religion to the ideas of primitive races have their value and their portion of truth; but they distract attention from the Hellenism of Greek religion. What is Hellenic in the gods of Homer is precisely that which has been added to the gods of the races whose amalgamation produced the Hellenic people; and those races had already developed far beyond the stage of the totem and the fetish.

I do not wish to disparage the work of the many Homeric critics: that has its distinct value, sometimes

real and positive, sometimes the negative result of conclusively disproving the theories that they were trying to prove—which is no small service. But the new era demands new methods. It is and will continue to be an epoch of the discovery of new elements rather than of the re-combination of old elements. In discovery, and in the striking out of new methods, has always lain the strength of English scholarship; and there never was a time when minds not enslaved to established views, yet disciplined by rigid philological training and the grammar of Homer, had such a promising field open to them. The difficulty is not to find the minds, but to find the time, i.e. the money; and in the growing alienation of national taste among the wealthy and educated classes from ancient scholarship—an alienation caused mainly by a natural and healthy revolt from the narrowness and the misdirection of classical study and teaching as long practised—it is difficult to see much likelihood that England will play a great part in the new era. The reviewer who can only look from Mount Pisgah over the Promised Land, may take the risk of forecasting the future in which he cannot hope to take part.

In all discussions with regard to the trustworthiness of Homer as preserving a record of real history, there is a tendency to mix up two totally different questions. Take e.g. the two catalogues in 'Iliad' II: do these represent a real record or memory transmitted from 1200–1190 B.C. of the forces, the ships, and the names and the numbers, or do they represent Homer's idea several centuries later of the facts as they had come down to him, transmitted through the memory of generations and centuries, of what actually took place and was the case at the time when the Trojan War occurred? The gods were partners in the war, according to Homer's idea; but few would maintain that in the actual war, Apollo, etc., played a part and fought and slew. They are an intrusion in history.

It may be said that we do not know the date of Homer; but there was a memory preserved of him, constituting an authority as trustworthy as any record of that ancient period can be. Herodotus may be taken as representing the ordinary view current in the Asiatic

Greek coast towns on the subject, and he dates Homer about four centuries before himself, i.e. roughly speaking, about 850-830. Other dates were assigned by various ancient historians; but all presume that the poet lived a long time after the War of Troy. There is some reason to be detected in most cases for the different dates; but Herodotus, as usual, preserves the floating tradition in the coast-towns and harbours of Asia Minor. He knew nothing of Asia Minor except according to the reports which had penetrated to these cities. He had not travelled in the country. His ignorance of details is palpable when he attempts to describe any operation that had its scene in the inner part of the country; but he does report faithfully what he heard and his value stands firm on this foundation.

It has even been discussed whether the catalogue of the Greek ships applies to the facts at the period when it set sail from the Boeotian coast or is true to the different circumstances which characterised the end of the Trojan War. The enumeration of ships would necessarily be very different at the beginning of the voyage and after battles had taken place and heroes had perished, or been detained like Philoctetes from taking part in the war; further, many other causes waste away the strength of a navy or an army during ten years of fighting.

With regard to the whole question we seek for some great historic principle, and this we find in the law of history, and specially economic history, that a city on the great waterway of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus which is strong enough to close the passage to and from the Black Sea must profoundly affect the course of events. Dr Walter Leaf put this truth in an article somewhere in a striking form when he protested against the idea that Constantinople derived its importance from being the road-link between Europe and Asia. I cannot remember the exact place, but the statement is to this effect—if all communication by way of Constantinople between Europe and Asia were stopped, if the roads leading into Thrace and the roads leading to Bithynia and Anatolia generally were blocked, it would make no serious difference to any body of persons in any other part of the world; but, if the waterway were closed against trade to-day, to-morrow the effect would be felt

on every Exchange in the world. It is not the land roads that make Constantinople; rather it is Constantinople that makes the roads. They come to Constantinople and radiate from it. It is the waterway and its possible command of the passage to or from the Black Sea that make the imperial significance of Constantinople. When Constantinople, or New Rome, was founded by Constantine in 330 A.D., it was placed so as to command the entrance to the Bosphorus, and in this critical position it could close the Straits at any time. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the foundation of Constantinople inaugurated the Dark Ages and the long eclipse of civilisation. It is only as Constantinople has grown weak and lost its importance as a city of power gradually and slowly during the centuries, that civilisation has revived. Whether that is merely accidental coincidence or historic truth will be disputed, but the view taken here is that it represents an essential factor in the case. Czar Nicholas I was undoubtedly expressing both his real sentiments and the truth of history when he said that Russia did not want Constantinople for herself, because, if Russia held Constantinople, the Russian Empire would quickly change into a Byzantine Empire; but, on the other hand, it could not afford to leave Constantinople in the possession of any Power strong enough to stop the passage of the Straits at its will or at its caprice.

Now take a glance at the state of things at an intermediate period. About 222 B.C. Byzantium in its favoured position aspired to close the Straits and to levy a charge on every vessel that sought to pass. This was forced on Byzantium by the terrible exactions of the Thracian tribes, which ground down the people of the city to the utmost extent that they could pay and continue to live; but the nations interested in trade refused to permit the people of Byzantium to levy their impost and a four years' war followed, which compelled Byzantium to retract its demands. The trade of the Black Sea must remain open to the world.

It is a remarkable fact of economic life that so much importance should attach to the passage of a comparatively insignificant channel of water like that which leads from the Black Sea to Troy, however interesting and important the Straits are, physically and historically.

The character of this channel is remarkable in a natural point of view. It is, perhaps, the one great river of sea-water which is always flowing, and it is also, perhaps, the only river which is always flowing both up and down. Here alone water runs upwards. On the surface this great sea-river is steadily flowing from the Black Sea to the *Ægean*. The Black Sea is maintained at a slightly higher level than the Mediterranean, and specially the *Ægean*, for it is fed by a number of large rivers which are pouring into it always their vast bodies of fresh water. The Danube, the Pruth, the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Bug, the Don, to name only streams of first-rate importance in respect of volume of water carried, discharge their water into a sea which is frequently covered with mist, which is liable to considerable storms, and whose surface has a low evaporation. The *Ægean*, on the other hand, is a mistless sea, receiving only small bodies of water from third-rate or fourth-rate rivers, and owing to the blazing sun of summer it has a high surface evaporation. There is thus set up a natural flow of the surface fresh water from the Black Sea towards the *Ægean*. On the other hand, the *Ægean* has a much higher level of salinity, and this salt water seeks to mingle with the fresh water of the Black Sea. Hence a return current exists at the bottom of the salt river, carrying up the heavier salt water to mingle with the Black Sea and produce an equilibrium.

Any one can experiment for himself in a small way to see how two bodies of water, one very saline and one fresher, will mingle with one another, if any channel exists by which they can communicate. Nature is always seeking to establish an equilibrium between the Black Sea and the *Ægean*, and always failing, and the result is the eternal double-flowing river of the Straits.

The surface flow of this salt river is much modified by projecting rocks and promontories. One can stand and observe at various points on the Bosphorus, by tossing in light objects and observing whether they are swept down stream at a rate of five or six miles an hour, or are almost stationary, moving only a yard or a foot in a minute. Even the steamers that maintain communication up and down and across the Bosphorus, when they are crossing from the mouth of the Golden Horn

to Scutari hug the European side for a considerable distance, and then put across, getting the full force of the current in mid-stream and on the Asiatic side. It is easy and pleasant to take a boat from Scutari to the Golden Horn; but no kayik can take a passenger in the reverse direction. The writer once tried it. No boat would go, until a young and inexperienced boatman was induced by double money. Boatman and passenger on that occasion learned much about Bosphorus currents. The boat never reached Scutari; and the passenger reached Scutari on foot.

There are three important places on the course of this river. One of these is Constantinople, on the Mar-mora end of the entrance to the Bosphorus, where nature offers refuge to sailors and ships of any class, as the deep recess of the Golden Horn presents a natural harbour of perfect character.

Straight opposite Constantinople is Chalcedon on the bold, high promontory called now Moda, where there is no harbour, where ships cannot find refuge, and where the current sweeps rapidly down from a projecting point some miles above on the European side. Chalcedon was founded a year or two before Byzantium, and it was called, by a sailor's jest, 'the city of the blind,' because the founders overlooked the obvious advantage of the European side.

It is quite the contrary at the lower end of the great salt river. Troy, on the Asiatic side, offers a similar harbour, not quite so advantageous as that which Byzantium offered, but still always useful; while the European side from Cape Sedd-ul-Bahr northwards rises in the steep rocky edge of the Thracian Chersonese, and the current flows rapidly by. To land on this long, narrow peninsula, now known popularly as the Dardanelles peninsula, is always difficult, and often for weeks impossible. At Troy, on the other hand, there is a recess protected from the Ægean Sea by the far-projecting Cape Kum-Kale. Somewhere here, down to the introduction of steam navigation, it was frequently necessary for sailing ships to lay up waiting for a favourable opportunity of passing the Narrows of the Dardanelles above the ancient city of Dardanus. A case was known in which a square-rigged ship had to lie for three months waiting for the

opportunity to get up the Dardanelles to Constantinople.* A project was even mooted, as Knight mentions, for making a ship canal across the narrow isthmus which separates the Ægean Sea at its extreme north-eastern end from the Sea of Marmora, so as to enable vessels to avoid that long detention in the neighbourhood of Troy. The people and the kings of Troy took advantage of their position to grow wealthy at the expense of the ships which waited their opportunity of passage. The same fact presented itself 1200 years B.C. as at Byzantium 222 B.C. It was a sufficient reward that the Trojans and the people of Byzantium should have the advantage of offering hospitality and selling provisions to the ships which were obliged to lay up on their shore. A moderate duty for the right of landing and provisioning was also justified by commercial considerations. The ships were gaining much and should pay for it; but just like Byzantium at a later time, so Troy at an earlier time sought to press its natural advantages to an extreme; and the trade of the outer world resisted the exaction. In both cases the result was similar, a long war, the weakening of Byzantium and the total destruction of Troy.

Such was the origin of both those ancient wars;† and the above-quoted opinion of the Emperor Nicholas and the commercial estimate of a great banker like Dr Walter Leaf show that the situation is exactly the same at the present day, though Troy has ceased to exist since 1194 B.C. The world will always combine against any people who try to impose a barrier on the great commercial highway.

Dr Leaf, I feel reluctant to say, rather swerves from his own proper point of view and his own expressed opinions, when, in treating the Trojan catalogue, he speaks as if Troy derived its importance from being a land emporium connected by roads with the Thracian coast, with the southern coasts of the Black Sea, and

* So says Wm. Knight (Commodore of Royal Harwich Yacht Club), 'Diary, 1849,' p. 12. Similar statements from the 'Black Sea Pilot' are quoted by Dr Walter Leaf.

† That an occasional reason and a specious pretext may have been found in the circumstances of the time is of course probable; but the essential and deep-lying cause was economic. Both facts are true of almost all wars.

with the cities and trade further south in Asia Minor. It was not because Troy was a commercial city trading on all hands and engaged in legitimate commercial enterprise and growing rich thereby that it was hated by and obnoxious to the Greeks who destroyed it. The fact is that if Constantinople, as Dr Leaf says, has not derived its imperial importance from its land roads and land connection, but rather has created those land roads to satisfy its own needs and to find markets for its own manufactures, still less was Troy a commercial emporium. You cannot easily get a site which is less suited for land trade than Troy. The ways are long and most of them are extremely difficult which lead from Troy to any part of Asia Minor, except the small valleys of the Scamander and the low coast that leads up to the Narrows and to Dardanos and Abydos. No invader from Europe ever dreamed of crossing at Troy. He crossed the Dardanelles much further up, though like Alexander he might make a pilgrimage to inspect the ruined greatness of Troy; but his interest was only sentimental, and led him out of his proper path.

This memory nearly led to a change in history. Augustus, seeing that the true capital of the Roman Empire, half European, half Asiatic, lay on the borders of the two continents, had once a fancy that Troy should be made the centre of the Roman world. It was a passing fancy; and it did not require the arguments of Horace, nor his odes, to turn Augustus away from deserting old Rome. Diocletian chose Nicomedia as his capital. Constantine, after pitching on Nicæa, and holding there the first world-wide Council of the Church in 325, recognised Constantinople as the Imperial City, and founded there the 'New Rome' in 330.

We return, therefore, to the point of view from which we started. Homer, not history, made Troy a world centre. Troy was a robber fortress. It was built for the legitimate purpose of supplying the needs of the sailors engaged in the trade up the Dardanelles and growing rich thereby; but it was a city without a navy and, therefore, could not be a commercial city. Here lies the explanation of the remarkable fact that no allusion is ever made to a Trojan navy, and some writers have elaborated theories to account for the fact that Troy was without

a navy at the time of the war. No explanation is needed; we are not to suppose that a generation or two further back a great Trojan navy had been destroyed and had never been rebuilt; the city was navyless because it was non-commercial, and it was non-commercial because it was roadless and navyless. That there were navies before the Trojan War is true; but that is away from the point. It is needless to search tradition and history for an explanation of the reason why Troy had no navy, and why the Camp of the Greeks could be formed and fortified without a sea-battle. The land power of Troy was sufficient to make it wealthy through its opportune situation.

The true question which expresses the centre of the historic problem, is this: Who were the Achæans, and where was Agamemnon king? The latest theory mentioned is that of Dr Cowley: the Achæans were the Hivites. If so, what relation did the Hivites bear to the Hittites, the children of Heth from whom Abraham purchased the Cave of Machpelah? That the Achivi are the Hivites is a brilliant light on history.

Our view is that a long interval must have elapsed between the war of Troy and the time when a great poet brought together and ordered in the world's greatest epic the floating tales of that epoch-making event which set free the navigation of the great salt-water river and the approach to the Black Sea with its wonderful trade. The Greek commercial cities, both in Europe and in Asia, fought and gained the war. Homer belongs to a totally different age from that ancient time. The circumstances had changed completely. The Sons of Yavan, or Javan, who peopled the islands and coasts of the West, must have been prominent in the war. The war was not one between Europe and Asia, in which Miletus could figure as an ally of Troy. The names of races and peoples must have changed, and we are beginning to derive some knowledge of them from modern recent discovery. The Sons of Yavan had degenerated into the trailing-robed and unwarlike Ionians, a name which is hardly known in Homer. The catalogue of the Greeks represents the circumstances as they were known to Homer. The people who profited by the trade of the Black Sea in his time are the people upon whom he lays

most stress; but yet he has a true memory of the essential facts of the original war, mixed up with gods and heroes. He fully appreciates that Dardanos * and Troy had no special reason to love one another, and that the foundation of Troy had rather contributed to oust the people of Dardanos from their important position in the control of trade. Dr Leaf rightly says, in his 'Troy,' Ch. vi, that for such a large city with many allies gathered to aid it, trade in food and other necessities of life and of war was essential. Even a 'robber city' must develop some trade. It had taxed the sailors and ships that sought to enter the Black Sea, and accumulated 'much gold'; but it would starve unless it could use its gold. It must attract trade; but this trade was artificial. The long war, and the Greek wide-reaching forays and the 'hiring of mercenaries,' wasted its life-blood; there was no fresh supply coming in. The Achæans could not capture the city by battle; but they wore it down by a long war.

One question remains. Where was Homer born and brought up? Seven cities claimed him; but Smyrna near the gentle never-failing Meles, with its magnificent fountain, never transformed until it was recently made the source of the city's water supply, is named first; and the six last are nowhere. Colophon's only claim rests on the fact that it conquered Smyrna, and made it an Ionian city, no longer Æolic. Others have claims as being at one time or other historically pre-eminent in Homeric criticism, or in history of old times, Salamis, Argos, Athens. Rhodes and Chios raise more complicated problems; but have no real claim.

The local jealousies which were the bane of Greek history, and the source of much Greek poetry, can be traced in this question. Homer lived when Miletus was making itself the leader of the Black Sea trade; and he names it as a Trojan ally, the only really Greek city which he reckons on the Trojan side. That means that Homer knew and felt deeply the growing hegemony round the coasts of the Black Sea. He regarded Miletos as an upstart power. Thus again we are brought to the date near the end of the ninth century as the time of Homer.

W. M. RAMSAY.

* The town of Dardanos on the Hellespont below the Narrows must, of course, be distinguished from the realm and town of Dardanus, eponymous prince of the middle Scamander valley.

Art. 5.—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Children of the Ghetto (1892); *Ghetto Tragedies* (1893); *The King of the Schnorrers* (1894); *Dreamers of the Ghetto* (1898); *Italian Fantasies* (1910); *The War for the World* (1916); *Merely Mary Ann* (Comedy) (1903); *The Melting Pot* (1908); *The War God* (Blank Verse Drama) (1911). Heinemann.

IN the early 'nineties there was reason to suspect a literary renaissance in England. Poets and essayists, young and enthusiastic, were arriving; readers drawn from all classes of the community were responding to their appeal. The clerk going to and from his work in the City might be found on the top of the omnibus enjoying some slim new volume; large numbers of men and women who were to make reputations for themselves were starting their life-work. The firm of Elkin Mathews and John Lane was publishing the first-fruits of Michael Field, George Egerton, Norman Gale, John Davidson, Kenneth Graham, Selwyn Image, Lionel Johnson, Mrs Meynell, Richard Le Gallienne, William Watson, Hubert Crackanthorpe and Oscar Wilde. Periodicals like 'The Hobby-horse,' 'The Dial,' and 'The Pageant,' to say nothing of 'The Yellow Book' and 'The Savoy,' found subscribers; the world was full of passion and of song.

Remote from this group of singers and essayists a young fellow of infinite jest was attracting an ever-widening circle of admirers. His name was Israel Zangwill; he was editing a humorous paper called 'Ariel,' to which he contributed week by week sufficient matter for laughter to give reputation to a far more pretentious production. At the centre of his circle he was known less as a jester than as a scholar and thinker, who had transcended by sheer capacity the limits of the 'London Ghetto,' had taught for a while in the Jews' Free School, then, as now, the largest institution of the kind in the country; had found time in his scanty leisure, to graduate at the London University with honours, and, having quarrelled with the school authorities, was turning the lighter side of his pen to account. Those of us who met him in the early days can recall a slightly

bowed figure with eloquent eyes, a shock of untidy hair, a hesitant manner, and pince-nez that had weakened in the effort to do equal justice to both eyes. He did not thrust opinions upon his company, but it was clear that this deeply read apostle of what was called the new humour had a serious side.

It was said that he had received a commission from America to write a book on Jewish life, that it had engaged him for nearly two years, that the book would be published simultaneously in London and New York; but there was no expectation among those who could judge that any large success might be expected in either city. Jewish stories were not popular either with the general public or with the Jewish Community. Dickens had given us Fagin and apologised for him by the aid of the equally impossible 'Riah. George Eliot had presented Daniel Deronda; Lord Beaconsfield had painted the oriental Jew; but the only recent attempt at realism had been made by a woman writer named Amy Levy, whose novel 'Reuben Sachs' (1888) went into two editions and was vehemently, even unfairly, denounced. That a young man whose every second sentence held or hid a smile, could be expected to write a great novel of Jewry was unreasonable; consequently when 'Children of the Ghetto' appeared, the sensation was the more considerable. The book woke all reading England to applause; with a bound Zangwill was on the heights. It is interesting to recall the enthusiasm, the praise given so lavishly by the old world and the new, even the necessary modicum of abuse testified to appreciation. Never before had the Ghetto been seen in light so penetrating; never before had the romance associated with an alien people and an alien faith been realised. Readers were astonished to learn that a district some knew by sight and others only by name, held a life so varied, so picturesque, so wonderfully upheld by a faith of which the foundations were strengthened by misrepresentation and persecution.

There is no striking story in 'Children of the Ghetto.' The self-sacrificing girl who passes from the East to the West End and writes a novel that arouses anger or resentment among the leisured classes of the community, never quite fills the place of heroine. Her father, her brother and some of her friends are splendid character

studies; but 'Children of the Ghetto' is hardly a book that may be said to have a beginning, a middle and an end; it is less than this—and much more. To the Jews themselves perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of the story was its incisive study of changing conditions. The Ghetto had held the greater part of the community in the bonds of a rigid ceremonial from which the younger generation was breaking away. The spirit had departed; they were intolerant of the letter. Zangwill took no sides; he showed an almost equal sympathy with those who clung to the old traditions and with those who were stifled by them; if there was any bias it was in favour of the older fashion.

The book wrought greatly for the Jew throughout England and America; certain anti-alien legislation submitted to the British Government for consideration was dropped because of the sympathy aroused by the work. It was widely translated; the author's path was clear. He had already placed minor works to his credit, the first, 'The Premier and the Painter,' written with a friend in the year when 'Reuben Sachs' was published. Later came 'The Bachelors' Club' and 'The Old Maids' Club,' first presented serially in 'Ariel,' and 'The Big Bow Mystery,' a clever detective story, originally a *feuilleton* in the 'Star.' These books might have been forgotten had not 'Children of the Ghetto' brought their writer into prominence, but he remembered his literary family and never despised these offspring of his early years. In 1893 he published 'Ghetto Tragedies,' known later and in ampler form as 'They that Walk in Darkness'; here he revealed himself in a fresh aspect as a writer with an exquisite sense of pity for unpitied humanity. A few of the stories that make up this fascinating volume had seen the light in obscure periodicals in early days. In the same year he wrote a short tale called 'Merely Mary Ann' for a new library of popular fiction planned by an enterprising publisher. This was three weeks' work and, until closely studied, is no more than a simple story simply told. A young musician, well connected, almost without resources, but endeavouring to do good work, falls in love with the maid-of-all-work in the lodging-house, an arresting creation in her strange purity and simplicity, a

with no relations save a brother in America. She responds to the advances born of his loneliness, and agrees to go away with him, but when the two are on the point of leaving, news comes that the brother in America has died, leaving her a fortune. Hearing this, Lancelot will go no farther, though she is willing; he could have seduced a maid-of-all-work, an heiress must be married or spared. Here Zangwill left the ill-matched couple; but nearly ten years later he dramatised the book and was induced to round off the narrative by bringing Mary Ann and Lancelot together again for the ending the stage demands. It is a fact worth pondering that this little book that took three weeks in the writing brought in, through the stage, more money than all the Ghetto books put together, though these will live long after Mary Ann is merely dead.

Following tragedy came comedy. In 1894 he set a great part of London laughing at 'The King of the Schnorrers.' This was a study of the oldest and most exclusive section of the Jewish Community, the Sephardim, whose Synagogue is in Bevis Marks, and whose history goes back to the times when they were a power in Western Europe, before Ferdinand and Isabella decreed their expulsion from Spain, and drove them to the East and to North Africa to wait for a sound footing in Europe until Holland and Great Britain should open their doors. The King of the Schnorrers (Beggars) is a fascinating figure; his amazing encounters with the pillars of the Synagogue, his ready wit, his extensive knowledge of the Law leave him in a class by himself.

'The Master' (1895), and 'The Mantle of Elijah' (1900), are clever, but they do not belong to the world and the people the author knew best, and it was in 1898 that he published what is perhaps the most remarkable of all the books that deal with Jewry; this is 'Dreamers of the Ghetto.' Here he turned with a daring that only the issue could justify, to set out the inner life and thought of some of the greatest and most unfortunate of his people. He described his book as the story of a dream that has not come true, as a chronicle of the dreamers who have risen in the Ghetto between the time of its establishment in the 16th century and its break-up in our own. He sought to present the artistic typification

of many souls inspired by the great Ghetto dream, holding that art may seize vitally the essence of persons and movements, and that time and space are only the conditions through which spiritual facts straggle. Of his characters, Sabbatai Zevi (the Turkish Messiah), Spinoza, Heine, Lassalle, Disraeli, are historical; others were born of some association with their prototypes. It is an extraordinarily impressive book; every one of the fifteen characters stands out as an idealist, dreaming his own particular dream, and in most cases destined to fail in his search for its realisation; but there was that which proclaimed a quest which novels and essays would not satisfy. It marks the beginnings of the author's movement towards larger fields; in every dreamer there seemed to be some forgotten incarnation of the soul that bade him live again.

In the following year 'Ghetto Tragedies' appeared in the enlarged form, and then 'The Mantle of Elijah,' the political novel in which he declared himself a lover of peace and a hater of war. Following came 'The Grey Wig,' a collection of short stories, then a book of verse, 'Blind Children,' a fresh aspect of his varied gift. In that year 'Merely Mary Ann' was dramatised. Then came a halt. He had become immersed in work, first for the Zionist cause, and then for the Jewish Territorial Organisation of which he was President, and the best of his efforts were directed to obtaining a place of freedom for his persecuted brethren of middle and east Europe. His pen was given chiefly to pamphlets and letters, though he did write three plays, produced in the States; and it was not until seven years later that he completed 'Italian Fantasies,' perhaps the most fascinating and erudite book of travel published in the present century. 'Without Prejudice,' a volume of reprinted essays (1896), had shown (*inter alia*) how deeply his imagination was stimulated by travel. It is easy to see that the journeys through Italy were among his very happiest experiences. The Fantasies would appear to have for him the quality of a holiday task, because in the years of its preparation he was working all too hard on political schemes. High hope for the future of America was expressed in a successful play 'The Melting Pot' (1909), the name referring to the United States of America, which receives

and blends or fuses the most diverse types. He said once 'the real greatness of America is the greatness of her opportunity.' His devotion to peace was expressed in 'The War God,' produced at His Majesty's in 1911.

When War broke out Zangwill's time was taken up very largely with the cause of the suffering Jews throughout the world; following the famous Balfour declaration, his organisation, the Iro, ceased to function lest it should hamper the Zionist movement. He felt that there was no longer any reason for two separate endeavours. He wrote and spoke with his accustomed eloquence and provocation through the war years, ever on the side of peace, ever urging cessation of world-wide slaughter. He gathered essays and addresses into a volume, 'The War for the World' (1916); four years later he published an extraordinarily brilliant and bitter volume of essays, 'The Voice of Jerusalem.' Yet between these two books came one that was of altogether a different type, 'Jinny the Carrier'; a study of the remote Essex county in the time of the Exhibition of 1851; a book that told of peaceful times in pleasant places with no greater trouble than a flood and a quarrel between lovers. Another significant work remained to be written, 'Translations in Verse from the Hebrew of Ibn Gabirol,' an eleventh-century poet. Those best qualified to form an opinion declare that he has preserved the spirit of the originals.

Another book was started about this time but remains unfinished. He turned to the theatre and, dissatisfied with his producers, decided to take their place; but it was an unwise and regrettable decision. He had been worn out by hard work and bitter controversy, by taking up every challenge to Jewry; in spite of his capacity for sustained effort he had imposed all too heavy a strain upon himself. When a series of unfortunate ventures in the theatre came to an end, the tale was told. Let no man judge the rare and arresting figure that has passed from us by the moods and fancies of the two last sick and harassed years. 'You have come to see a broken man,' he said to me in April last. Yet he talked with the old fire and the old spirit of the great causes for which he had worked in the past and was prepared to work in the future when health should return. He

felt the general strike acutely; within a few days of the declaration of what he regarded as civil war he took the turn for the worse from which there was no recovery.

Here, briefly, incompletely, is an outline of the work done between the time when the young editor of 'Ariel' first attracted attention and the hour when the strenuous worker in every cause that stands for progress, the man who sacrificed his interests to every high ideal, found the peace that life had denied him. I am sure he was not afraid to die; save for those whom he loved and cherished, I do not think he was even unwilling.

'There are times when one grows impatient for death. There is a sweetness in being gathered to one's fathers. The very phrase is restful. Dying sounds more active; it recalls doing, and one is so tired of doing. But to be culled softly, to be sucked up—the very vapour of the Apostle—how balmily passive; to be wafted into the quiet Past, which robs even fame of its sting, and wherein lie marshalled and sorted and ticketed and dated, in stately dictionaries and monumental encyclopædias, all those noisy poets, painters, warriors, all neatly classified and silent. And the sweet silence of the grave allures even after the bitter silence of life; after the silent endurance that is our one reply to the insolence of facts. And in these delicate, seductive moments, half longing, half acquiescence, the air is tremulous with tender, crooning phrases, with gentle, wistful melodies, the hush-a-bye of the earth-mother drawing us softly to her breast.'

Novelist, essayist, poet, dramatist, scholar, philosopher, reformer, they make a mistake who regard Israel Zangwill only as a man of letters. He was a humanist, richly gifted, utterly selfless. He travelled farther than most men in the realms that are bounded by the pen, and yet all writing was a means to an end, and never an end in itself. We are too near him to-day to get the true perspective, and it is well to remember the words of Heine in the story, 'From a Mattress Grave,' 'You can only be judged by your peers or your superiors, by minds that circumscribe yours, not by those that are smaller.'

There is no attempt here to seek finality in judgment. My purpose is served by setting out some of the impressions gathered in more than thirty years of happy friendship. Before Zangwill comes to his place, the wallet that Time is said to carry on his back will have

discharged a mighty load of alms for oblivion. Perhaps he was too richly endowed; it may be said that he did not keep faith with his own reputation. He came into a kingdom when he published 'Children of the Ghetto,' he enlarged its boundaries with 'Ghetto Tragedies,' 'Dreamers of the Ghetto' and 'They that Walk in Darkness.' As an essayist he courted distinction and finally achieved it with 'Italian Fantasies.' As poet he showed ripe accomplishment and foreshadowed great possibilities, but, as the call to work for his people became more insistent, he sacrificed his position and gave his all to the cause nearest to his heart. The prizes of his profession could not hold him back.

Looking now to days when the new movement in literature was being fashioned, and passing in review the years that have intervened, it is impossible to recall the occasion when he had no work on hand for others. At first it might have been nothing more than an effort to help some struggler to obtain recognition in the world of art or letters. As time passed larger missions engaged him, but the goal was ever to help his fellow-men. He pursued controversy, seeking to gain ends that were not to be won. He created ill feeling and intensified it by being outspoken rather than diplomatic; but he was never found in any undertaking for his own personal advantage. True selflessness was part of his spiritual make-up. Where he succeeded some worthy cause was the better, where he failed, some great endeavour halted. His love for humanity came very early, it deepened with the years. His stories reflect his own emotional life. It is astonishing to see how many are based upon the ideal of service. With him the high hopes of youth never became the materialism of middle age, the characteristics of his noblest creations in the Ghetto stories were absorbed in his own life. He lived his ideals. To read in 'Dreamers of the Ghetto' the story of the strivings of men into whose spiritual life he had entered, is to recognise not only his sympathy with their struggles but his complete understanding. Life was to him extraordinarily full because he brought to it so large a measure of realisation of all it stood for. His joy in art was real. His opinions were his own and his interpretations added to the pleasure of many journeys. Then,

again, he had languages. He studied in London, but to such purpose that when he travelled the difficulties that beset the ordinary student never disturbed him. To any discussion he could contribute something vital; there was no movement planned for human betterment that lacked his sympathy, or his active interest. In assisting others he placed no limit upon his time or his resources. Many years ago he lived in the Temple and I had chambers near. It was no uncommon occurrence for Zangwill to arrive hurriedly in the evening to borrow the fare to his mother's home in St John's Wood. Importunate beggars had emptied his pockets.

In spite of the troubles he encountered in public work he remained an optimist, even in agitated moments he could jest. Much of his humour is to be found in his books, but still more was reserved for his friends. However bitterly he might be attacked, he never bore ill will; he said once, speaking of certain critics, 'When they like what I say, I shall know I am growing old.' Criticism never failed; he kept a cushion stuffed with newspaper-cuttings and remarked that he found a certain pleasure in sitting upon his critics. 'My purpose is to stimulate thought not to save people the trouble of thinking,' he said once when I asked him to explain an utterance. 'Sting people; first they splutter, then they think.'

Of his lightest vein a paper called 'Walking in War Time,' and published in 'The War for the World,' affords a good example.

'In the military areas it is terrifying—and illuminating—to mark how everything can be transformed under *espionitis*. Walking slowly, you are spying; briskly, you are fleeing. To tie your shoe-string near a bridge, viaduct or culvert is absolutely prohibited by the Defence of the Realm Act. Asking the way is suspicious, knowing it still more so. Consulting your road-map is flagrantly hostile, taking a Nature-note treasonable. A book is a code, a manuscript a report, a sketch a chart, accounts statistics, a scrawl a cypher, an electric torch a wireless installation, a Kodak death and damnation. Your haversack holds bombs, your card-case somebody else's cards. . . . Gossiping with the cottagers is extracting information; giving pennies to their children is bribery and corruption. To smoke is to reek of the Fatherland; to eschew tobacco the last sacrifice of the Prussian

patriot; to light your pipe at night to escort a Zeppelin. Is your name as Saxon as Alfred or Athelstan—it is clearly assumed. Does it begin with a Z? You are obviously the cousin of a notorious count. You may not whistle—that is a call; nor sing—for that is a password. . . . Who knows that the bun that bulges in your pocket is not a bomb? Particularly parlous is it to telephone; to telegraph requires an arduous avoidance of dangerous ambiguities. 'Back to-night. Don't wait up' is clearly a warning to submarines. 'Tell Willy all is arranged' may be a message to one's Imperial Master. 'Please return to London and let the matter drop' is an unmistakable instruction to Zeppelins. To refer to Burns or Shelley would be fatal.'

Sometimes I think he would not have been happy without having some grievance to redress. In the days when suffragists had few friends he was among their ardent supporters, and a powerful speaker on their platforms. Just before the War he published a Lament of which the first and last verses may be quoted; the Government attitude towards women helped to inspire it, and the close association of progressive England with reactionary Russia.

'They blind the linnet and it sings
More rippingly its inner glee,
Giving the soul a sense of wings—
I cannot sing because I see. . . .

'Give back my days of faith and flame,
The magic mists of life at spring,
Blind me to Earth's and England's shame,
Put out my eyes and let me sing.'

The instinct to espouse an unpopular cause, to challenge an established opinion, to fly in the face of prejudice came to him naturally. It was this quality that attracted the affection of noble minds, that won for him the respect of those whose esteem has a real value. He was essentially a vehicle through which great qualities flowed to the service of noble causes; those of us who believe in reincarnation may well find in his life support for our contentions. He neither affirmed nor denied; for him life and the day's work were enough; he would have said with Browning, 'And with God be the rest.' Yet he knew he was impelled by

forces from without, for he wrote once, 'My nature is such that I will always follow justice regardless of consequences.' He might have added with Marcus Aurelius, 'The lot assigned to each man is carried along with him and carries him along with it.' He knew too that the visible does not contain all; in that delightful poem, 'Blind Children,' which gives its name to his volume of verse, after wondering how the children would feel if sight were given back to them, he concludes:

'What a dark world—who knows?—
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe!

'Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?'

I alluded to his kindness. We came one night after a long day's journey to a certain town in France, and after dinner he said, 'Let us go to the Foire. You see strange creatures there.' Ten minutes later he whispered, 'Didn't I say we should meet strange creatures? There is——' and he named a brilliant decadent whose career was ended. We joined him, and Zangwill gave of his best. We sat in a café and drank harmless 'sirops,' kept him gay and amused, and left him tired but sober in his garret at about 2 a.m. By that time Zangwill could scarcely walk to our hotel, he was exhausted. 'It was worth while,' he mused, 'it has given him one clean night and will make the next one easier.'

He did not take count of his impromptus; I think he forgot them as he forgot the countless little acts of kindness and of love. I was with him on the deck of a liner outside Canea one Saturday morning many years ago; the British Mediterranean Fleet was in the Bay. There was to be a service in the saloon for Jewish passengers, he was approached to take part in it. 'I am going to visit that ship,' he said, pointing to a near cruiser. 'Not on Saturday morning,' persisted the importunate intruder; 'come and worship the Lord.' Zangwill replied with three Hebrew words taken from

the Sabbath service and rendered in the English version, 'The Lord is a Man of War.'

He never associated himself with any coterie, never joined any mutual admiration society. You shall look in vain through his books for any really bad characters, though you may find vulgar and self-seeking folk. Throughout all his work noble figures predominate and, a point worth noting, his life was as pure as his pen. A master of pathos, his effects are secured legitimately. He does not play to the gallery, he does not invite tears. If they come they spring from situations that are in themselves unforced, even inevitable. That they are an expression of the overwhelming sense of pity that dominated his outlook does nothing to vitiate their artistic relevance. He loved work and travel, he possessed an infinite capacity for taking pains. I can remember being with him on a liner in the Mediterranean one early morning when the sunrise was just gilding a group of steerage passengers, Levantines, who had recovered from the initial bouts of sea-sickness, and were sunning themselves. They made a picturesque group, and Zangwill's notebook—the back of some envelopes—was speedily at work. A few sentences painted the picture, and when many years afterwards I recognised it in print, the scene came back vividly.

He did not surrender often to high spirits and the joy of life; but there were occasions when he was supremely happy, and his pen shared his ecstasy. A record is to be found on the opening page of 'Italian Fantasies,' that luminously baffling volume of essays.

'I too have crossed the Alps, and Hannibal himself had no such baggage of dreams and memories, such fife-and-drum lyrics, such horns of ivory, such emblazoned standards and streamered gonfalons, flying and fluttering, such phalanxes of heroes, such visions of cities to spoil and riches to rifle, palace and temple, bust and picture, tapestry and mosaic. My elephants too matched his; my herds of mediæval histories grotesque as his gargoyled beasts. Nor without fire and vinegar have I pierced my passage to these green pastures. "*Ave Italia regina terrarum!*" I cried, as I kissed the hem of thy blue robe, starred with white cities . . .'

'I too have crossed the Rubicon, and Cæsar gathered no such booty. Gold and marble and sardonxy, lapis-lazuli,

agate and alabaster, porphyry, jasper and bronze, these were the least of my spoils. I plucked at the mystery of the storied land and fulfilled my eyes of its loveliness and colour. I have seen the radiant raggedness of Naples as I squeezed in the squirming wriggling ant-heap; at Pæstum I have accompanied the lizard in the forsaken Temple of Poseidon. (O the soaring Pagan pillars, divinely Doric!) I have stood by the Leaning Tower of Bologna that gave a simile to Dante; and by the long low wall of Padua's university, whence Portia borrowed her learned plumes; I have stayed to scan a placarded sonnet to a Doctor of Philology; I have walked along that delectable Riviera di Levante and left a footprint on those wind-swept sands where Shelley's mortal elements found their fit resolution in flame. I have lain under Boccaccio's olives, and caressed with my eye the curve of the distant Duomo and the winding silver of the Arno. Florence has shown me supreme earth-beauty, Venice supreme water-beauty, and I have worshipped Capri and Amalfi, offspring of the love-marriage of earth and water.'

Through nearly 400 pages he deals with life in an Italian setting, gives free rein to thought, emotion and knowledge, and wakens us as though on a sudden to the infinite possibilities of the written word when a Master sets it down. Published a few years earlier, when his name was common in men's mouths, the book must have assumed speedily a place on the shelves of every reader who has a library and strives to make it representative of what is best in literature. Unfortunately Zangwill had been long silent, many who had been among his warmest admirers had transferred their allegiance to writers who are more persistent in their appeal; but if there is a book of which the future should be assured, it is 'Italian Fantasies.' He has recovered something of the very Springtide of enthusiasm. He has swept away a 'personally conducted' Italy. We have here no tourist's description, and yet what is perhaps the most beautiful country in Europe serves as a background for ripe, penetrating discourse, '*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*' He admits you to be his travelling companion and you ramble through the spacious galleries of a richly stored mind. Indeed, there is a moment when he says, conscious of straying beyond his title, 'But this, I remember, is an Italian Fantasy.' We forget Ludgate Circus and the Place de l'Opera, and the Piazza di

Spagna whereunto the tribes of men (and women) assemble, crying, 'Hail, Thomas Cook. Those about to tour salute thee!' Wealth that might have sufficed for the making of half a dozen books has been poured into 'Italian Fantasies,' and those who can recover for themselves the mood in which the first joyous essay was penned, will find a new delight in pilgrimage.

He who laughed at everybody could laugh at himself, 'History,' he said once, 'with its blood and tears, becomes æsthetics for the tourist and economics for the native. . . . The only real traveller is the commercial.' He loved his work, taking a particular pleasure in play-writing. At the end of a long afternoon in the garden of his country home in Sussex, he said as he laid his manuscript aside, 'How absurd it is that people should pay me for writing plays! I ought to pay for doing it.' R. L. S. took a similar view of story-writing. And yet, in spite of the success of 'Merely Mary Ann,' and 'The Melting Pot,' one could wish he had left the stage alone. He was too earnest, even too rhetorical, to compete with those who agitate the surface of life's problems for an audience that needs to digest its dinner rather than exercise its brain; his art suffered.

No socialist, he had keen sympathy with the working classes. He held that a certain minimum is due to all, but that it is easy to over-estimate it. 'In the old days,' he said once, 'with Judaism and a pound a week, a family could live reasonably if not comfortably. The value of money is over-stressed and sordidness is largely a matter of mental outlook. Unless Socialism finds something better than material aims for a goal, it has no future.' He held that it was impossible to build society on a foundation of loaves and fishes. Essentially a humanitarian, he took long views. 'The larger the heart the less the wrong-doing,' he wrote once, and quoted Marius the Epicurean, who said when he saw the gladiatorial brutalities, 'What was wanting was the heart that could make it impossible to witness all this; and the future would be with the forces that could beget a heart like that.' 'Socialism,' he said on another occasion, 'is unquestionably in harmony with the Jewish genius from the days of Moses . . . not socialism in any narrow schematic form of partition of property or destruction

of individualism, but the conception of the national organisation as one happy and righteous whole, with the world as a federation of such peaceful systems.' He believed devoutly in human brotherhood, and held that the very eagerness of the Jew to assimilate himself to every other people is the unconscious expression of a sense of universal fraternity. War he hated. The last twenty years of his life were given to one unending protest against it; in his play 'The War God' he showed two great forces, War typified by Bismarck, Peace by Tolstoy, and in the end Peace wins. The curtain falls on a chorus of which the following lines are a part:

'Green lie the valleys no more to be red,
Love shall be living and war shall be dead.
Death shall be sated, destruction be gorged,
Hell shall recover the cannons she forged.
Rulers of iron to splinters are hurled,
Laugh, O ye mothers, your babes rule the world.'

And this play saw the light just three years before Armageddon! I have said it was for him his best stage work, and indeed it is full of noble thought and fine expression. The objection that it is a sermon in the form of drama is valid, but it will be read if not acted. There are delightful lines, such as:

'The sky ashimmer with that radiance,
Which is the love-light in the eyes of God.'

On one occasion he remarked that the people who count are easily counted, and declared that the prophets, poets, and painters, the thinkers and teachers of the world, could be supported by the State at the annual cost of one shell sent on its mission of destruction from a seventeen-inch gun.

The figure of Christ, the Man of Peace, was ever before him. He prefaces his 'Dreamers of the Ghetto' with a sonnet describing a meeting between Moses and Christ, each of whom sees the partial failure of his work. Here are two stanzas from his collected poems.

'O Blessed Christ, that foundest death
When life was fire and tears,
Not drawing on a sluggish breath
Through apathetic years!

'Still, still about thy Forehead gleams
The light we know Thee by,
O blessed Christ, to die for dreams
Nor know that dreams would die!'

The desire to ensue world peace was with him all the time; he wrote once that there is only one way to achieve it, and that by the absolute abolition of passports, visas, frontiers, customs-houses and all other devices that make of the population of our planet 'not a co-operating civilisation but a mutual irritation society.'

Side by side with his wit was a keen insight; he could sum up a national quality in a sentence, as when he wrote of Dutch art that 'it is a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things.' He loved 'common things'; witness some lines on 'Summer Evening Rain in London.'

'Soft lambent rain that dims the starlit air,
A trembling, misty gleam from twinkling lights;
A touch of freshness, vague and cool and fair,
Imblent with that vast sadness which is Night's:
Stern London's face, suffused with tender tears,
As if with thought of all the vanished years.'

Sometimes he expresses passionate sympathy with all men.

'Poor humanity, like a blind oriental beggar on the deserted roadway crying 'Bakshish' to vain skies from whose hollow and futile spaces floats the lone word 'Mafish' (There is nothing). At least let it be ours to cover the poorest life with that human love and pity which is God's vicegerent on earth.'

It was his peculiar province to fight for the oppressed against the oppressor, with all means at his command, to support minorities joyfully, to endure personal abuse patiently, and never in his long career to lend the weight of his testimony to a falsehood. Always we find that, like Elia, 'he felt all, loved all, wondered all.'

Next to 'The War God,' 'The Melting Pot' must take place among the plays that foreshadowed his dreams and his hopes. It is the story of a young Russian Jew escaped from Kishineff to America where his talent as a violinist and as a composer brings him to the front

and he meets a daughter of the Russian General now in exile who was in charge of the Pogroms. This is how David describes his experience.

'I was playing my cracked little fiddle. Little Miriam was making her doll dance to it. Ah, that decrepit old china doll—the only one the poor child had ever had—I can see it now—one eye, no nose, half an arm. We were all laughing to see it caper to my music. . . . My father flies in through the door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Scroll. We cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth of song there is no longer a tongue—only blood. He tries to bar the door—a mob breaks in—we dash out through the back into the street. There are the soldiers—and the Face. . . . When I came to myself, with a curious aching in my left shoulder, I saw lying beside me a strange shapeless Something. By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside the mutilated mass which was all that remained of my sister, of my mother—'

'Yet, in the end, out of the bitterness comes a great hope, and the play closes on the highest note of altruism. '

'There she lies, the great Melting Pot—listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbour where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Tenton, Greek and Syrian—black and yellow. . . .

'Yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labour, and look forward!'

'Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent—the God of our *children* give you Peace.'

The last eight words are to be engraved upon the simple memorial stone that records his birth and death.

He loved America, though he attacked unsparingly

what he regarded as abuses, and his speeches, not always fairly or even correctly reported, alienated sympathy that was his due. He loved Palestine and those who sought to return, even while uttering a warning.

'You cannot buy Palestine. If you had a hundred millions, you could only buy the place where Palestine once stood. Palestine itself you must re-create by labour till it flows again with milk and honey. . . . If the Almighty himself carried the rest of us to Palestine by a miracle what would we gain except a free passage? In the sweat of our brow we must earn Palestine.'

His place in literature and in the larger fields of life is vacant. He loved life and he loved mankind, he faced the future without fear.

'It is a cheap æsthetic to retire to the Past, too blind to see the beauty in the Present and too anæmic to build it for the Future. But humanity is not a museum curator; the cult of ancestors, once the backbone of Hindu-Aryan civilisation, survives only in China. The cult of descendants has taken its place, the Golden Age is before, not behind, and the debt we owe to our fathers we pay to our sons, not necessarily in the same currency. No doubt the Past is ivy-clad, the Present raw and the Future dim. But as happiness does not come from the search for happiness, neither does beauty come from the search for beauty. "Rather seek ye the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."'

This was his Credo; his aim was to make the earth more like a Kingdom of God. Unconsciously, for he was no plagiarist, he was echoing Marcus Aurelius with whom he had much in common. Yet he could love the past and the great figures that belong to it. Hear him as he seems to talk aloud of Isabella D'Este.

'Poor Madonna Isabella, whose inwoven name still clings so passionately to thy boudoir walls, in what camera of Paradise dost thou hold thy court? Methinks thy talent for viol and harp, and that lovely singing voice of thine, should find service in that orchestral heaven. . . . Where be thy pages and poets and buffoons, thy singing seraphs, thy painters and broiderers, thy goldsmiths and gravers, thy cunning artificers in ivory and marble and precious woods? Where is Niccolo da Correggio, thy perfect courtier? Where be Beatrice and Violante, who combed thy hair, and Lorenzo

da Pavia who built thy organ, and Cristoforo Romano who carved thy doorway and designed thy medal, and Galeotto del Carretto who sent thee roundelays to carol to thy lute? Have all these less substance than the very brocades in which thy soul was wont to bask?’

Surely Shelley himself would have been delighted with the reference to the place where he met his death.

‘With what a wonderful coast Shelley has mingled his memory—fig-trees, olives, palms, cactus, hawthorn, pines bent seaward, all running down the steep cliff. What enchanting harmonies they make with the glimpse of sea deep below, the white villages and campaniles, seen through their magic tangle.’

He will come to his own very slowly but surely, because when our descendants turn to the history of the struggle for great causes they will find his name writ large, and when they turn to consider the Jewish question, as it was in the closing of the 19th and the opening years of the 20th century, they will find that Judaism had one champion who was not satisfied to defend, who was not afraid to attack. Outside the realm of controversy he was content to work and to believe in the future, this faith being beautifully expressed at the end of his book ‘The War for the World,’ in the poem ‘Oliver Singing,’ in lines that may bring this paper to an end:

‘Thus—I muse—at the core
Of our battered old planet,
Something young and untainted,
Something gay and undaunted,
Like a bud in its whiteness,
Like a bird in its joy,
Through the foul-smelling darkness,
Through the muck and the slaughter,
Pushes steadily forward,
Singing.’

S. L. BENSUSAN.

— Art. 6.—THE RIDDLE OF TRADE UNION FUNDS.

THERE is a flutter in the dovescotes of trade union officialism. Well-paid prosperous gentlemen who have done very well out of the contributions of the rank and file, are much perturbed because certain members of Parliament, by asking the Minister of Labour pertinent questions relating to trade union funds and their disbursement, have turned the glaring light of publicity on the extremely heavy working expenses of some of the most important organisations. It is all very well for Labour M.P.s, themselves well-paid union officials, to say that the information could easily have been obtained from the annual returns of the Registrar-General of Friendly Societies. No doubt the questioners were well aware of that—probably they had already read those returns—and did not need the information for themselves, the object being to give the matter the widest possible publicity. What chance has the average person of the rank and file of securing a copy of the Registrar's returns? There are thousands of trade unionists who thank those members for their action.

A daily contemporary, in reporting a case in which a certain union was able to obtain unemployed benefit for one of its members (after it had been refused by the Court of Referees) by taking the case to the Umpire, rather petulantly says: 'The case incidentally illustrates one of the many excellent ways in which trade unions incur "working expenses" about which the Tories pretend to be so concerned.' It is a pity we were not furnished with the details of other ways—not quite so excellent perhaps—in which trade unions incur working expenses. Take, for instance, the question of inter-union rivalry. How much money is spent annually in deciding whether John Smith should be a member of the National Union of Clerks or of the National Operative Printers and Assistants; and whether William Jones, who happens to be a saddler working in the mining industry, shall belong to the Miners' Federation or to the Saddlers' and General Leather Workers' Union; or whether Thomas Brown, a railway engine fitter, shall belong to the N.U.R. or the A.E.U.?

The 1925 Trade Union Congress report shows that no less than thirty-two meetings of the Disputes Committee were held to deal with such cases. All these gatherings entailed fares and expenses for committee men and witnesses. Another form of expenditure members would like to know something about is the costs incurred over questions of demarcation of work. What portion of our contributions is spent in deciding whether the members of the National Union of Operative Heating and Domestic Engineers, or the members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, or the members of the United Operative Plumbers and Domestic Engineers of Great Britain and Ireland, shall have the privilege of fixing certain pipes?

The General Council of the Trades Union Congress state that 'bitter and protracted disputes are constantly taking place between trade unions on the question of demarcation of work,' and that Federations, Arbitration Boards, and Disputes Committees are continually dealing with these problems. Even as we write, there is a strike in London over this question. The members of the Plumbers' Union have ceased work because the members of the A.E.U. are employed in laying pipes which the former union consider as their work! Apart from the loss of wages and the holding-up of the job, pounds are spent in official expenses in conferences. During 1925 there were five disputes between the National Union of Clerks and other unions respecting wages and conditions of clerks employed in union offices, and no less than thirty-three disputes between co-operative societies and trade unions.

The great scandal of trade union funds is, however, the excessive number of highly paid officials and the payments for delegation fees, travelling and hotel expenses. The newspaper already referred to is strangely silent on these 'excellent' ways of incurring working expenses from moneys provided by the hard-earned pence of the rank and file. The figures for the six most important Unions, as published by the Registrar-General and enumerated in the White Paper recently issued, are as follows:

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NATIONAL UNION OF RAILWAYMEN.

	£	s.	d.
Total Receipts	641,723	17	7
Total Expenses (Salaries, etc., 101,973 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>)	230,810	0	0
Benefits to members	201,289	0	3

SOUTH WALES MINERS' FEDERATION.

Total Receipts	173,889	0	4
Expenses (Salaries, etc., 31,396 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>)	85,352	15	8
Benefits other than dispute pay	92,828	11	0

AMALGAMATED ENGINEERING UNION.

Total Receipts	1,270,752	0	0
Expenses (Salaries, etc., 95,775 <i>l.</i>)	177,759	0	0
Benefits	980,915	0	0

NATIONAL UNION OF GENERAL AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS.

Total Receipts	250,830	0	3
Expenditure (Salaries, etc., 123,178 <i>l.</i> 19 <i>s.</i> 5½ <i>d.</i>)	181,538	3	9½
Benefits paid to members	42,775	13	10

RAILWAY CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.

Total Receipts	141,694	11	10
Expenses (Salaries, etc., 29,169 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>)	63,284	8	10
Benefits	26,112	3	3

TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

Total Receipts	524,732	0	0
Expenses (Salaries, etc., 189,419 <i>l.</i>)	284,019	0	0
Benefits	80,202	0	0

It will be noted that in the case of two unions considerably more than half the income goes in expenses; in three cases nearly half; and in one case, the A.E.U.—to which further reference will be made later—little more than 10 per cent. goes in working expenses. The most startling items are salaries, etc., particularly regarding the National Union of General and Municipal Workers and the Transport and General Workers' Union. The huge sums spent by these two unions in salaries and allowances is little short of scandalous. Of the 350,830*l.* received in contributions by the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, no less than 123,178*l.* goes in official salaries; and of the 524,732*l.* received by the Transport Workers, 189,419*l.* finds its way into an inflated pay-roll. Compare these figures with the amounts disbursed in benefits. When one remembers

that the majority of the members of both these organisations are amongst the worst-paid workers, one cannot escape the feeling that it is a case of a horde of well-paid officials battenning on the pence of the poor. Lest it should be thought that the N.U.R. and the R.C.A. are comparatively moderate respecting salaries, it should be borne in mind that these organisations cater in the main for one type of worker, neither of them administers many benefits, and their members are usually close together in compact areas. Therefore, their working expenses should compare favourably with a union like the Amalgamated Engineering Union, with its comprehensive scale of benefits and its scattered workshops and membership.

There is no doubt that, whatever these estimable gentlemen might say to the contrary, most of the unions carry too many full-time officials with big salaries, which they are not ashamed to augment by drawing heavy personal expenses. Let us quote an instance of the lavishness with which trade union funds are spent. During the year 1922, when there was a general election, a certain union paid to its three principal officials no less than 4901l.

	£
<i>President</i> —Salary	648
Travelling allowances	191
Parliamentary grants	1038
	<hr/>
Total	1877
<i>Secretary</i> —Salary	648
Travelling allowances	108
Parliamentary grants	830
	<hr/>
Total	1586
<i>Organiser</i> —Salary	478
Travelling allowances	136
Parliamentary grants	824
	<hr/>
Total	1438

Stupendous when one thinks of it! It is about time these facts were made public.

There is one general secretary in receipt of 1000l. per annum salary, whose parliamentary and other public

duties prevent his giving much time to his secretarial duties. Fortunately, a large staff, supervised by a competent private secretary, are able to do all the work with some degree of efficiency. He is by no means the only general secretary getting a thousand a year. During the war the salary of another secretary—which varied with the fluctuations of the members' wages—rose to more than 3000*l.* per annum. This official also has large interests in a flourishing business. There are many others whose salary approximates 1000*l.* Just prior to the recent general strike, the general secretary of one of the big unskilled unions, already receiving 750*l.* per annum, applied to his executive for an increase to 1000*l.*, which would probably have been granted had the strike not then happened. After a ten days' strike, this union found itself unable, through lack of funds, to meet its obligations to its members. The salaries of the officials were, however, continued.

Unions like the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, Workers' Union, and Transport Workers, pay their branch secretaries and dues collectors a percentage of moneys collected—usually ten per cent.—and part, sometimes all, of the entrance-fees paid by new members. By this means many are able to make a respectable addition to their wages; they were very busy during the strike. The procedure is very simple. The part-time organiser, selecting a likely firm employing a large number of unskilled workers, calls a meeting of the men and women employees, and in glowing rhetoric—eloquence is essential to this business—explains the wonderful benefits to be derived through joining the union. Carried away by the oratory of the speaker, many of those present pay the shilling entrance fee in return for which they receive a membership card. Rarely do they pay anything more into the union, a circumstance which does not greatly upset the organiser. Having extracted as many shillings as possible from that flock he moves to pastures new.

Whenever the rank and file venture to criticise the big salaries paid to the officials, they are invariably told that a man is worthy of his hire, that the officials are clever men—little short of super-men, in fact—and that were the members of the Union to employ business men

to do the work, they would require considerably larger salaries. Apart from the fact that business men would probably effect economies which would adequately compensate for the supposedly increased salary, the argument is scarcely consistent with the repeated statements of the officials that business people are parasites over-paid. Moreover, they appear to lose sight of the fact that trade unions were formed to safeguard the interests of the membership, not to provide inflated salaries and lucrative careers for officials, and the funds are provided by the hard-earned pence of the members. It is hardly decent of them, therefore, to declare that they are working solely for the 'down-trodden' worker.

Another form of undue expenditure is that incurred by over-staffing on the clerical side, and in furnishing luxurious offices. The writer, himself a trade unionist, had occasion recently to visit a district office of a big union and was particularly struck by the number of beautiful desks, armchairs, typewriters, and other equipment there. No one objects to 'up-to-dateness' in any office; but when the contributions of members are being spent, due regard should be given to economy. In the general office of another union visited some time ago, there was a conference table which must have cost three or four hundred pounds! As for the clerical staffs, it is an open secret that the families and favoured friends of officials often find remunerative employment in trade union offices.

Trade unionism appears to have produced a new class in society—an official class—and during the past twenty years this class has grown enormously. Each union carries a big staff of officials, both on the purely trade union side and in the State Insurance branch, and holding well-paid and secure offices. Trade union officialism has become a potential career for ambitious men, and for the sons of M.P.s and officials; it has reached the status of a profession. Once an official always an official is a truism, and many are the methods adopted to retain office. The officials of a certain well-known union recently received a severe shock. For year after year the president and secretary had been returned unopposed; but at the last annual conference two other candidates were put forward for the positions.

The new aspirants for office were, of course, hopelessly beaten; but in order that the present officials—both prominent M.P.s who have held their positions since the inauguration of the union forty years ago—should not again suffer the painful ordeal of an election, the offices were made permanent. It is worth noting here that many unions do not elect their principal officers. They are permanent officials in every sense of the word. They never have to submit themselves to re-election by the members, and can only be removed by a majority vote at the annual meeting or conference, a difficult thing to achieve when one remembers how such meetings or conferences are manipulated. Some unions employ their general secretary just as a business-concern employs its staff, even to advertising in the Press for candidates to come forward.

When the Amalgamated Engineering Union was formed in 1920, every official of the ten amalgamating unions was assured a position for eight years, at not less than 400*l.* per annum. The 1922 Annual Meeting of that union decided to alter the rule so that an immediate election would be necessary. The officials concerned at once lodged an objection with the Registrar-General, who upheld the objection, and no election has taken place, nor will until 1928. Perhaps the officials are not to be too severely criticised for jealously safeguarding their lucrative positions, as, after all, it is their living. Their struggle for existence has been transferred from the workshop to the trade union general office; but to call the trade union movement the most democratic of all movements is somewhat farcical, to say the least.

Take the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, as another instance of clinging to office. If ever a body of men should be elected by means of a properly conducted democratic ballot, it is surely the General Council, with its great influence and almost unlimited power. Such a Council should be thoroughly representative of the men in the workshops whose contributions, regularly paid through life, provide the salaries for those estimable gentlemen. But what are the facts? The General Council is elected at the Annual Conference, and the method adopted is the card vote, by means of which delegates vote according to the numerical strength of

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the union they represent. That is to say, the one hundred and sixty delegates representing the Miners' Federation are entitled to cast 750,000 votes. It is well known that the card votes are openly and unblushingly bartered for, and only the selected few of the nominees are voted for, with the result that the unofficial candidate stands no earthly chance of securing election, and, unless a vacancy occurs through death or retirement, the same people are returned year after year. In the Building section, for instance, the voting at the last conference was as follows :

A. A. Purcell, official	3,510,000
George Hicks, official	3,188,000

Not Elected.

S. Sigsworth, unofficial	772,000
A. Gould, unofficial	98,000
E. Wilsdon, unofficial	44,000

Other elections are much the same. Mr Will Thorne, M.P., has been a member of the Council for thirty-two consecutive years; Mr C. W. Bowerman for twenty-six; Messrs H. Gosling and J. W. Ogden for fifteen; Mr J. Hill for sixteen; Messrs J. H. Thomas, M.P., and R. B. Walker for eight; and Messrs A. A. Purcell and A. B. Swales for six years each.

At the Hull conference, in 1924, attempts were made to check this bartering, and to increase the outsider's opportunity of election, by the adoption of a system whereby each group elected its own representatives. Officialism determinedly opposed the resolution and, of course, it was defeated. Pressed by the rank and file, the Amalgamated Engineering Union, at the same conference, submitted a proposal that there should be elected to the General Council, six representatives direct from the workshop and not more than one from any particular group, but this obviously democratic proposal did not meet with the approval of officials. Fearing the advent of working-men on the Council the leaders strongly opposed the motion; recourse was had to the card vote, and the motion was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Trade Union Congress is no less lavish in the payment of expenses. A fee of one pound per day is

paid to all members attending Council meetings. During 1925, nineteen Council meetings were held, and the expenses were 511*l.* for fares and 1546*l.* for expenses. During the same period, Committee meetings cost 711*l.* for fares and 1900*l.* for expenses, making, with the odd shillings included, a total of 4671*l.* It is easy to understand that these gentlemen were annoyed at publicity being given to those startling figures, just as one can understand why there are so many meetings. All members of the General Council are full-time officials—seven are members of Parliament as well—and remembering that there are other ways of incurring expenses, more or less ‘excellent,’ one gets a shrewd idea that some officials draw considerably more than 1000*l.* per annum, and of where union funds go. What with secretarial or presidential salary, parliamentary salary, delegation fees, personal expenses, etc., the total annual income of many an official must amount to over 2000*l.* Reverting to the figures quoted, notice should be taken of the relatively small amounts paid in benefits to members. Only the suffering rank and file who have had occasion to claim them know how difficult it sometimes is to get benefits granted to them.

After so many instances of heavy expenses and high salaries it is refreshing to turn to a trade union that endeavours to obtain the maximum amount of efficiency with the least expense. The most hard-bitten anti-trade unionist can find little complaint against the working expenses of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, as published by the Registrar-General. The total income for 1925 was no less than 1,270,752*l.* and the total expenses amounted to 1,158,674*l.* The whole of the working expenses for the year totalled 177,759*l.*; 95,775*l.* being paid in salaries and 81,984*l.* in other expenses. On the other hand, 980,915*l.* were paid in benefits to members. In comparing these working expenses with unions like the General and Municipal Workers and the Transport Workers, it should be pointed out that the A.E.U. is one of the few unions with a full-time executive council. The union also carries twenty-six district organisers, three national organisers, three special auditors, two assistant general secretaries, six district secretaries, ten vacant book-keepers, 1600

branches, in addition to the usual clerical staffs at headquarters and district offices. It is a question of salaries.

The general secretary, who has no time for any other work, receives a salary of 450*l.* a year, plus living accommodation; the president, Mr J. T. Brownlie, acknowledged by all as a most skilful organiser, receives 475*l.*; and all other full-time officials, 400*l.* per annum. Moreover, a close check is kept on expenses. The district officials have to submit their monthly expenses to the local district committee, composed of men working at the trade, and it was only last August the expenses of an organiser were queried because the committee considered them excessive.

The National Committee of the A.E.U., at its annual meeting in May, decided to reduce all officials' salaries, with the exception of the president and general secretary, by 50*l.* a year, and to discontinue the annual grant of 150*l.* to the A.E.U. members of Parliament. The Committee also effected economies in branch and district administration. It is interesting to note here that another union, whilst effecting economies by cutting down the remuneration of the less paid officials, left the bigger salaries untouched. If the Amalgamated Engineering Union with all its ramifications, with its scattered units, its comprehensive scales of benefits, its huge income, can run the organisation efficiently on such low expenses, it is clear to the meanest intelligence that other organisations with extremely high working expenses are playing fast and loose with the funds.

It is a patent fact that in Government offices and undertakings, Borough Council and County Council offices and undertakings, and all other corporate bodies and undertakings, where the funds are raised by taxes, rates, or levies and administered by committees or councils, and where the administrators are responsible to a public body, there is a tendency to spend money regardless of economy. The same tendency appears to prevail in the unions. That's all right, the union can afford it, seems to be the attitude of most officials. After all, it is easy to exploit the machinery of the organisation in order to supplement the funds by means of further levies should the exchequer become depleted. And that is exactly what is done in many instances.

So long as there is a continuous supply of contributions and levies, so long as the officials can influence their executives and national assemblies with tearful tales of the tremendous amount of hard work they have to do, and of how expensive it is to be an official, those gentlemen will continue to draw big salaries and heavy 'expenses,' and the unions will be burdened with hordes of well-paid men who are by no means overworked, as any one familiar with union administration well knows.

As has been shown, by holding more than one paid office some officials enjoy an annual income of nearly 2000*l.*, and they are not above taking expenses from every organisation they represent. Others, by taking the fullest advantage of information gained by constant contact with business men, have judiciously invested their savings in various capitalistic undertakings, and have thereby become comparatively wealthy and, incidentally, as 'parasitic' as they often tell us the employers are.

No sensible man would suggest that officials are unnecessary, or that they should only receive remuneration equal to the wages received by the members; but, as has already been pointed out, trade unions exist primarily for the protection of the interests of the whole of the membership, and the funds contributed by the rank and file should not be used to provide officials with princely salaries and excessive expenses. It is a question for the rank and file themselves to deal with. They should raise the matter in their branches and, through the proper channels, take steps to put a stop to the sometimes almost criminal extravagance of officialism.

If it could be proved that all this lavish expenditure on salaries and expenses had been devoted to the real welfare of the working classes; to the promotion of harmony between masters and men; to the best economic means of production and to sound methods of reducing unemployment, then some show of justification might be pleaded; but the reverse has been the case. All these well-paid officials must make a display of work to justify their existence; if peace and prosperity reigned many of them would find themselves among the ranks of the unemployed, and so it is to be feared that it is the system which is at fault—as it tends to make peace and quiet less profitable than strife and unrest.

A TRADE UNIONIST.

Art. 7.—SOME PIONEERS OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The Beloved Physician, Being the Life of Sir James Mackenzie. By R. MacNair Wilson. Murray, 1926.

And other works.

THE history of medicine is fascinating. To pass along the highway of discovery, from weird philtres and concoctions to 'Opsonic Registers'; to step aside into dark cells and chambers where monks, surgeons, and leeches passed laborious days of mystery, and then to enter the modern laboratory where the all-pervading microbe is discovered, caught, and manipulated; to glance for a moment into some room where the surgeon stood with flashing knife ready to perpetrate his butchery and then to find oneself amid the light and calm deliberation of the modern theatre; to trace the gradual evolution of the marvellous appliances and systems which are at the service of suffering humanity to-day, is to find one's way through the pages of a romantic story. The accounts of the labours and self-sacrifice, the perseverance and courage of the pioneers in medicine and surgery; the stories of the country practitioners who lived as the guides, philosophers, and friends of their patients and neighbours, such as is told in the late Dr Bishop's 'My Moorland Patients'; the untiring devotion to duty of the hospital surgeons; the unceasing labours of the doctors in warfare; the kindness, the sympathy, the large-heartedness of the family physicians—it all reads like a golden legend.

Looking, however, at the other side of the shield the story may be aptly described as a 'tragic serial.' Evolution has not gone quietly and smoothly in one continued progression, but, as we say, in fits and starts. There have been moments when the light shone clearly, succeeded by periods of gloom and darkness; times when a sudden rush was followed by stagnation and depression: years, when men glowed with hope, leading only to a climax of disappointment and despair. The booming of some treatment or system in one generation has witnessed its abandonment in the next; while often its sure discovery has been resented rather than welcomed

as an advance. Conservatism has invariably acted as a clog on discovery. Most change has meant the eclipse of some star in the firmament, and, therefore, has been resisted blindly, fiercely, at times unscrupulously.

Generally there have been two opposing schools who have striven eagerly to belittle the work, or discredit the theories, of the others. Whatever was proposed, or practised, by the one was decried by the other. A calm and deliberate perusal of the evidence leads to the inevitable conclusion that the pundit can never be regarded as infallible. To pass along the highway is to stumble constantly over the fallen statues of earlier gods and demi-gods, to trip over the ruins of systems and reputations. It is a commonplace that 'doctors differ,' that 'no two surgeons agree'; and most people at some time or other have had painful experience of the truth of the adage. Diagnosis is not always easy, and the mistakes that have been made so frequently cannot always be laid at the door of only the less exalted members of the profession.

It is interesting to note that all the great advances and discoveries have been due to the genius of some individual. The successful introduction of the discovery to the medical world has been due to the personality, perseverance, and indomitable endeavour of one person, generally in the face of opposition, paltry, mean, and sometimes unscrupulous. A man, at the moment unknown, has had to fight and struggle to secure recognition, to break down prejudice unaided, to endure attack and, what is perhaps worse, neglect before obtaining a hearing. No help has been offered to him; often it has meant the ruin of his practice, and the curtailment of his means. It has only been by sheer force of character that at last he has found himself possessed of an impregnable citadel. A striking example of this will be found in the Life of Sir James Mackenzie, to which we will return later.

When a general practitioner, perhaps in a distant shire, has found himself in possession of some revelation which clearly meant the alleviation of pain and suffering, there has been no central body to which he could refer, and from whom he could expect encouragement, sympathy, and help. He has had to fight his battle alone, to plough

his lonely furrow, often to eat out his heart with disappointment and chagrin. Several courses are open to him if he is sufficiently enthusiastic and forceful. He may write a paper and perhaps secure an invitation to read it before the members of one of the medical societies; he may manage to write an article and secure its admission to one of the medical journals; or he may indite a pamphlet and publish it at his own expense, in the hope of securing the notice of his brethren; but 'in general, the results of investigations such as these, too often buried in elaborate monographs, may never reach the physician in a form to bring home their application to his mind and in his practice.'* Substantiation of the statements that have been made is not difficult.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood was the occasion for assaults and controversies on every hand. A young Englishman, William Harvey, had journeyed to Padua in order to pursue his anatomical studies under the great Fabricius. While in residence there, during the years 1598 to 1600, he learned of the existence of the valves in the veins of the extremities, which gave the first impulse to his prolonged researches, resulting in the world-famous discovery. On Aug. 4, 1615, he was elected Lumleian Lecturer at the College of Physicians, and in the following April he delivered, at the College in Knightrider Street, the lectures in which he first made public his thoughts on the circulation of the blood. He announced his discovery publicly in the year 1619. It was not until nine years later that he published his celebrated dissertation at Frankfort, '*Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis.*' The book at once aroused attention and widespread discussion. Many scientists remained unconvinced. The struggle was long and tense. Year after year we see him bringing the subject before the Royal College of Physicians, debating, arguing, corresponding, visiting his continental brethren, toiling on manfully in the face of the envy and opposition of the physicians, subject to the insults of the vulgar who regarded him as a 'crack-brained' dreamer, while he had the mortification of seeing his practice decay.

Riolan, the most eminent of French anatomists, offered the most absurd objections; Reid, the Lecturer on

* Vide 'Harveian Oration,' by Sir Richard Quain, Oct. 19, 1885.

Anatomy at the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, continued to teach the Galenic theory for thirty years after the publication of Harvey's works; Caspar Hoffman, of Nuremberg, remained sceptical, even though Harvey visited him and gave him a personal demonstration; Descartes received the discovery with very qualified approval, admitting the circulation, but denying Harvey's explanation of it, and proposing a fantastic theory of the action of the heart based on the idea that the crude blood—*un espèce de levain*—entering the heart from the veins drop by drop was expanded by the heat and caused the heart to dilate. Lesser scientists combined in futile resistance to Harvey's doctrines, but eventually the theory received the honour due, and before his death was accepted throughout the medical world.

One hundred and eighty years later another discoverer comes into the scene and plays his part to a more enlightened age, that yet did its best to hiss him off the stage. William Jenner was a country practitioner, resident at Berkeley in Gloucestershire in the latter part of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, a period when England was overwhelmed year after year with the ravages of small-pox. Vaccination—or rather the engrafting of small-pox—as a prophylactic was well known. It was first heard of officially in England in 1714, when Dr Woodward, Gresham Professor of Physic, printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society a paper which he had received from Dr Timoni, a Greek of Constantinople, dealing with the practice. Years before this, however, the common people in the countryside had knowledge of the principle, and the records of their doings are both pathetic and amusing. The practice in time became fashionable, but the results were always uncertain, and frequently fatal. Daniel Sutton, the son of a practitioner in Suffolk, though himself a layman, advocated and practised, with extraordinary success, the employment of an attenuated serum. People were ready to undergo considerable risks if only they could secure immunity from the dreadful and disfiguring scourge. But the faculty were unable to devise any means by which the population could be generally protected from the terrible consequences of these continual visitations. Jenner, like

every true physician, was acutely interested in the absorbing subject, and it was owing to his keen power of observation, to his common sense, to his forceful character and enthusiasm, that a discovery was made, which has proved in its application the greatest boon ever conferred by medicine upon the human race.

Jenner made his first experiments in 1796. Two years later, on April 27, 1798, he journeyed to London, in order to make his discovery known to the medical world. He remained until July 14 doing his best to persuade people of the value of his discovery; but some estimate of the reception granted him may be gathered from the fact that not a single soul could be induced to submit to the new vaccination. On Jan. 31, 1800, we find him once more in town eager to establish a Vaccine Institution. He called on Lord Egremont, and by him was introduced to the Duke of York and to the King. In June we find him at Oxford; in fact, his whole time and energy were devoted to the endeavour to arouse the medical world and his countrymen to the value of his discovery. So much was this the case that his practice was becoming valueless and his means were rapidly diminishing. In 1802, Parliament was induced to make him a grant of 10,000*l.* in view of his attenuated circumstances; four years after, on the motion of Lord Henry Petty, the College of Physicians was asked to inquire into the truths of Jenner's discovery and results, though it might have been thought that, considering the momentous nature of the subject, the College would not have required any outside impulse to such a course. But Jenner met with little encouragement from his confrères; nay, rather, his words were received by them with doubt and scepticism; some persisted in denying their truth, others resorted to calumny. Scurrilous papers were written about him; the most fantastic and disgusting stories were sown broadcast.

'As soon as Cowpox was recommended it was remarked as a strange thing that the disease according to current accounts of it was actually acquired by milkers time after time. That fact in its natural history,' said the 'Medical and Physical Journal' of January 1799, 'was received with general scepticism merely on account of its improbability. Dr Pearson was so troubled at the apparent inconsistency that he wrote

to Dr Jenner in 1798 to ask whether it was really so; and although the latter confirmed the matter of fact, Pearson went on denying it, and did actually deny it as late as the Report of the Vaccine Pock Institution for 1803.

'Dr Rowley, a well-known doctor of the day, published a long treatise entitled, "Cowpox Inoculation no security against the small-pox Infection, to which are added the modes of treating the beastly new diseases produced from Cowpox." In this pretentious treatise Dr Rowley gives a picture of a cow-poxed, ox-faced boy, and writes, "Dr Moxley who sensibly first exposed the errors of vaccination saw the face of the ox-faced boy by desire. He observed to me that the boy's face seemed to be in a state of transforming and assuming the visage of a cow."'*

People persuaded themselves into believing the wildest and most monstrous stories: it was said that a certain man had a daughter, who, after vaccination, began to cough like a cow, and grew hairy all over her body; while it was reported of others that they bellowed like bulls, and developed other bovine peculiarities. The prejudice thus excited has never completely been overcome, and finds its aftermath in the 'conscientious objector' of to-day. The Germans were forty years ahead of us in the matter of re-vaccination. Dr Gregory in a speech at the Medical and Surgical Society in December 1838, tells us that, 'In 1829 the principal governments of Germany took alarm at the rapid increase of small-pox, and resorted to re-vaccination as a means of checking it. In Prussia 300,000 had been re-vaccinated, and the same number in Würtemberg. In Berlin nearly all the inhabitants had undergone re-vaccination.' Yet in England as late as 1851 the National Vaccine Establishment denounced it as 'incorrect in theory and uncalled for in practice.'

It was just so with anæsthesia. There was the same reluctance to change; the same bickerings and spiteful calumny. When Sir Humphry Davy was making his series of experiments with gases, in the year 1800, he discovered the anæsthetic properties of Nitrous-Oxide, and described the effects upon himself when he inhaled it with the view of relieving local pain. He suggested its

* 'A History of Epidemics in Britain,' by Chas. Creighton, Vol. 2, p. 610.

use in surgery in the following words: 'As Nitrous-Oxide in its extensive operation, seems capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage in surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place.' Yet his suggestion was entirely ignored in this country for over forty years. It was not until Dr Wells, at Hartford, Conn., called attention to what he thought was his own discovery that the English faculty paid any attention to what had lain at their very hands for over forty years. Dr Wells had his troubles. On Dec. 11, 1844, he had a tooth extracted under the influence of Nitrous-Oxide; whereupon he proceeded to Boston to lay his discovery before the Medical School and Hospital there. There was a little hitch in his demonstration, and he was hissed away. 'He was laughed at for his pretensions, and left Boston. No one ever believed in his story.'

Sulphurous Ether was first employed by Dr Martin on Sept. 30, 1846. The following January he was in Edinburgh demonstrating its uses. On Nov. 4, 1847, Simpson made his discovery of chloroform. He describes how he and his two assistants, Drs George Keith and Duncan, made their first experiment of inhaling it and proved its efficacy by simultaneously falling insensible beneath the table. A fortnight later its efficacy was publicly demonstrated at Edinburgh Infirmary. But what a storm was raised! what an outcry against its use! It was denounced as an outrage on religion, health, and morals: insanity was feared, and all kinds of bugbears were raised. It 'was received with carping criticism and opposition. Some said anæsthesia was dangerous, others said it was unnatural, others wrong.' Of course, there were violent disputes as to the respective value of the two agents, and the claims of the rival discoverers were hotly debated. But Simpson was ready to cross swords with any one, and proved himself a doughty champion, fighting against prejudice stubbornly, persistently, and in the end successfully, and having the satisfaction of seeing chloroform in universal use.

When we come to the wonderful discoveries of Pasteur, and their application by Lister, there is the same monotony of iteration, opposition, calumny, and resistance to change. Pasteur, while Professor of

Chemistry at the Faculté des Sciences at Lille, had occasion to interest himself in the fermentation of milk and wine. For a long period he devoted himself to a series of most delicate and intricate experiments by which he was able eventually to prove that, when the atmospheric germs were excluded, no change took place in either. He persevered against the advice of his friends. M. Biot publicly announced that his enterprise was chimerical, and the problem insoluble. M. J. B. Damas advised him not to spend more time on such a subject. He encountered grave opposition from powerful friends in the Academy. Famous physicians refused to listen to him because he was not a medical man.

The incalculable value of the discovery was never suspected at the moment; but, when seized upon and applied to surgery by Lister, it resulted in an absolute revolution. Lister's teaching made slow headway in England; many laughed at his meticulous care, and heaped scorn upon his theories, though some were found to welcome them. The great Lawson Tait opposed him, while Sir James Simpson attacked his system with all the keenness and dialectic energy of which he was a master, although it was this very use of antiseptics that was to render his own valuable methods free from danger to health and life.

'People,' writes Dr Auguste Réaudin, of Geneva, 'turned into ridicule Lister's minute precautions in the dressing of wounds, and those who had lost nearly all their patients by poulticing them, had nothing but sarcasm for the man who was so infinitely superior to them.'

'Pouchet admitted that a few germs did fly about here and there, but he considered the germ theory, and its corollary, the antiseptic treatment, as ridiculous fiction.'

'Chassaignac, a well-known surgeon, ridiculed Lister's treatment as Laboratory surgery which has destroyed very many animals, and saved very few human beings.'*

When one comes to read the gruesome accounts of surgery as practised only forty years ago; of the poulticing and other violent methods; of whole wards infected with hospital gangrene; of the terrible death rate under operations, it seems incredible that the profession could oppose anything which had the faintest

* Vide 'Romance of Medicine,' by R. C. Macfie, p. 210.

show of alleviating the terrible conditions under which they worked. The fact that Lister's system has resulted in an entire revolution in surgical methods is proof of the blindness which prejudice may engender even with the most cultured and enlightened of men.

This is well illustrated by the unreasoning spirit of opposition which is manifested to-day with regard to Homœopathy. From the first moment that Hahnemann enunciated his principle, 'Similia similibus curantur,' the profession were ready with scorn and contempt for anything so contrary to the accepted theories and practice of medicine. In spite, however, of the violence and truculent demeanour of its opponents the 'heresy' steadily gained ground, attracted enthusiastic adherents, and has been kept alive by converts from the ranks of the regular allopathic fraternity. Yet all the while they are ostracising the homœopath, and casting ridicule upon his doses, they are depending less and less upon their drugs and 'mixtures,' and secretly adopting the very principles which openly they profess to despise. Dr Dyce Brown, who made a special study of the matter, 'finds no fewer than eighty separate remedies recommended by the most orthodox authorities, at one time or another (many of them by several physicians), for conditions to which they are distinctly homœopathic.*'

The whole conflict bids fair to result in a *reductio ad absurdum*, for, as Dr Wheeler puts it:

'The situation, therefore, is this—medicine to-day has accumulated observations and made innumerable experiments, but loses faith more and more in the possibilities of drug treatment. The leading text-books are filled with information as to diagnosis and pathology, but dismiss treatment with brevity almost amounting to despair. To rely on nursing, and to let the disease take its course, is the rule for acute diseases; for chronic disease there is treatment by diet and climate, rest and exercise, but, throughout, a general scepticism that the physician can help to give much aid in any direct manner, save for isolated instances wherein are recorded the few triumphs of empiricism.'†

No one to-day disputes the value of hypnotism as a

* Vide 'Permeation of Present Day Medicine by Homœopathy,' by Dr Dyce Brown.

† Vide 'Knives or Fools,' by Chas. E. Wheeler, M.D., B.S., B.Sc., p. 14.

therapeutic agent, but we owe to the persistence and pluck of a Frenchman—Charcot of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris—what we might have had from an Englishman eighty years ago. John Elliotson, foremost among the eminent physicians of his day, was appointed Professor of the Practice of Medicine of the University of London in 1836. He was looked upon as one of the ablest thinkers. He became interested in the study of phrenology and this 'led him on to examine the empirical conditions in connexion with disease of the Pseudo-Science of Mesmer.' His investigations more than satisfied him, and he proceeded to give séances which became popular, and were attended by people of fashion and quality. His custom was to practise on epileptics and 'designing girls,' and the results which he obtained were regarded as nothing short of miraculous. But what happened? The profession were up in arms against him. Disputes between the council of University College, and his colleagues generally, became so acute that he was driven to resign his professorship in 1838.

It is, however, when the question of consumption is approached that one of the most serious charges against the profession arises. With the accumulation of pathological knowledge of recent years it is possible to-day to formulate the principles upon which the treatment of phthisis should be based; but it should never be forgotten that these very principles which science has revealed were recognised and practised by a village doctor in the Midlands as early as 1833.

Dr George Bodington was established at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. The recognised orthodox treatment of the consumption patients in those days was to keep them closely shut in, from fear of the evil influence of fresh air. As Bodington put it, they were forced 'to breathe over and over again the same foul air contaminated with the diseased effluvia of their own persons.' Common sense told him that this was wrong. He revolted, accordingly, against the pundits, established a home where he could carry out his principles, and taught that cold is never too intense for a consumptive patient, and the apartment should be kept well-aired, so that it should resemble the pure air outside, pure air being used in the treatment as much as possible. In

1840 he wrote an essay on 'The Cure of Pulmonary Consumption, on Principles National, Rational and Successful,' in which he insisted on the importance of a generous diet, fresh air day and night, together with systematic arrangements with regard to exercise and general treatment, and the watchfulness, almost hourly, over a patient, of a medical superintendent.

What happened again? It was suggested that he was mad, his patients were driven away, and he was compelled to turn his sanatorium—the first of the kind in the world—into an asylum for the insane. He pathetically wrote to his son, in 1866: 'I often think that when I am dead and buried, perhaps, the profession will be more disposed to do me justice than whilst I live.' It was not sufficient that he should suffer at the hands of his professional brethren; the reviewer got to work and joined in the attack. The 'Lancet' of July 1840 reviewed Bodington's pamphlet as follows:

'The modest and rational preface with which the author introduces to us his pamphlet on Pulmonary Consumption has so far influenced us that we shall merely give an outline of his principles, without expending any portion of our critical wrath on his very crude ideas and unsupported assertions. . . . The measures then which Mr Bodington assures us have been "uniformly and completely successful in the treatment of several cases of tubercular consumption" are detailed in the following passages . . .

'More agreeable and seductive medicaments could not certainly be found in any pharmacopœia; fresh morning air to make the patient breathe; good wine to bring down his pulse, a good dinner to make him fat and an opium pill to make him sleep, are all excellent remedies, if only they would have the desired effect . . .

'If there be symptoms physical and natural which clearly demonstrated the existence of ulceration or excavation of the lungs, or in other words constitute the last stage of consumption, then has Dr Bodington proved his case, and is entitled to national rewards equal, nay, superior, to those conferred on the illustrious Jenner.'

Forty-two years later the same Journal, oblivious of its previous verdict, could write as follows:

'It is remarkable that a village doctor should have arrived in 1840 at these conclusions, which anticipated some of our Vol. 247.—No. 490.

most recent teachings. It is less remarkable that he met with the usual fate of those who question authority (*sic*). He was severely handled by the reviewers (*sic*), and so discouraged from pressing observations which might have been of the greatest value. In 1857, some years after he had given up general practice, a writer in the "Journal of Public Health" unearthed Dr Bodington's pamphlet, and did him tardy but ample justice. We are glad again to claim for a general practitioner the high credit of having been the first, or among the first, to advocate the rational and scientific treatment of pulmonary consumption.*

Sir William McCormack's father, Dr Henry McCormack of Belfast, published a book on lines similar to Dr Bodington, and as a result 'had to bear every kind of persecution to which a man in his position could be subjected.' In 1861 he read a paper before the Medical and Chirurgical Society on 'The Absolute Preventability of Consumption,' whereupon a 'member of that enlightened body got up and asked that they should be "protected" against such papers.' Thus the traditional conservatism of the profession; the lack of perception, and the true scientific spirit on the part of the pundits retarded the development of the proper treatment of consumption, and incidentally condemned hundreds of thousands to a lingering death who might otherwise have been restored to health and usefulness. It was left to Germany to convince the faculty of what could be done under a wise and enlightened administration.†

When Lizars performed his first operation of ovariectomy he was met by his colleagues with threats of the coroner's court; and it was not until Charles Clay, Spencer Wells, Baker Brown, and Thomas Keith began work that the procedure was placed on a firm foundation. Though electricity was established on a scientific basis, three hundred years ago, by Dr William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, it was not until the latter part of the 18th century that its value began to be appreciated. Bromide of Potassium, now recognised as one of the

* Vide 'Lancet,' March 11, 1882.

† The founder of sanatorium treatment was Hermann Brehmer, who published a thesis in 1856, 'Tuberculosis primis in studiis semper curatis.' In 1859 he was permitted, owing to the influence of his friends, Humboldt and Schönlein, to open a sanatorium at Gubendorf, and 1866 he published his well-known book.

most useful of remedies, was omitted from the London Pharmacopœia in 1851 as being a 'useless drug.' When the laryngoscope was introduced the faculty sneered at it as a 'physiological toy.' The stethoscope was employed first by Laennec in 1819; but Sir Richard Quain remarked, in 1885, that it was used by but a few at the commencement of the second quarter of the century, and that he well remembered how an eminent hospital physician whom he had met in consultation characterised it as a 'dangerous instrument.'*

Is it to be wondered that men who could take a calm and dispassionate view of events, should sometimes be brought almost to despair? Sir William Hamilton was so disgusted that he asked, 'Has the practice of medicine made a single step since Hippocrates?' while the late Dr Arnold wrote, 'The philosophy of medicine is almost at zero; our practice is empirical, and seems hardly more than a course of guessing more or less happy.'

Nor does this lament seem an improper stricture when we consider the extraordinary way in which the physicians have executed a *volte face* time after time. To instance only the Uric Acid craze. For years nearly all the ailments and complaints of middle age have been ascribed to the presence of uric acid. Diet has been strictly imposed upon the unhappy patients; they have been denied nearly all the pleasures of the table until life has been rendered more miserable by the cure than by the disease. Sugar was anathema, red meat poison. Furthermore, it was said that nine people out of ten were over-eating, and busily engaged in digging their graves with their teeth. And now, after all these years of strenuous preaching, we are solemnly told that the whole thing is a delusion.

'Gout, rheumatism, and Bright's disease were of absolutely insignificant amount in the army. If anything were needed to give the final death-blow to the uric acid delusion it had been furnished by the war. The men had simply revelled in meat—red meat at that—three times a day, with abundance of sugar, sweet jams, tea and coffee. Yet gout was unknown, and rheumatism was rare . . . Meat in liberal amounts had been shown to be one of the wholesomest possible of foods. . . .

* 'Harveian Oration,' Oct. 19, 1885, p. 25.

The great mass of the nation did not eat too much. Eighty-five per cent. of the workers ate just about what they needed to keep up their strength and vigour. . . . Sugar was of great importance. It was one of the most digestible of foods, and medical opinion was coming to the conclusion that 1 lb. of sugar a day was a desirable figure for every one in peace time.*

Thus the teaching and practice of fifty years are jettisoned.

As a last instance, there could be no better illustration of the fact that the successful introduction of a discovery in the medical world has been due to the personality, perseverance, and indomitable endeavours of the individual, generally in the face of dogged opposition, than the case of Sir James Mackenzie, the great heart specialist, whose life has just been published. Mackenzie began his career as a general practitioner at Burnley in Lancashire in the year 1879. He was impressed at the outset with the necessity for understanding the meaning of signs and symptoms in relation to the patient's future safety, a question not so much as mentioned in the great works on medicine in vogue at that time. He resolved, therefore, in 1883 or 1884, to begin a series of experiments for his own improvement, keeping two definite objects before him, viz. understanding (1) the mechanism of symptoms; (2) their prognostic significance.

A pathetic incident led him, almost unconsciously, to concentrate specially on the investigation of heart failure. Twenty years of patient clinical study, the collection and constant comparison of countless records,† and the exercise of his profound powers of reasoning, enabled him to arrive at conclusions which proved to be one of the most momentous discoveries of the age, in the field of medicine. The true nature of Heart Failure had never yet been understood by the specialist, and, at this time, 'irregularity' of the pulse, and 'murmurs' were invariably regarded as dangers, and the patient was forbidden all exercise, frequently relegated to long

* 'The Food and Nutritional Diseases of an Army,' Chadwick Lecture, delivered by Dr Woods Hutchinson at the Robert Barnes Hall, Wimpole Street, Nov. 14, 1917.

† These records were made by means of clockwork instruments, viz. Dudgeon's Sphygmograph, Marey's 'Tambour,' and his own ink polygraph.

periods in bed, and generally terrified into the belief that his heart was diseased, and his life in danger. The doctrine of 'Back Pressure' and 'Compensation' and other specious fallacies were taught with the utmost conviction in all the medical schools and accepted as 'articles of faith' by the whole profession. Mackenzie's investigations exploded these heresies, and afforded absolute proof that there were three kinds of 'pulse irregularities,' two of which were not dangerous at all; and also that 'murmurs' were not indicative of danger unless progressive.

The profession was, however, not eager to share his knowledge, and the great heart specialists in London were ready to dispute his findings. His first heart-tracings he carried about from one physiologist to another; but they either could not, or would not, assist him in the interpretation of their meaning. He sent article after article to the leading medical Journals, announcing his methods, investigations, and discoveries; but they were invariably refused. He was only a general practitioner. It was clear that he would have to fight; therefore, in 1902, at the age of 49, he went behind the press and appealed to the public in a volume, which he entitled 'The Study of the Pulse.'

The pundits in London slumbered peacefully in their mantles of self-satisfaction; if they were to 'learn,' their instructor must come from Harley Street, from the College of Physicians, from the Laboratory, or the Hospital—not from the ranks of the general practitioner. Long before they opened their eyes, the book was recognised in America, in Germany, and other foreign countries. Within a short time he was known in Germany as the best of English physicians, and his methods were extensively employed. Invitations came to him to visit Canada, America, and the Continent, but never to visit London. Foreign physicians from America, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia made pilgrimage to Burnley; but never a pundit* from London. At length he deemed it his duty to move to the Metropolis; but still London stood cold, and there were many weary days of waiting. In his first year he earned 114*l*. At

* Sir William Osler was the solitary exception; but he was Canadian rather than English.

length, certain professional colleagues interested themselves and he became physician to several hospitals. In 1908 he published the greatest of his works, 'Diseases of the Heart,' which produced at once an overwhelming sensation and rapidly brought him to fame. His waiting-rooms were filled to overflowing; he became the busiest man in London, perhaps in the world. Rewards were showered upon him—he found himself elected F.R.C.P., F.R.S., and a Knighthood soon followed these academic honours. His leap to fame was astonishing; yet, even so, he had sorrowfully to confess that he had failed to get the majority of members of his profession to realise the need for obtaining the kind of knowledge which his methods required. Yet the fact remains—it is his greatest memorial—that owing to his discoveries hundreds of thousands of heart cripples are to-day inspired with hope, who previously would have passed their days in anxiety and semi-torpor. In citing such instances of opposition to change, it must be made clear that we make no charge against the individual members of the profession; our unstinted admiration of them has been expressed on an earlier page. For some strange reason doctors and surgeons, in representative bodies, seem to lose the broad-minded humanity which they so amply display as individuals.

We now turn to the question of bonesetting. The bonesetter exists to-day because, for some reason or other, the faculty have always set their face against acquiring knowledge in this definite department of surgery. They have been aware of the work of the bonesetter, and have advised students in a casual way 'to copy what is good in practice';* but that practice has never been officially investigated, or taught as part of the curriculum in the medical schools.

'On the part of the vast mass of practitioners, however, there is nothing but uninformed prejudice against the methods and the men who employ them, and a stupid refusal

* Sir James Paget, lecturing at St Bartholomew's Hospital, advised the students 'to copy what is good in the practice of Bonesetters.' He said: 'Few of you are likely to practise without having a bonesetter for an enemy, and if he can cure a case which you have failed to cure, his future may be made and yours marred.' Vide 'Modern Bonesetting for the Medical Profession,' by Frank Romer, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), p. 6.

to give the men who can instruct them, the opportunity of doing so.*

Dr. Romer tells us:

'During my student days, though we were taught the pathology of adhesions, and the possibility of their appearance in joints after injury, beyond the fact that the ensuing disability could be remedied by "breaking down," no instructions or information was vouchsafed as to the best way for setting about the act.'†

In 1871, Dr Wharton Hood had published in the 'Lancet' a series of articles, describing, from personal observation, the methods used by Hutton, a bonesetter of world-wide reputation. These observations were embodied in two volumes, which, it is said, soon became widely known in the profession; but Dr Alexander Bryce in 1910 set forth incontrovertible arguments to show that there is still a hinterland in surgery comparatively unexplored in spite of Dr Wharton Hood's publication, which he stated had 'been almost forgotten, and his precepts neglected.'‡

The medical correspondent of the 'Times' (Feb. 24, 1911) states:

'If Dr Wharton Hood had held an appointment in a London Hospital, and had done his work before students, it would long ago have been universally known and imitated by surgeons. But the actual teachers were not sufficiently prompt to acknowledge and welcome the work of a man who was not a member of their own body, and the students had no opportunity of seeing its value.'

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, F.R.C.S., declares 'the bonesetter has profited by the inexperience of the profession and by the tendency which exists amongst its members of adhering blindly to creeds whose only claim to consideration is their antiquity.' In a lecture on 'Fractures' he also stated, 'The bonesetter flourishes because the surgeon is deficient in a certain knowledge.'

* Vide 'Bonesetting and the Faculty,' by Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S. (Edin.), President of the British Medical Association, 1902. 'English Review,' June 1911.

† Vide Romer, *Introductory*, p. ix.

‡ 'Mechano-Therapy in Disease,' by Dr Alexander Bryce, in the 'British Medical Journal,' Sept. 10, 1910.

Mr Steward, another leading surgeon, has said that 'the failure of the medical profession was due to a lack of the study of the conditions present, and of the methods used by the bonesetter.' The 'British Medical Journal' is fully aware of this 'undeveloped land' of surgery. A writer in the issue of Sept. 3, 1910, says:

'It (i.e. the "undeveloped land") comprises many methods of treatment which are scarcely taught at all in the schools, which find no place in the text-books, and which consequently "the superior person" passes with gown uplifted to avoid a touch that is deemed pollution. The superior person is, as has been more than once pointed out, one of the greatest obstacles to progress. . . . The damage done to the profession by their neglect of things, which, if properly applied, hold within them large possibilities of usefulness for the relief of suffering, is very great. Rational medicine should take as its motto Molière's saying: "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve"; whatever can be used as a weapon in the warfare against disease belongs to it of right.

'These things, therefore, should not be dismissed with a foolish contempt; they should be studied, and the secret of whatever good there may be in them should be discovered. . . . The undeveloped land which rightly belongs to medicine should not be left to be cultivated by those not of the household of science.*'

So far as bonesetting is concerned, they have had an ever increasing body of evidence during the last two hundred and fifty years. The Hutton family resided in the North of England for upwards of two hundred years farming the land, and also acting as bonesetters for the benefit of their neighbours. Richard Hutton migrated to London and started as a professional at Wyndham Place, Crawford Street, and died there at the age of 70, on Jan. 6, 1871. Between the years 1863 to 1869, he was assisted by his nephew, Robert, who resided with him for that period, and then set up for himself. His fame spread all over the world and he amassed a large fortune. His successor was Atkinson, who opened

* In the 'Lancet' of November 1839, a reviewer of Dr Little's work observes: 'We have on more than one occasion seen that in England charlatans generally endeavour to appropriate to themselves certain operations and modes of treatment of diseases which have been, comparatively speaking, neglected by the regularly educated medical practitioner.'

chambers in Park Lane, where could be seen day by day the carriages of 'the quality,' and in 1904 he was joined by his cousin, Mr H. A. Barker, who succeeded him.

In the year 1905, Mr (now Sir Herbert) Barker issued an invitation to medical men to attend and witness his operations. Amongst others Dr F. W. Axham availed himself of the privilege, and was so impressed by the manipulative method of Mr Barker that he asked his consent to attend further demonstrations. Permission was readily granted, and on each occasion that he was present his interest deepened. In all he devoted forty-five afternoons to the matter. He became entirely convinced of the soundness of Mr Barker's system and realised that here was a man who was daily effecting cures which even the greatest surgeons could only have attempted, and with doubtful prospects of success, by the use of the knife; but Mr Barker employed no anæsthetic, and it was clear that his capacity for relieving the public was greatly restricted in consequence. Dr Axham suggested the use of an anæsthetic, and became permanently associated with Mr Barker in this respect.

What happened? On May 25, 1911, an announcement appeared in the columns of the 'Times' to the effect that the General Medical Council at its sitting of the previous day had 'directed the name of Frederick William Axham to be erased from the Medical Register,' as he had been 'adjudged guilty of infamous conduct in a professional respect,' for 'having assisted Herbert Atkinson Barker, an unregistered person, practising in a department of surgery, in carrying on such practice by administering anæsthetics on his behalf.' The name of Dr Axham appeared in conjunction with those of two other medical men, who had both been convicted at Assizes of felony, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and fifteen months' hard labour, respectively.

This aggravation of the severity of the sentence passed upon him by his brethren failed to break the spirit of Dr Axham, and he was convinced, to the end, that he had acted legitimately in the cause of humanity by supporting a system, which was proved, by overwhelming evidence, to be sound, scientific, and effective. At the age of 86 he preferred a final request to the General

Medical Council that his name might be restored to the Register: his request was met by postponements on trivial details, and finally by refusal. The pathetic picture of this aged hero, who had sacrificed income and reputation in defence of what he believed to be the truth, making on his death-bed a last appeal to his fellows for justice, touched the hearts of the entire Press, not merely of Great Britain, but of the Empire. The attitude of the General Medical Council was aptly described as 'childish cruelty,' seeing that the 'un-registered person' whose work he had assisted to develop had been honoured by His Majesty with a Knighthood, on the suggestion of over 300 politicians and leading members of the 'profession' itself.

He was allowed to pass away with the stigma of the General Medical Council still resting upon him. The Press hailed him as a martyr to science in the truest sense, and voiced the indignant demand of the public that something should be done, at once, to correct the shortcomings of the General Medical Council both as to its constitution and its methods of work. The almost instant appointment by the Government of a distinguished Member of Parliament as a lay member of the Council, was a first step in this direction; and is proof, if proof were needed, that Dr Axham did not suffer in vain.

Has not the time arrived when the profession should realise that development and discovery may arise in the most unexpected quarters, and welcome gladly the plea of any man, recognised or unrecognised, who is satisfied that he has evolved a system or a method, a drug or an appliance, that is calculated safely to reduce the abnormalities or diseases with which humanity is so widely afflicted? The present method by which a discovery may be recognised and adopted is too uncertain, slow, and cumbersome, and there is every probability that much of value is continually being lost because of the impecuniosity, the humble position, or the retiring disposition of the discoverer. The liability to rebuff to which a pioneer may be exposed undoubtedly tends to check enthusiasm; and the inability of the majority of men to write a lucid and intelligent article compels many practitioners to keep locked up information gained

in their practices, which would be of undoubted value in the hands of a literary expert.

If the profession persists in working on the reactionary lines indicated in the still-born measure brought forward by Dr Addison, formerly Minister of Health, it is clear that the tendency will be to limit the facilities for development, and to restrict access to the fields of discovery. The history of invention adduced in this article would seem to suggest that there should exist a medical council for the special purpose of examining claims, sifting evidence, and expressing authoritative opinion, and that there should be a recognised way of submitting such claims with a full assurance of an impartial and careful examination. However much we may admire a profession which has exhibited in the past, and continues to exhibit all that is best and noblest in human character, there can be no doubt that progress has been hindered, and is being hindered to-day, by an inexplicable jealousy that ought to be entirely foreign to such a glorious work as the amelioration of human misery.

The immunity under which we are living has been brought about after long years of anguish and discouragement. With the ravages of consumption, syphilis, and cancer ever dreadfully evident, the public have a right to an assurance that no avenue of discovery is being closed, and that the authorities of the profession will welcome from every quarter any information or assistance that evidences the slightest probability of easing that burden under which the 'whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now.'

Art. 8.—BROTHER FRANCIS.

1. *The Little Flowers of St Francis of Assisi*. Translated from the Italian by T. W. Arnold. Chatto & Windus, 1908.
2. *Saint Francis of Assisi. A Biography*. By Johannes Jørgensen. Translated from the Danish by T. O'Connor Sloane, M.D. Longmans, 1912.
3. *Franciscan Days. Being Selections for Every Day of the Year from Ancient Franciscan Writings*. Translated and arranged by A. G. Ferrers Howell. Methuen, 1906.

And other works.

ON Oct. 3 of the year 1226, in the Church of the Portiuncula at Assisi, there died a man, poor of aspect, wasted and broken of body through the trials of deprivation and service to which he had subjected himself during the nineteen years of his ministry; but who yet, through the chanting joy and devotion of his spirit, and his universal influence already well begun, had established himself as a star of great magnitude, a very Sirius of personalities, in the human firmament. During the last few months, the Church of Rome, very naturally, with its incense, processions, and lauds, has been proclaiming the immortality of Francis; but sacerdotal splendour and all the ceremonial magnificence of which the Papal establishment is capable are less than the due of 'the little, poor man'; for he was more than a Churchman, more than a saint; he belonged to that spiritual aristocracy, the noblest under the sun, which recognising the infinite brotherhood of mankind gives itself selflessly to human good. He was a unique champion of the weak, the despised, and the lost; the artless lover and singer of the simplicities and delights of Nature. He applied to all conditions the test of true religion. With him the outcast and the wastrel were as one; they were accepted as his equal, his superior, because of his absolute humility and sympathy and power of self-surrender, which proved him more truly Christian, being nearer to the ideal of Christ, than all the Churches. It is well at this celebration of the seventh centenary of the death of Francis to pay tribute to the wonderful spirit of humanity that

was his, and to recognise something of what the man of Assisi did for the re-creation of the world.

During the forty-four years of his life, Europe, and especially Italy, was in a state of discordance and chaos. The long-sustained duel between Pope and Emperor was proceeding with all its bitterness; while the political condition of the world—the kingdoms, the dukedoms, the republics—was like so many jewelled and gilded palaces set upon quicksands—yes, and set upon the fears and hopeless sufferings of the very poor. Undoubtedly, there was ample splendour during those glittering times. It was the supreme age of pageantry and chivalry; when courts and princes spent lavishly on their passing magnificence. Shining armour and rich clothing, graceful in many colours, decorated sparkling scenes; and yet, behind that triumphant worldliness, lurked horrors; grinding want, deep discontent, the cruelties of serfdom, crime, and selfishness of the worst, rapacity, hunger, squalor, hideous diseases, plagues, leprosy. Neither before nor since have social contrasts appeared so violent or been brought so closely together. The shadow of the palace fell upon the lazar-den; the murderer prepared his poisons within sound of the monks at their Hours. Often the wildest orgies of extravagance were witnessed by the many whose life without the gate, through weakening want, was an assured, gradual process of decay and death.

And just beyond the borders of that crowded, quarrelsome, divided Christendom, and threatening it, was Heathenism rampant, with its Soldan confident and immoveable. The rottenness of the social world, affecting the religious life, naturally also affected the Crusaders, who then were battling with little faith in their cause, and without fortune, against the Saracens. Francis himself, during his rapid quixotic visit to the Holy Land, was to see the fighting at the siege of Damietta, and to foretell the defeat of the Christians there; for he, who had been a soldier, with his quick judgment realised that the hearts of the Crusaders were not in their enterprise; he knew that a greater thoroughness and earnestness must be felt by them and the rulers at home before the Sepulchre of the Lord they vaunted could be recovered from the strength of Islam. And his prevision was true

Very briefly, such is a suggestion of the turmoil and unhappiness of the world into which Francis was born, in 1182. In the youth of his life he enjoyed it; for, the eldest son of a wealthy cloth-merchant, Pietro di Bernadone, he had plentiful means for self-indulgence, and he joined the gay throng, with all his heart, laughing and singing, enjoying to the full the delights of a well-provided idleness. That he was selfish or self-indulgent in that wonderful youth of his, it is impossible to believe. As afterwards with John Bunyan—who in almost every respect was so different from him—doubtless he exaggerated the sins of his ‘unconverted’ days; because it was beyond the power of the natural knightliness of Francis for him to act without the gentleness which is the heart of courtesy and chivalry. ‘Know, dear Brother,’ said he in the after years, ‘that Courtesy is one of the qualities of God Himself, who, of His courtesy, giveth His sun and His rain to the just and the unjust: and courtesy is the sister of charity.’ No greater gentleman than Francis of Assisi ever walked through the crowded wilderness of this world; and in his quality of gentleness, to no small measure, rests the secret of his power.

With his madcap, jolly youth put resolutely behind him, Francis devoted himself to his mission in a spirit of rejoicing seriousness. Always—until half-blindness beset him, probably as a result of his visit to the East, and he was troubled with heavy pains and complexities of illness, the consequences of his denials of food, rest, and ordinary comforts—he laughed, sometimes he danced, he showed an inward gladness. As Miss Evelyn Underhill says,* his whole life

‘was one long march to music through the world. To sing seemed to him a primary spiritual function: he taught his friars in their preaching to urge all men to this. It appeared to him appropriate and just to use the love language of the troubadours in praise of the more perfect Love which had marked him as Its own. . . . And sometimes he picked up a branch from the earth, and laying it on his left arm, he drew in his right hand another stick like a bow over it, as if on a viol or other instrument, and, making fitting gestures, sang with it in French unto the Lord Jesus Christ.’

* ‘An Introduction to Mysticism,’ p. 527.

'Let those who belong to the devil hang their heads,' said Francis; but, at the same time, so conscious was he of the depths of sin in the world, the callousness, cruelty, selfishness, and vice with the inevitable sadness following, that often his mirth covered the griefs of heartbreak—'oftentimes this ecstasy of joy would end in tears'—while always he disliked the sort of laughter which springs from mere vanity and folly. It is, however, obvious from the actions and reactions of his life that his was the happiness of the greatest spirits, that are ever the closest to sympathy, and, when need calls for it, to the true sorrow of tears.

There was, however, no shadow upon the happiness of Francis whenever he was brought into touch and talk with the creatures of Nature. He loved the sun, the flowers, and the birds as he loved little children; indeed, the best-known stories, and possibly the truest, about him have to do with his companionship with the live things of wood and field. They came to him with confidence, and rarely departed from him until he had dismissed them with the blessing that was his richest bestowing. His favourite was the crested lark, for 'Sister lark has a hood like us (the religious), and is an humble bird.' Repeatedly he spoke with affection of the skylarks; and it really is like the poetic justice of Providence, which, therefore, must be true, that late in the afternoon before the night of his death, 'a great multitude of larks came over the roof of the house wherein he lay, and fluttered in a circle round the roof, and, singing sweetly, seemed to be praising the Lord together.'

His affection for the creatures of the wild was catholic. The famous wolf of Gubbio, if it were not the merest creature of legend, was possibly a human outlaw tamed; but the young hare, released by one of the brethren from a snare and brought to Francis, was true enough, and it moved him to compassion. 'Brother leveret,' said he, 'why didst thou let thyself be so deceived?' He warmed the animal in his bosom and then released it; but it returned to him to be fondled anew; until again it was released, only to return again and again. At last Francis bade the brethren carry it into a wood, where it was safely lost. Even the tench, caught by a fisherman in the lake of Rieti, given to Francis and taken up joyfully

and kindly, as we are told by Thomas of Celano, when it was put back into the water played about close to the boat and did not depart until it was given leave. But the birds were the favourites of Nature's particular saint; their loveliness of appearance and swift graceful flight, with their busy silvery voices, won his tired heart in its solitude, and they never were forgotten by him. Even the falcon upon the Mount of La Verna, where Francis in his cell of clay and interwoven branches fasted and prayed for forty days on end, must be bidden farewell on his leaving for his last journey to Assisi, because its morning cry had been the clock and bell summoning him to the spiritual labours of the new day.

The small birds he especially rejoiced in—the robins which came for crumbs to his table and afterwards brought their young to share his bounty; the swallows which chirped so loudly when he wanted to preach that he had to command them to silence, which they kept until his sermon was ended; the pheasant sent as a gift to be eaten and made a pet of until it was released to its customary haunts from which, like the leveret, it too-faithfully returned; the turtle-doves offered for sale and seen by Francis 'with a pitying eye.' They had nests made for them in the home of the brethren and settled therein; and so with the rest of the creatures, including the least and humblest of them, the cricket or grasshopper which sang its tiny song to the ineffable gladness of the saint. Much of this, doubtless, is a tale found and told long afterwards, for legends of the loved Francis came easily to the mouth of gossip; but, without impinging on the province of the miraculous—and no miracles are necessary to point the true wonder of Francis—that mass of circumstance in the main must be true; for it illustrates, characteristically in this case, the warmth and beauty of a very great human heart, in which love for all things and an unbounded passion for Christ were linked and merged indissolubly. And because Francis could love the little things of Nature, which at their strongest are weak against the cunning and strength of their hunters, yet more could he love his fellow-men; the poor, the rich, the powerful, the lonely, who, whether they were Cæsars or lepers, rogues, prosperous merchants, beggar-women, or cardinals, appeared, as he knew well,

of an equal measure when examined from the altitudes of Heaven.

Francis was the first to realise completely the true ideal of human brotherhood; and without that principle to work by, he could have achieved nothing, or at least nothing more than the majority of saints and leaders have done to lift the vast body of mankind nearer to the divine excellence. His mission, with all its deep religious impulse, was eminently social, and its effects were so widely spread, rich and uplifting, that the work of no conqueror or statesmen is in any respect to be compared with it. In his own lifetime he saw changes; and still, seven hundred years afterwards, his influence is effectual and alive; for, to adopt a political catchphrase of twenty-five years ago, 'We all are Franciscans now,' whatever the texture of our personal religion may be. And still there is an infinite opportunity for the practical love that gives and suffers. As it was in the days of Francis, so also now, the world is sick and weary, and cannot be really cured of its wounds until the ideals of God's 'simple and unlettered mannikin,' as Francis called himself, are substituted for, or made supplemental to, the nostrums and opportunist palliatives of statecraft. In other words, it is an appeal for some application of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to the anguish of modern life.

Francis, whose effort, Ernest Renan said, was the most powerful attempt to put the gospel into practice since the days of the Apostles, went to his mission in the blithest spirit of chivalry. Knighthood was in its glorious flower when the Little Brothers, in their brown cassocks, gathered together, and from their centre at Assisi wandered and settled here and there in the accessible countries of Europe, reaching so far as Oxford some two years before the death of their Founder. The Rule given to them was absolute. There could be no concessions from its restrictions and requirements: the beggar's lot and nothing more; with humility almost abject, simplicity, self-denial, and always willing service to the lowliest. Such were the demands of Francis who himself lived by his ordinances rigorously. With his chivalrous mind and nature he accepted the ordeal in the spirit of 'the valiant knight of Christ'; and acting

on the model of Arthur and his champions of the Round Table, whose cycle of romance he knew well, he followed the quest loyally, taking for his ideal lady, his divine Dulcinea and splendid inspiration—Holy Poverty. As Thomas of Celano has recorded :

‘These followers of holy poverty, having nothing, loved nothing, and therefore had no fear of losing anything. They were content with a tunic only, patched sometimes within and without ; no elegance was seen in it, but great abjectness and vileness, to the end they might wholly appear therein as crucified to the world. They were girt with a cord, and wore drawers of common stuff ; and they were piously purposed to remain in that state and to have nothing more. Everywhere therefore they were secure, nor kept in suspense by any fear ; distracted by no care, they awaited the morrow without solicitude, nor, though oftentimes in great straits in their journeyings, were they ever in anxiety about a night’s lodging.’

To every one of a normal easy upbringing, these conditions would entail a bitter burden. It is the voluntary acceptance of the tramp’s life lived, not with the practised indifference of the tramp, who, it seems, would rather suffer anything than work, but with sensitiveness and the urgent desire and remembrance of the comforts of refinement constantly in mind. Francis knew to the full the arduousness of the battle he must wage with his natural self. A child of wealth, born to and reared in luxury, and loving elegance, he found his new beggar’s ways painfully harsh ; the wooing of his Lady Poverty was no troubadour prettiness but an angry suffering of shame, cold, and want. At first, he was disposed to shrink from the ordeal. Indeed, the lesson had to be learned by him at the very beginning of his adventure, immediately after his conversion ; but when he saw the priest of the church of St Damian, with whom he had taken shelter, preparing for him delicacies, because he knew that he was accustomed to them, Francis recognised that this would not do. He must live on his own poor gatherings, on charity, as is the lot of the bankrupts of the gutters. So he took a porringer, went out into the street, and begged from door to door. When, however, he came to eat the scraps that he had collected, he was disgusted even at the sight

of them; until with an effort he conquered repugnance and ate; 'and it seemed to him that he had never had such pleasure in eating any dainty.' Later he called the food begged from the charitable 'angels' bread.'

His spirit of brotherliness had a worse ideal to endure when it came to his encounters with the lepers. Those victims of the cruellest disease of the Middle Ages were not to be ignored by this true knight of service. Francis instinctively dreaded the corruptions, deformities, and peculiar nauseous smell of leprosy beyond all other earthly things. He was afraid of the hopelessly unclean. Then, suddenly, when journeying abroad, lost in a reverie, he was confronted by a leper. His earliest impulse was to run away; but that was impossible to him. He conquered the disinclination, advanced to the leper and kissed him. At once, to quote Dr Jørgensen, 'sweetness, happiness, and joy streamed into his soul—flowed and kept flowing, although his soul seemed full and more full.'

These instances of the natural shrinking and triumphant courage of the body of Francis are illuminating, as they demonstrate the real human nature of the saint; and how much richer is the appeal of the man who suffers, and through struggle wins strength from his weakness, than are the creatures of monastic legend who, when caught in an *impasse*, discover powers of impossible miracle to enable them to escape! There is plentiful evidence of the struggle of Francis to maintain the physical and spiritual fight, which he knew was necessary, against a natural fallibility. Sometimes he even doubted his vocation; often he was afflicted by the temptations of the flesh. He avoided women because of his distrust of Brother Body, and in his earnestness he disliked their 'troublesome loquacity.' He refrained from looking into the face of a young girl who was brought to him by holy women, because she was destined to the religious life and was to be a bride of Christ. He confessed that in all the world he only knew two women by sight—probably Sister Clare was one, and Jacopa de Settesoli was the other. Of the force of his passions, which determination of prayer and will alone could control, we have proof in the story, undoubtedly true,

for it is simple and characteristic, as told by the brother who witnessed the circumstance in the moonlight.

'In spite of scourging himself, the temptation did not leave him, though all his members were covered with weals, he opened his cell, went out into the garden, and plunged naked into deep snow. Then, filling his hands with the snow, he made seven lumps of it like balls, and setting them before him, began to address his body thus: "See," he said, "this large one is thy wife, those four are thy two sons and two daughters, the others are the man-servant and maid-servant who are required to wait on them; and make haste and clothe them all, for they are dying of cold."'

Could anything be more pitiful than such revelation of the warmth of a tortured heart, resolutely set to a task which was really the frustration of nature? It is somewhat necessary to emphasise the truth of the likely stories about Francis, because of the many absurd fantasies and inventions which the credulous have made and greedily accepted about him; as that, told in the 'Fioretti,' of the temptation on La Verna when the devil having thrown him from the summit, the mountain turned instantly to wax so that the saint might cling to it by hands and feet; whereby he was saved, and Satan was defeated. It is a pity that in the recent celebrations in Italy, the ecclesiastical side of the life and pilgrimage of Francis has been emphasised, whereas, in truth, his humanity was his greatness.

Francis struggled against his natural infirmities—he was as blind as St Paul, and harassed with innumerable ailments, dropsical and otherwise—as he fought with his moral weaknesses, through sheer power of will and spiritual strength; and with the gentleness of a mother—more than once his chroniclers gave him the qualities of maternal love—as well as the unbending firmness of a ruler, he helped his followers along their difficult pathway. Obedience was rigidly exacted. Once when his companions asked him what perfect obedience was, he took for example a corpse. Put it where you please, it remains there, and does not resist or grumble. Also no idleness. One of the brethren, unwilling to do his share of the work, was dismissed from the community with the words, 'Go thy way, Brother Fly!'

Yet, we know well, for it is patent between the lines of everything written about Francis, even his severity was altogether loving; and it is easy to believe in the passionate devotion to him of his immediate followers, Bernard, Giles, Masseo, Leo—his 'little lamb'—the willing and clumsy Juniper, and those others who, with him and after him, carried on the work, and whose names are written on the pages of history in imperishable glory.

He had his reward, the best that his heart in its happiest, most impossible dreams could have wished for. Reasonable as is all doubt of the many grotesque and unhelpful legends which have grown about the name and personality of Francis, there need be no doubt of the actuality of the Stigmata. How that extraordinary expression of the divine approval came to him—the marks of the nails in hands and feet, and the wound in the side—it is needless to inquire. The phenomenon which yet is not positively inexplicable—the power of the mind over the body being capable of wonderful manifestations and recognised by modern science—may be accepted as true and justified by the unique personality of this most human of the saints and the amazing character and speedy success of his work. It is enough that the Stigmata were there; and, with the splendid consciousness of his ideals fulfilled and the world made sweeter through his service, this completed the true reward and was the ultimate accolade of that lowliest and supremest knight of Christ. Francis kept his faith and carried his cross of self-sacrifice and love until his body failed and perished, and the time had come for him to welcome, as he did gladly, his Sister Death. When he was near the end he

'ordered himself to be laid on the bare ground, that in that last hour wherein the enemy could yet rage against him he might wrestle with him naked. . . . Laid thus on the ground, he put off his garment of sackcloth, and raised his face to heaven, and, covering with his left hand the wound in his right side that it might not be seen, he said to the brethren: "I have done my duty, may Christ teach you yours." . . . His Warden hastily rose, took the tunic, the drawers, and the little cap of sackcloth, and said to the father, "Know that this tunic, these drawers, and this cap have been lent thee

by me by order of holy obedience; but that thou mayest know that thou hast no property in them I deprive thee of all power of giving them to any one." St Francis rejoiced and exulted for gladness of heart, for he saw that he had kept faith with the Lady Poverty even to the end.'

And so, with nothing of his own, not even the power to bequeath the few rags of raiment in which he had clothed himself, the sweet saint, and the rarest spirit of all mankind, passed through the portals of happy death.

His example is with us still; and is there not an endless call for the exercise of the principles he taught and practised rigorously, faithfully? Like the precepts given from the mountain, the Rule of Francis was a most difficult system to live by and impossible to normal men. Yet if, through weakness, we cannot live by it absolutely, may not some of the principles he taught be helpfully applied to modern necessities? His efforts and example in very great measure transformed the life of the Middle Ages, and (for this is the enormous value of the centenarial celebrations which bring to mind the great influences of the past) the spirit of Francis has still a work to do among men. It is needless, in this essay which is commemorative of the most dearly human of the saints, to pillory the present; but even a casual consideration of the vanities and vulgarities, selfishness and narrowness, which civilisation suffers, demonstrates sufficiently the healing necessity of the Franciscan love, humility, and will to serve. Could anything be more appropriate to these times, with their wars and international jealousies, their civic and economic differences and class suspicions and hatreds, than the greeting which Francis chose for his followers to use wherever they went—'The Lord give you peace'?

MARTIN G. WELSH.

Art. 9.—OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, AND LITERATURE.

THE connexion between the universities and literature is in most countries little more than the connexion between the primary or secondary schools and literature—that is to say, the universities provide education for writers and other people, just as schools do, but without giving the writers any particular stamp, or moulding them according to any particular tradition. In the history of German literature Goethe is to some extent associated with the University of Leipzig; Heine, owing to a few brief pages of the 'Harzreise,' with Göttingen. But nobody ever thinks of German writers as being especially university men. The same thing may be even more positively asserted of France. French writers may have passed through the University of Paris; certainly it could not usually be discovered from their writings whether this is so or not. Carducci was throughout his active life a professor at Bologna. His work is infused with the classical spirit and is almost perfect in form. Yet the public does not in its mind associate Carducci with Bologna or think that his style was chiefly formed by the university.

On the other side of the Atlantic the association of the universities with literature is scarcely more intimate than it is on the Continent of Europe. James Russell Lowell was a Harvard man to his finger-tips. Longfellow, who preceded Lowell for eighteen years in the Chair of Literature at Harvard, likewise cherished a strong academic tradition. Indeed, in the days of the great New England school of writers, the universities—chiefly Harvard—were more nearly associated with the profession of literature than at any other time. To-day, and for some years, the connexion has almost entirely disappeared. Most, although not all, American writers pass through a university and receive inestimable benefits from their time spent there. Some of these remain in university life as professors. Yet in none of them does the university, so to speak, shine forth in their writings: it is an incident, not an essential part, of their literary profession. An intelligent reader, a critic, thinks of the

American writer without thinking of his university. It is otherwise in England.

Oxford and Cambridge have left, and still leave, their impress deeply upon English literature in two ways. Firstly, each university tends to give a definite classical form or style to every writer who passes through it. Secondly, the years spent at the university are such a charming and fruitful period of the life of every man who has been there, and give him in addition so vivid a sense of membership of an ancient, still living and famous society, that reminiscences and allusions flow out of him, and run through his writings as long as he lives.

The first of these two things, the existence of a harmonious, traditional style, is as evident in England as in France, although for different reasons. The uniformity, which does not sacrifice individuality, of French style is due to the long sustained classical tradition in France, kept alive not specially by the universities, but by the Church and the professional classes, and, to some extent, by the *Académie française*. In England the received style of correctness in writing, the accepted canons of taste, have been undoubtedly maintained by the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of which, down to nearly the middle of the 19th century, almost all writers or public speakers—politicians, statesmen, and clergymen—were members. They had been to one or other of the ancient seats of learning which provided not merely an education but a way of life. They were steeped in the beauties of Oxford or Cambridge; they sat through the long, leisurely days in the college libraries; they talked and walked on the lawns and under the limes and elms of the college gardens; they were taught by tutors who were men of a wide culture as well as solid learning. It was impossible that a classical tradition, a formed and finished style of writing or speaking, should not be engendered within those ancient walls, and maintained when graduates and undergraduates passed out into the great world. The second thing, the prevalence of reminiscences of college days, of allusions to them, is one of the pleasant facts of English literature, particularly, of course, for readers who have been at, or are in any way familiar with, the universities. Poets and prose writers alike abound

in such allusions, which creep lovingly into the work of Charles Lamb, although he never himself experienced what he calls 'the sweet food of academic institution.' A few—only a few—English writers may be said to have been university men by accident. Dryden was at Trinity, Cambridge; but he probably would have been much the same man of letters if he had never passed through the university. So the influence may be traced with indefinable gradations and variations through Addison, Johnson, Wordsworth, Tennyson to Matthew Arnold, to whom, for good or ill, as a man of letters the university was all in all.

The intimate connexion between the two universities and literature did not exist before the 17th century. Chaucer was, clearly, acquainted with the universities and mentions them, but it is not known if he was a member of either. Certainly he dwells lovingly on the portrait of the Clerk of Oxford and describes him with a sympathy that seems to come from inside knowledge. Of the Elizabethans, Shakespeare was never at college; his genius embraced the whole national life; if any place can be said to have trained him it was the busy, many-sided world of London, vibrating with all the currents of thought and romance in the Elizabethan Age. Ben Jonson never went to the university. Marlowe was at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Greene was at St John's, Cambridge, and later confessed (perhaps untruthfully) to having led a wild life there. Sidney was at Christ Church, Oxford, where, it was said, his tutors 'could not pour in so fast as he could receive.' Spenser was at Pembroke College, Cambridge. In him the perennial charm of the universities begins clearly to shine forth, the attraction of the peaceful streams and meadows around Cambridge, the quiet country towns.

'Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adore and is adorned of it
With many a gentle muse and many a learned wit.'

Spenser, although he belonged to the sister university, loved the streams around Oxford too—the Churn and Cherwell which feed the Thames; the Thames itself stooping under the burden

‘Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
 And with their branches spred all Brittainy,
 No less than do her elder sister’s broode.
 Joy to you both, ye double nursery
 Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thames most glorify.’

With the 17th century the connexion between the two universities and literature becomes close. To this result the existence of College Fellowships contributed, enabling men to live the life of cultured, leisured gentlemen amid surroundings congenial to literary production.

In the Middle Ages college life was not attractive. Endowments were small, colleges were poor, scholars and fellows lived in crowded quarters upon exiguous allowances. But in proportion as England grew in wealth throughout the 16th and 17th centuries, so did the colleges. Rents increased; it became fashionable to go to college; therefore, revenue from fees grew greater; the colleges became rich, built large and noble halls, stocked their libraries, planted their gardens, increased the allowances of the Fellows. An undergraduate who did sufficiently well in his studies was tempted to remain for life. He could gain a life Fellowship, with no other obligation except to enter Holy Orders and to be celibate. He would have beautiful rooms to live in; he would dine in a noble hall; he would find in the other Fellows agreeable and learned companions; he would have books, leisure, lovely and tranquil surroundings, suitable for quiet thought and writing. It is not, perhaps, amid such circumstances, that the highest literature is produced. The great epical writers, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, must pass through the furnace fires of the great world: the sheltered life of the college don is not for them. But for a certain type of literature, for the finished lyric, not too passionate, for the judicious, tranquil essay, the sagacious, balanced criticism, the college atmosphere is supremely suited. It has only one fault: it is too delightful, too easy. The time and resources which college life

affords may be consumed in cultured laziness ; well-spent, it may help to make the almost perfect essay or poem. George Herbert and Gray were products of college life. About one half of Herbert's literary work, English and Latin poems or essays, was written at Cambridge. The effect of the university on his life cannot be denied. He belonged to the wonderful family of 'Pembroke' Herberts which has produced so many eminent men and women. He was educated at Westminster School, gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and received a Fellowship in the year 1616. He was, therefore, one of the first writers of distinction to receive an absolutely orthodox academic education—a public school, college scholarship, Fellowship. At Cambridge he became Public Orator, wrote fine addresses on State occasions, attended Court, met the wits of the time, finally accepted the Rectory of Bemerton in Wiltshire, and died, in 1633, after three years spent as a model parish parson. In the slightly Puritan atmosphere of Cambridge during the reign of James I, he had learned to create literature without running into amatory verse, the chief vehicle of courtly belles-lettres. His volume of sacred poems, 'The Temple,' is naturally more associated with the Rectory of Bemerton than with Trinity. Yet to such a 'bookish' man as Herbert was, a collector as well as a reader, the library and gardens of Trinity, and its learned society meant much. 'That dilatoriness which seems ever a sad and necessary part of the poet's equipment had done its work.' At last he felt that to accomplish the greatest of which he was capable, he must leave Cambridge. He wrote :

'Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my houre.'

Yet it was Cambridge which prepared him for both his literary and pastoral work at Bemerton. George Herbert was one of the first literary Fellows.

When Milton went to Cambridge he was already on the way to be a poet and had written the grand paraphrase of Psalm cxxxvi. He passed eight years in the cool courts and gardens of Christ's College, reading ancient and modern literature, conversing with his friends and tutors, fencing for exercise, musing in the

lofty and graceful interior of King's College Chapel, beneath the wonderful stone-vaulted roof.

'But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale
And love the high embowered roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced Quire below,
In service high and anthem clear,
A way with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.'

(*'Il Penseroso,'* 155-166).

Milton, however, much though he loved the University, eminent as were his scholarly gifts, was not to be a Fellow of his college. Perhaps he was not prepared to enter Holy Orders, perhaps his Puritanism—elegant, beautifully dressed young man though he was—stood in the way of his election. He retired to the quiet valleys and woods of Buckinghamshire, and continued there to find inspiration for his lyrical verse. Doubtless, his leaving Cambridge was for the best. As Fellow of a college he would never have written *'Paradise Lost.'* The stormy life of London during the Civil War, his own domestic afflictions, his association as a high public servant with Cromwell and the other stern and powerful Puritans, were required to call forth the deepest side of his genius.

In the Restoration period the universities influenced literature chiefly through the pulpit. The great divines, in that golden age of preaching, were all Oxford or Cambridge men trained in the orthodox, academic studies. Isaac Barrow was Master of Trinity. Jeremy Taylor was a Fellow of All Souls. They bear the mark of their university more than does Dryden. Indeed almost nothing is known of Dryden's university career although it lasted for nearly seven years (1650-6), and he was at the most magnificent and impressive of all foundations, Trinity College, Cambridge. Actually he preferred the sister university:

'Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
 Than his own mother university;
 Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
 He chooses Athens for his riper age.'
 (Prologue to the 'University of Oxford,' circa 1681.)

It is from the reign of Queen Anne that the two universities become continuously and very markedly associated with English literature. The *doyen*, almost the dictator, of the world of letters in England in the reign of Anne was Joseph Addison; and he was a university man, through and through.

The system of education at the university, and the conditions of life there, naturally foster the kind of writing of which Addison is the consummate master. Oxford and Cambridge, although each sufficiently individual to attract the interest of members from the other, have yet a fundamental similarity. Each university exists in what is, or at any rate was, just an English country town. Each gives its peculiar air to the town, each is the dominating and absorbing feature. The towns of Oxford and Cambridge are equally remote from the metropolis (about fifty to sixty miles); each lies in a quiet country of streams and meadows; each retains its mediæval aspect, cloistered, retired. In such tranquil scenes, where the grey stone or the old weathered brick of the colleges harmonises with the lawns and groves of the gardens, the mind which is inclined towards letters naturally is attracted to a quiet and scholarly style, to a rounded period, to mildly cheerful, soberly judicious thought. This was the style of essay, simple, complete, wise, harmonious, which Addison brought to perfection. It arose naturally out of the way of life, and the studies, of his ten years at Oxford, first in the classical precincts of Queen's College, later in 'beautiful, serene, queenly Magdalen.' The cloister with its quaint stone figures, the noble chapel and hall, the deer-park, the walk beneath the elms by the Cherwell, aroused meditations which chimed harmoniously with the ripe wisdom of the ancient classics—the classics which Addison studied and, not very laboriously, taught.

Those were the days before college dons had common-rooms. After dinner the Fellows would adjourn to a

neighbouring inn to smoke a pipe and, perhaps over a pint of port, exchange their views on life or more commonly gossip on the politics of state and university. When Addison left the university for London he, as it were, carried his common-room (as actually for a few years he was able to carry his Fellowship) with him. He soon had a company of kindred spirits with whom to spend the afternoon or evening. The Kit-Kat Club was perhaps too political; yet it had a strong literary flavour also, for it was founded by Jacob Tonson, the eminent bookseller or publisher. It met at Catt's the pastry-cook's, where the mutton pies and conversation were of the finest grade. Later, Addison ruled from his chair among the men of letters and wits at Button's Coffee-house. This was 'common-room life,' and the work produced was highly academic. But it is the manner, rather than the matter, of Addison's writings that seems to attach him closely to the university. Of references in his works there are curiously few. In his essay on Disputation he describes Logic Lane, the narrow passage by University College, between Merton Street and the High. To Cambridge (in the essay on False Wit) he alludes, saying that 'a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skillful naturalists.'

Between the dictatorship of Addison and that of Dr Johnson the pre-eminence was held by Alexander Pope, who was not a member of either university. His friend Bolingbroke, statesman and man of letters, had been an undergraduate at Christ Church. But Pope and his circle are not associated in the public mind with Oxford or Cambridge. It was otherwise with Dr Johnson. Yet that great man had not a very long association with the university, nor was that association particularly happy. Dr Adams, a tutor of Pembroke in Johnson's time, and afterwards Master of the College, said that Johnson as an undergraduate was 'a frolicsome fellow and passed there the happiest part of his life.' But Johnson told Boswell later, 'Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick. I was miserably

poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and by my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority.' He stayed away from his tutor's instructions, and when asked why he had not been attending replied that he 'had been sliding in Christ Church Meadow.' This remark, which Boswell ascribed to fortitude, Johnson himself put down to 'stark insensibility.' The memory of the pair of new shoes deposited at his door by a charitable Christ Church undergraduate may have rankled in his mind. Nevertheless, there must have been pleasant days too, as when he was to be seen 'lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiring them up against the college discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled.' Lichfield, Oxford, and London are the three places with which Johnson is for ever associated.

Gray is held to be, in form, perhaps the most perfect of English poets. Had he only left one poem, 'The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' he would still have been known as one of the sweetest and most comforting singers of mankind. He was the typical don, if a genius can ever be called typical. He lived nearly all his life in College rooms. He enjoyed the quiet and sheltered life.

'Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willing *Camus* lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of *Cynthia* silver bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my Side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.'

In 1750, the noisy undergraduates of Peterhouse frightened the timid poet, who packed his goods and transferred himself to Pembroke Hall. He wrote one delicious humorous poem on Cambridge Heads of Houses. He read, he travelled a good deal (in England), he corresponded extensively with friends. It was at Stoke Poges that the Elegy was written; but it breathes the spirit of the Cambridge country as much as that of Buckinghamshire. He refers to himself in the 'Ode to Music,' as one

whose habit was to linger with delight by the willowy Cam, treading 'at the blush of dawn' the level, grassy banks. It must have been these early morning walks which suggested to him the description in the *Elegy* of the melancholy, romantic poet who died young :

'Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

Gibbon was more typically a product of the 18th century than of the university. The men of the 18th century were, as a whole, a self-satisfied people. They were judicial, sagacious, lucid: they had a philosophy of life and it suited their needs. Gibbon belonged to this kind of men. His magnificent 'Decline and Fall' is an 18th-century product of the highest quality. He knew the facts and the underlying principles of Roman history and he expressed them in majestic diction, and with great authority of style. Yet the university undoubtedly influenced Gibbon in a very marked manner. It confirmed, if it did not create in him, that sense of order and tranquillity which is characteristic of all his writings. In his autobiography he wrote :

'A traveller who visits Oxford or Cambridge is surprised and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students, who swarm from different countries, are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers: they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their *swords*, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical profession; and from the doctor in divinity to the undergraduate, the degrees of learning and of age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expense, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular, and, as it were, a

religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices; and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science. My own introduction to the university of Oxford forms a new era in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an infinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library: my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College; and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the bank of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the university of Oxford.'

After writing this remarkable passage, in which he clearly shows the influence of Oxford's *tranquillitas* and *gravitas* upon his spirit, Gibbon goes on to say, surely illogically:

'To the university of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life.'

Gibbon's picture of his college dons, 'the monks of Magdalen' as he calls them, is not pleasant: he describes their indolence, their intellectual aridity and barrenness, their petty conversation, their dull and deep potations. His own tutor was a mild, pious, and amiable man, who read Terence with him, but accepted with smiling satisfaction his pupil's frequent excuses for absence. Yet Gibbon, again somewhat illogically, writes: 'I preferred his society to that of the younger students; and in our evening walks to the top of Headington Hill we freely

conversed on a variety of subjects.' A tutor who took his pupils regularly or at least frequently for a walk to Headington, and who conversed with them on a variety of subjects, could not help having a deep influence on any receptive and imaginative young man; and we may safely assume that the young Gibbon was much more influenced both by his tutor and by the serene and stimulating aspect of Magdalen than in his mature age he was willing to acknowledge. Another tutor whom Gibbon had in his last eight months at Magdalen did, it is true, neglect him; and this may perhaps be the reason why in his autobiography he says that it was his studies at Lausanne which were the 'foundation' of all his 'future improvements.' The 'five important years' which he spent in studies at Lausanne, had they been spent at Oxford, would have been (he says) 'steeped in port and prejudice.' Yet few people would deny that the trace of these two things appears clearly in 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' so that the influence of the university shows itself after all.

The English men of letters of the period of the Romantic Movement were nearly all members of one or other university, and display strong evidences of this in their work. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, Byron, and Landor were all at Cambridge or Oxford. Of these only Wordsworth showed any particular devotion to his university. Perhaps the three external things which most impressed Wordsworth's poetic spirit were Cambridge, London, and the Lake District. His poem on King's College Chapel, his sonnet on London from Westminster Bridge, show how the first two places aroused his genius. Charles Lamb, 'defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution,' loved to while away the brief weeks of his annual holiday in Oxford during the Long Vacation: 'I can play here the gentleman, enact the student. . . . Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please.' His friend D., 'delightful anywhere,' was at his best in Oxford or Cambridge. 'The Cam and Isis are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus." On the Muse's hill he is happy and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colléges,

you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.'

Shelley was an Oxford man; but whether the restraints and precisions and academic niceties of the university had any other effect than to goad him into rebellion and recklessness, none can say. Hogg describes him as an undergraduate bursting into his (Hogg's) rooms at tea-time, chafing his hands before the fire, declaiming against the 'dull and languid' lecture that he had been listening to, and swearing that he would never go to another.

'I went away, indeed, before the lecture was finished. I stole away, for it was so stupid, and I was so cold that my teeth chattered. The Professor saw me, and appeared to be displeased. I thought I could have got out without being observed, but I struck my knee against a bench and made a noise, and he looked at me. I am determined that he shall never see me again.

"What did he talk about?"

"About stones! about stones," he answered with a downcast look and in a melancholy tone, as if about to say something excessively profound. "About stones! stones, stones, stones!—nothing but stones!—and so drily. It was wonderfully tiresome, and stones are not interesting things in themselves."

Shelley had taken up the subject of geology, for which study he was quite unsuited, and then rebelled because he found the lectures tiresome. When Shelley was ultimately sent down by the Master and Fellows of University College for writing and printing an irreligious pamphlet, his sensitive nature took the blow in a way that made him rebellious against authority for life. His friend Hogg (who went down with him on the same stage coach) writes: 'The scene was changed from the quiet seclusion of academic groves and gardens, and the calm valley of our silvery Isis, to the stormy ocean of that vast and shoreless world, to the utmost violence of which he was, at an early age, suddenly and unnaturally abandoned.' This generous and lovable man was estranged for ever from his mother university, against which, however, he spoke no word and cherished no rancour: he was simply silent.

Approaching more modern times, men of letters seem

almost to fall into two schools according as they have been at the university or not. There is no antagonism between the two schools; neither can claim the pre-eminence. They are simply different from each other, each school contributing to the beautiful and lasting things of mankind in its own way. Tennyson was a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. His poetry is smooth and regular in form, imbued with the classical spirit, dwelling lovingly on the quiet landscapes such as he knew in East Anglia. Browning, his great contemporary, was not a university man—just a grand, robust Englishman, with a wealth of imagination, a genius for expression, unequalled in his own age. Thackeray was a Cambridge man; 'Pendennis' has good scenes of university life. Dickens, whose work is perhaps cast in a rather rougher mould, learned his craftsmanship in the hard school of life of the outside world. Ruskin, one of the great prophets of the Victorian Age, was at Christ Church as an undergraduate, and later was Professor of Art in the University of Oxford. Carlyle, a more bitter, even more dogmatic, perhaps more trenchant critic, was trained at a Scottish university: his style is certainly less 'academic' than Ruskin's.

Swinburne is, like Shelley, an exception to the rule that the university impresses itself deeply on a young man's mind. He looked back upon his years at Oxford with distaste, and, in point of fact, he appears to have derived almost nothing from it. Sir Edmund Gosse in his 'Life of Swinburne' writes:

'It was much to be observed that in later life, though he spoke often and in affectionate terms of Eton, Swinburne was never betrayed into the smallest commendation of Oxford. He was, indeed, unwilling to mention the university, and if obliged to do so, it was with a gesture of impatience and a reference to "the foggy damp of Oxonian atmosphere." Long afterwards, in late middle life, he railed against Matthew Arnold for his "effusive Oxonolatry," and earlier he had contrived to analyse and commend "The Scholar-Gipsy," and "Thyrsis," without so much as naming the "sweet city with her dreaming spires," which is the very substance of those poems. He used to express the view that an Oxford resident never dies, having never lived, but ceases. Much misapprehension, much exasperation, must have gone

to build up Swinburne's dislike of Oxford, for he yielded as little as Dryden did to "the gross flattery of universities," and the more he knew of Oxford the more he seemed to hate it.'

Balliol was not at its best, although it was a fine college, in 1857 when Swinburne was an undergraduate. Later he learned to value highly the society of Jowett when that remarkable man was Master of the college: but this, apparently, was not until after 1870. In a letter to Frederick Locker, dated Aug. 4, 1871, he writes: 'I think of going to Scotland in a week on my promised visit to the Master of Balliol—(who would have told me so 10 years ago, when I was rusticated and all but expelled?) . . . ' He went, spending about three weeks in the Highlands, enjoying the air, the hill-climbing, the swimming, and the society of Jowett and Browning. He also visited Jowett at Balliol and met Taine and Matthew Arnold among the guests. But he refused to accept an honorary degree from Oxford. Indeed, so far as academic inspiration affected him, it was to Eton that he made acknowledgments. In his 'Eton, an Ode,' he seems to imply as much, by saying that Shelley's inspiration came from the noble foundation of King Henry VI:

'Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers, here first heard

Ring from lips of poets crowned and dead the Promethean word

Whence his soul took fire, and power to outsoar the sunward-soaring bird.'

In some respects the influence of Eton upon the mind and spirit of young poets who have been there must be considered to have been as great as that of Oxford. In addition to Swinburne's acknowledged debt, there is Gray's as set forth in his ode, 'On a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' and Robert Bridges, whose 'Ode to Eton' is perhaps the most perfect of its kind and the deepest in feeling. One of the most beloved of the Eton tutors, William Johnson (Cory), whose volume of poems, 'Ionica,' is admired by Etonians and by scholars in general, was a highly characteristic product both of the public school and university. It is almost impossible to conceive of Johnson writing his poems without his

academic gown; and many generations of Etonians received their scholarly inspiration from him.

It is in Matthew Arnold perhaps that the academic associations are most clearly apparent. His whole life and teaching were founded on his studies at the university. His eclecticism, his careful, correct, gentlemanly style, his wide knowledge of the classics, ancient and modern, his respect for the received canons of taste which have stood the test of time, his courtliness and proud modesty, are the quintessence of Oxford and Cambridge life. His love for the university was passionate, and his finest piece of prose is a defence of Oxford.

'Beautiful city! So venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians all at play." And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?'

In his essay on 'The Literary Influence of Academies,' Matthew Arnold points out that the lack of such centres of correct information, judgment, taste, tends to make a literature provincial. 'In England,' he writes, 'there needs a miracle of genius like Shakespeare's to produce balance of mind, and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr Newman's to produce urbanity of style.' Well, Newman was a finished product of the university—scholar and fellow. His urbane style, like Matthew Arnold's, owed much more to the university than the *délicatesse* of the French writers owed to their Academy. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge were, throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, the Academy of England, only they have not had the cramping effect which an academy may have, because there were, and are, many other avenues to literary distinction. The two universities did not dominate English letters, but they are—and this makes them unique among all other universities—imperishably associated with the literature of their country.

The leisure and resources of university life—the

companions, the buildings, the libraries, the gardens—influenced clearly the development of two of the most famous essayists of the last generation. Walter Pater and A. C. Benson shared certain qualities in addition to their own special characteristics. Their work was tranquil, leisurely, correct, well-informed, wise, tasteful. They bring peace and quiet with them; the fretful reader is soothed, his mind is informed, his vision extended. To obtain these effects are not the highest qualities of literature; yet they are at least high, and deserving of praise. Of the influence of college life upon writing, Benson was quite conscious. He takes his election to a Fellowship as a landmark in his literary life:

‘I found myself at once at home in my small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of grand and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace. The little dark-roofed chapel, where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall with its armorial glass; the low, book-lined library; the panelled combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies; how sweet a setting for a quiet life! Then, too, I have my own spacious rooms, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees bounded by a slow river’ (‘From a College Window’).

Amid these surroundings essays of the ‘urbane style’ can surely be naturally produced by those who have the talent for them. Walter Pater, perhaps, had the talent in a higher degree. As the interpreter of the ideal of beauty in art and letters Pater carried on the work of Arnold, romantic, yet classical, individualistic, yet orthodox. The ‘Renaissance,’ ‘Marius the Epicurean,’ ‘Appreciations,’ are the elaborate outcome of a mind steeped in the classical tradition, sweetened by the young life ever coming up to the university, broadened by conversation and travel. For such a man life at the university offers unique opportunities. ‘Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?’

R. B. MOWAT.

Art. 10.—A SURVEY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

'WHAT do they know of England who only England know?' And what do they know of England who only know its towns? The mentality of four-fifths of the people is urbanised and their environment is the mirk of industrialism. Many of them live and die ignorant of the country as God made it and knowing only those parts which are disfigured by the hand of man. It is, no doubt, true that, in these days, the segregation of the urban from the rural population has become less exclusive. The revival of road communication by the supersession of the horse and the extension of inexpensive means of transport have brought about some comingling of town and country. The charabanc, the small car, and the cheap excursion have broadened the visual horizon of the town-dweller beyond the limits of bricks and mortar. England's green and pleasant land is not a wholly unknown territory, and a superficial acquaintance with the appearance of the countryside is possessed by many whose fathers had never seen the unveiled face of the earth. The explorers penetrate the recesses where ancient peace lingers, and invade the quietude of slumbering villages. Some who are country-bred may have seeing eyes, but the greater number have eyes that see not and ears that hear not the sights and sounds through which they pass. Their view of the countryside is little more intimate than that of the airman flying above them.

To the casual visitor a village is a village and it is nothing more. One may differ from another, like the stars, in magnitude, or, more distinctively, in the convenience of its facilities for refreshment; but to the unseeing eye they are all essentially alike. Yet, in truth, they are of infinite variety, each with its separate individuality. The 'typical village' is a literary fiction true only in the sense that every small rural community possesses certain characteristic features of which the church and the manor house are usually the most prominent. This general resemblance derives from the original structure of the village community erected on a uniform plan over the greater part of England nearly a

thousand years ago. Countless descriptions of villages and village life have been written both from the inside and outside. Lord Ernle in 'The Land and its People' describes the village in which he lives as follows:

'Towards the northern and north-western boundary of the parish, at no great distance from, but above, the stream, stands the village. In it are gathered practically all the population. Though the danger of isolation and the need of combined defence have passed away, detached farmhouses and cottages are still almost as rare as they were in Norman times. Surrounded by the wide expanse of meadow, arable pasture, and moorland, the occupiers clustered round the church and manor house for mutual help and protection in this world and the next. The village was laid out on no plan. It grew. Straight lines are rare. Nothing shows its natural growth more clearly than the labyrinth of winding lanes which saunter from one homestead to another.

'Apparently engineered on the mediæval principle, dear alike to politician and road-maker, that one good or bad turn deserves another, their direction is mostly governed by ancient enclosures of individual occupiers. One lane called "Cat Street" commemorates St Catherine, on whose festival was held one of the two annual fairs, abandoned three centuries ago. . . . Timber-framed, straw-thatched or tile-roofed, most of the houses belong to Tudor times. But they have displaced the mud-built, earth-floored, single-roomed, one-storied, chimney-less structures which sheltered the families and the live stock of the earlier settlers. . . . Otherwise the changes have been slight.'

Few men saw more of rural England as it was a century ago than Cobbett, or visited more of its villages. His descriptions of the country and the crops are vivid and detailed; but the villages to him are mostly pegs for polemics, or focal points in the landscape. Thus:

'The houses of the village are in great part scattered about, and are amongst very lofty and fine trees; and from many points about, from the hilly fields, now covered with the young wheat, or with scarcely less beautiful sainfoin, the village is a sight worth going many miles to see. The lands too are pretty beyond description. These chains of hills make, below them, an endless number of lower hills, of varying shapes and sizes and aspects and of relative state as to each other, while the surface presents in the size and form of

the fields, in the turnips, the tares, the fallows, the sheep-folds and the flocks, and at every turn of your head a fresh and different set of them. . . . I wish that, in speaking of this pretty village (which I always return to with additional pleasure) I could give a *good account* of the state of *those without whose labour there would be neither corn nor sainfoin nor sheep*. I regret to say that my account of this matter, if I gave it truly, must be a dismal account indeed.'

Of another village with which he was 'very much stricken,' Cobbett says :

'It is now a struggling village but, to a certainty, it has been a large market town. There is a market cross still standing in an open space in it ; and there are such numerous lanes, crossing each other, and cutting the land up into such little bits, that it must, at one time, have been a large town.'

Three villages in Southern England present themselves in vivid memory. One was the offspring of a famous highway along which a ceaseless stream of humanity has flowed for well-nigh two thousand years. For a quarter of a mile on either side runs the village with its ancient inns, its still more ancient forge, its modest shops, and its habitations of various shapes and sizes all built flush with the highway. Each presents a reserved and defensive front, except for the few shop-windows which have a tentative aspect of discreet invitation ; but each hides a purlieu of private amenity behind its exclusive aspect. A little removed by way of a narrow lane from the peripatetic throng is a broad green shaded by immemorial elms and fringed with cottages which in safe seclusion expose their gardens to the open gaze of such few of their neighbours as pass that way. The generous area of the village green has been the scene of historic events, including the martyrdom of a saint ; but it is now peaceably shared by geese and donkeys, with modern interlopers playing on the nine-hole golf course which has been laid out within its boundaries. At the far end of the green stands the church, a noble memorial of the faith as well as the sense of beauty of the forefathers of the village. On one side the school testifies that though the faith may endure it does not now inspire beauty in expression. And near it stands the Nonconformist chapel

which with equal bluntness of outward appearance records by its date that freedom of thought came long before freedom of education.

Another village limned by memory lies in the snug shelter of those rolling Downs which were the home of the earliest inhabitants of these islands. The thin soil of the chalk abruptly ends at the foot of the slope, and on a tract of fertile land, traversed by a maze of streamlets, the village clusters round the church which is so literally the centre that, though roads converge upon it from all sides, each has its end at the churchyard, and to cross from one side of the village to the other on wheels means a long *détour*. A main road runs along one side of the rough parallelogram in which the village stands, and here are concentrated the two or three shops and some of the more pretentious houses. But within the parallelogram habitations are scattered promiscuously and reached by devious paths. Four epochs of architecture contributed to the building of the church, and a private chamber over the chancel memorialises a by-gone period of ecclesiastical organisation. Vestiges of history abound in the cottages and lanes. The village is embowered in fruit trees which in the spring make it a vision of beauty as seen from the sheltering slopes of the embracing Downs.

A hill-top village, perched on a ridge five hundred feet above, and within distant view of, the sea, contains scarcely more than sufficient inhabitants to distinguish it from a hamlet. It is a widespread parish and a cluster of half a dozen cottages, with a curiously capacious inn and the old forge (now extinguished and converted into a 'garage'), lie on one side of the church and rectory. It is an umbrageous spot, and notwithstanding its elevated position one comes upon it unexpectedly on reaching the summit of the hill. Half a mile away, on the yonder side of a valley, the manor house stands in solitary grandeur.

As each village differs from another in its exterior, so descriptions of the same village given by different observers differ in their points of view. A great writer has given the world a view of a Scottish village through a 'window.' And every observant villager has a separate 'window' which limits his observation. The

parson's 'window' is not the same as the Nonconformist's nor the squire's the same as the farmer's. The school-master, the farm-worker, the publican, the blacksmith, each looks through his own window and sees the village in a different aspect. It is the same with the outside observer. The archæologist, the naturalist, the agriculturalist, the sociologist, see that which they are looking for and overlook the rest.

Chronicles of the villages are, therefore, individually partial and collectively incomplete. Certain records there are which are collectively complete but restricted in their scope. The topography of rural England is fully and faithfully set out by the Ordnance Survey; the Geological Survey lays bare the hidden structure of the country; the returns collected annually by the Ministry of Agriculture reveal the area devoted to crops and the number of live-stock kept on the farms; the Census counts the people and their dwelling-places; the Ministry of Education has a record of village schools and scholars; and the Ministry of Health enumerates the inmates of workhouses. County Councils and District Councils, each in their sphere, tabulate facts and figures relating to rural communities. Notwithstanding all this expenditure of effort and money the conditions of rural England are not fully known and persons well qualified to speak confidently make assertions which others equally well qualified as confidently contradict. Generalisations on points of vital importance to the well-being of the countryside—and consequently of the nation at large—are glibly enunciated in Parliament, on public platforms, and in the Press, which there is no adequate information to confirm or confute.

From a sense of imperfect knowledge emerged a desire for a systematic survey of the villages which should supply information of the economic and sociological conditions of the countryside. The suggestion was first made definitely and authoritatively by the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee which was appointed by Mr Asquith in August 1916 and presented its Report, in two parts, to Mr Lloyd George in February 1917 and January 1918. The Committee was as a whole exceptionally well qualified for the task set out in their terms of reference as follows: 'Having regard to the need of increasing

home-grown food supplies in the interest of national security, to consider and report upon the methods of effecting such increase.' In their first Report, signed by all but one member, the Committee said :

'We recommend that the Boards and Department of Agriculture should be instructed to carry out a general survey of the conditions of agriculture throughout the United Kingdom, and that the utmost care should be exercised in selecting those who are to undertake the work. Further, in Great Britain (a separate recommendation being made later for Ireland) we recommend that a panel of Assessors should be set up for groups of counties in England and Wales, one-third of each panel to be appointed by the Board of Agriculture, one-third by the Chairmen of the County Councils in the area, and one-third by the President of the Surveyors' Institution. . . . In each case the nominators should meet and confer before making their selections, and the panels should be composed of men thoroughly skilled in estate management or in practical farming. The grouping of counties for this purpose might follow the existing provincial divisions for the agricultural and live-stock schemes.

'There should also be constituted for England, Wales, and Scotland separately a Review Committee consisting in each case of three persons, the greatest authorities on agriculture and estate management obtainable, who should be empowered to take legal advice if necessary. The members of the Review Committees for England and Wales should be selected by the Lord Chief Justice and for Scotland by the Lord Justice General.'

This proposal obviously contemplated personal investigation by officials of the Agricultural Departments of every acre of land suitable for agriculture or aboriginal use. If any land (other than a public or private garden or park) appeared to the Department not to be 'fully utilised for the production of foodstuffs or timber,' notice was to be served on the owner that if a satisfactory change was not made in the course of three years the case would be referred to the Assessors. The procedure to be then followed was carefully explained, its object being to give the owner every possible opportunity for mending his ways. In case of ultimate contumacy the Department concerned was to be empowered, 'temporarily to supersede the landowner in

the management of the estate for all purposes essential to agriculture.'

The primary object of the 'general survey' thus proposed was to ensure the full economic utilisation of all productive land. The Committee stated their purpose in very plain language thus:

'For the guidance of all concerned it should be laid down that it shall be the duty of every landowner so to manage his estate, and that it shall be an implied condition in every lease or tenancy agreement, that the tenant of agricultural land shall cultivate the same according to the approved practice of the best agriculture, with a view to the economic production in the interests of the community of the greatest amount of foodstuffs (for man and beast) of which the land, having regard to its quality and position, is reasonably capable.'

The significance of this statement lies in the fact—which may well be regarded as historic—that it enunciates, in terms adapted to the 20th century, the principle of ownership subject to conditions of service which was the basis of the feudal system. That the ownership of land implies an obligation to the community has not been so definitely or authoritatively stated since it was embodied in original grants of land by the Crown.

Having recommended a 'general survey' for this primary purpose the Committee in the second part of their Report suggested an extension of its scope. The subject of 'Village Reconstruction, Village Industries and Social Life' is dealt with generally in the body of the Report, and in greater detail in an appendix wherein was set out what the Committee termed 'our plan.' This premises that the time has come for 'a re-arrangement of some of our villages to meet present needs, a form of re-enclosure in fact, which would have as its primary object an amelioration of the circumstances of the cottager and labourer.' The suggested procedure followed closely the precedent of enclosure, a scheme being initiated locally and a valuer appointed to make a report on the parish, showing how it might be 'improved on business lines in respect of small occupying ownerships, gardens, allotments, small holdings, cottages, cow commons, horse commons, and recreation grounds.' As in

the case of enclosure proceedings, the Report was to be open to inspection and objection by persons interested, and a local inquiry was to be held publicly. But although local initiative was contemplated as the normal procedure, the Committee recognised that 'in many instances difficulty may be experienced in combating the inertia which has been produced under present conditions and that some stimulus may be needed.' They added their opinion that this might be effected through the co-operation of the persons responsible for carrying out the survey previously recommended who, 'in the course of their survey would have opportunities of seeing where improvement was most needed.' To these important recommendations were appended such influential names as those of Lord Selborne, Lord Bledisloe, Lord Ernle, the late Lord Ailwyn, Sir Horace Plunkett, Mr E. G. Strutt, and other trusted representatives of agricultural interests.

To those who have not closely followed, or have forgotten, the devious story of agricultural politics in the past ten years, it may appear strange that recommendations so strongly advocated should not now be realities. The fact is, in some degree, explained by the circumstances. The Committee were not blameworthy. On their appointment they were informed that the question they were to consider 'did not refer to war but to post-war conditions.' Notwithstanding this, they were pressed by the Government to make an interim report on a guaranteed price of corn and a guaranteed wage as matters upon which legislative action might at once be taken. The Corn Production Act was passed embodying the three principles for which in their first Report they contended, viz. as they stated them, 'a guarantee of the price of wheat and oats to secure stability of conditions for all who live from the land, a minimum wage to ensure his fair share of the profits of agriculture to the agricultural labourer or farm servant, a power in reserve to the State to influence the use of land to the greatest national advantage.' In presenting subsequently the second part of their Report, which dealt at greater length with many other subjects, they were at pains to emphasise the fact that Parts 1 and 2 of their Report 'were not separable policies,' but 'strictly interdependent

and mutually essential parts of one policy.' The policy advocated in Part 1 was embodied in the 'temporary' Corn Production Act which lasted three years, and was re-enacted in the 'permanent' Agriculture Act which was passed in one Session and repealed in the next.

But while the policy, as a whole, was thus left in ruins the arguments adduced in support of its various parts remain on record and the case made out for a 'general survey' on its merits as a separate proposal is not affected by the rejection of other recommendations in the Report. The sociological and psychological factors of which this proposal takes account are not less important than the economic factors which are sometimes regarded as exclusively worthy of consideration. Lord Ernle, in the book already quoted, puts this point forcibly:

'Behind some of our older villages lie more than fifteen centuries of history. Yet of the three factors in the agricultural industry—land, capital, and man—the human element has been least studied. Better farming and better business have engrossed more attention than better living. In towns civilisation in all its manifold forms has swept onwards leaving the country a century behind. To the citizen the rural population is a mystery; he scarcely conceives of rural interests as human interests. He thinks most of cheap food. Yet before many years have passed it will possibly be recognised that there is no more important influence on national life than the wife of the rural worker, no more important home than her cottage, no more important social need than that of bringing the conditions of country living into line with the development of the towns.'

After the collapse of the policy embodied in the Agriculture Act there ensued a barren period of recrimination; but another attempt to make constructive suggestions was made by the Agricultural Tribunal, whose efforts, however, were unappreciated, although their industry in collecting the latest information about agriculture in various continental countries resulted in a valuable record for reference. The proposal for a 'general survey' remained in abeyance, except for occasional advocacy by individuals; until it was revived by the Liberal Land Committee and included in their much-criticised report, 'The Land and the Nation.'

The proposal was therein put forward not as necessarily involved in the changes in the system of land tenure which formed the controversial part of the Report, but as essential to a proper understanding of the rural problem. The proposal was made in the following terms which present it from a point of view different from that of the Agricultural Policy Committee eight years previously :

'To any one who attempts to think out rural problems it must be very soon apparent that before reconstruction can go very far, accurate knowledge must be obtained of many things which are at present vague and uncertain. We have had occasion to point out that no one knows how many acres there are of land now idle because of lack of drainage ; that no one knows accurately even the present acreage of forest in this country ; that even the number of persons who own the surface of Great Britain has not been ascertained since the year 1875 ; and, to be brief, that on a large number of points there is a grave lack of that knowledge which necessarily precedes action. The United States of America make a survey of its 365 million acres once in every ten years. With us the need for a Survey is at least as great. . . . We propose, therefore, that at the earliest possible moment a general Survey of the use and capacity of all land in the Country should be undertaken.'

In the meantime the Board of Agriculture for Scotland devised, and in the winter of 1925-6 carried out, an agricultural survey in Kincardineshire. The primary object was to find out what use was being made of land not accounted for in the agricultural returns. The investigation resulted in the discovery that the discrepancy between the total area shown in the agricultural returns and that in the Ordnance Survey was due almost entirely to inaccuracies, many of them fairly large, made by occupiers in estimating the extent of their mountain and heath land used for grazing. During the progress of this inquiry the opportunity was taken to make a detailed agricultural survey of four selected parishes which were regarded as fairly typical. The object of this survey was twofold. It was intended primarily to ascertain and describe the state of agriculture ; but its ultimate object was 'to throw into prominence the importance of all factors connected with

the proper management of the soils, crops, and stocks of the farms examined.' Some very interesting conclusions emerged which are recorded in the 'Scottish Journal of Agriculture' for July last.

In February 1926 there appeared in the 'Times' a reasoned plea by Sir William Haldane for 'a continuing survey of agricultural land,' which, he urged, would 'stimulate effort and care,' and would amply repay its cost in increased production. He suggested as a simple method of procedure the inspection of farms by men with sound practical knowledge of farm and estate management followed by a further inspection by men of special skill and experience of those farms or estates reported as seriously under-farmed or neglected.

Further correspondence followed this significant communication, and the growth of opinion in favour of a systematic survey of the rural districts was demonstrated in the House of Commons in the debate on the Votes for the Ministry of Agriculture on June 24, and again in the discussion of Agriculture on the motion for the third reading of the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill on Aug. 2. On both occasions the subject of the survey was referred to by nearly all the members who took part in the debates, and the advisability of such an undertaking was suggested, more or less urgently, by representatives of all parties. Ministers were sympathetic but not sanguine. The attention of the Minister of Agriculture was drawn to speeches made by his predecessor, Lord Irwin, who said he would like to get 'a national record of the state and possible productivity of English land.' Mr Guinness, on June 24, while expressing the opinion that inquiries now in progress, especially in connexion with the Census of Production, would go far to supply all the requisite information, nevertheless added that he would 'certainly examine the possibility of picking out a few counties, as had been suggested to-day, and exploring the advantage of making a descriptive survey.' On Aug. 2, after further consideration, the Minister offered more definite opposition to the idea for reasons which he gave at length. Shortly stated, the case against further inquiries was based on the contention that the existing machinery is fully adequate to collect all the information required, and that, in fact,

the information is now being collected. Mr Guinness stated that the report based on the agricultural section of the census of production, which he hopes to publish before the end of the year, will give the information necessary to ascertain the aggregate output completely and accurately, the production of crops and live stock, the gross output of products sold off the land, and what, as he observed, must be more in the nature of an estimate, 'the net output in terms of value representing the balances which are secured, and available, for rent, rates, wages, and profits.' Particulars as to the labour employed on farms and estimates of capital invested will also be obtained. The crop reporters will also report on the potentialities of land not now used for agriculture and not devoted to urban purposes. An inquiry undertaken by the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Economics the Minister described as an 'agricultural survey of farm economics as a whole on the lines which have been made familiar by the work of American farm economists.' Information is to be collected from 1500 farmers by correspondence and by personal visits. The returns and reports when tabulated are designed to give information as to the value of production on different sizes of farms, the influence of the type of farm on labour requirements and on the use of fertilisers, the relation of crop yields to rents, the conditions which make for the success of small holdings and other details. Mr Guinness added that there were now eleven advisory economists attached to different agricultural colleges and university departments, all of whom were engaged in collecting information from farmers in their area.

The objections, therefore, to the institution of a general survey such as has been advocated are that practically all the information is already available or in course of collection, and that the cost, which the Minister of Agriculture reckoned at '100,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*,' would not be justified. No one will dispute that any expenditure, large or small, would be unjustifiable unless it produced new and valuable information. On the other hand, if, as is contended, a general survey would provide data which would enlighten the Government and Parliament and would effectually aid in solving the complexities of

the rural problem, the expenditure of any such amount as suggested would be a better investment than some other items of public expenditure.

There have been many inquiries into the condition of Agriculture. None has been quite so exhaustive as the first, which was made by order of William the Conqueror for the purpose, primarily, of determining the taxable capacity of the manors. The details of the Domesday Survey remain, for that part of the country which it comprised, a vivid picture of the state of rural England at the end of the eleventh century. The next general survey was made 700 years later by the old Board of Agriculture under the inspiration and direction of Sir John Sinclair and Arthur Young. The reports on a number of counties made by individual Reporters—or in modern nomenclature Commissioners—were of unequal interest. They were not made on a uniform plan and the value of each varied in proportion to the Reporter's powers of observation and expression. Another inquiry of a somewhat similar kind was made by Assistant Commissioners appointed by the Royal Commission on Agriculture in the early 'eighties.' A decade later another Royal Commission adopted the same procedure, but restricted the inquiries of its Assistant Commissioners to a few typical counties and districts. In the case of both Commissions the local inquiries were conducted on a carefully-arranged plan with the aid of elaborate schedules of all points on which information was desired.

This method of inquiry by Royal Commission was characteristic of official procedure in the 19th century. It has dignity and authority, and the results were received by Parliament and the public with respect, although the recommendations were not necessarily adopted by the Government. It is a common belief that Royal Commissions of inquiry were fruitless, that they spent a considerable amount of money, published a formidable array of blue books, and that nothing ensued. This is incorrect. The labours of Royal Commissions have left many marks on legislation and administration. Without appealing to the notable case of the Poor Law Commission, any one who is acquainted with political history knows many instances of changes made at the instigation of Royal Commissions, and their humbler

associates, Departmental Committees, although, of course, the Government to which they reported was under no obligation to accept any advice they offered. In recent times there has been a tendency, in some cases, to report without inquiry, or with only a perfunctory investigation of the facts. But under the older procedure it cannot be questioned that inquiries made by Royal Commissions were thorough and searching, and that, whatever might be thought of their conclusions, the information collected by them included all relevant data on the subject of their reference.

A survey of the countryside, such as has been advocated, might possibly be entrusted to a Royal Commission instructed to adopt the old procedure of detailed local inquiry by Assistant Commissioners; although it would be equally possible, and probably desirable, to adopt a less cumbersome form of procedure. A mere repetition of the kind of inquiry carried out, for example, by the Agricultural Commissioners to which reference has been made would not attain the objects—so far as they have been formulated—of those who favour the proposal. What is desired is a survey, parish by parish, as detailed from the economic and sociological points of view, as the Ordnance Survey is from the topographical. It would involve, indeed, as in the Kincardineshire inquiry, taking the Ordnance maps as the basis of inquiry. Of all land shown therein which is included in the agricultural returns a report as to its effective use would be required; while on land not so included, a report as to its potentiality for agricultural or forestry use would be necessary. The housing conditions of each parish, the provision of allotments and recreation grounds, the demand for small holdings and the extent to which it is satisfied, the survival or revival of rural industries, the existence of social amenities—these and other subjects would be included in the scope of the inquiries. It appears a formidable undertaking; but in fact, if systematically organised, it is less formidable than it seems. Much of the information is already in the possession of the various official and unofficial bodies in every county, and it needs only to be collected and co-ordinated on a considered plan.

The absence of systematised information, even in a

well-administered and 'up-to-date' county, was emphasised in a paper read in May last before the Farmers' Club on the work of the Kent Rural Community Council. For about two years after its formation the Council was mainly engaged in making a series of inquiries to obtain information as to sociological conditions in the villages of the county. Thus the Council made a detailed inquiry into the provision of public village halls and playing fields, another into the condition of rural industries, another into the scarcity of skilled farm-workers, and another into the existence and position of 'apprenticeship charities,' of which there are known to be several in the county. In other counties other inquiries of a similar nature may have been made; but it is certain that for the country as a whole such information is lacking.

To sum up—If a really useful survey of the countryside were to be undertaken, two points at the outset would need careful consideration. First, what are its precise objects and scope, having regard not only to the facts which it is desired to ascertain, but also to the suitability of this method for obtaining them? I have suggested elsewhere that this question might be referred to a small representative committee for consideration and report. The second point to be settled would be the machinery by which such an inquiry could be expeditiously and economically carried out. The precedent of the Enclosure Commission has been cited and the work to be done is not dissimilar. But if the appointment of an *ad hoc* authority were deemed inadvisable there is a body in existence—the Development Commission—which might reasonably be entrusted with the task.

HENRY REW.

Art. 11.—THE MANNERS AND TRADITIONS OF PARLIAMENT.

1. *The Historical and the Posthumous Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall*. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. Bickers, 1884.
2. *The Creevey Papers*. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. Murray, 1903.
3. *The Greville Papers*. Edited by Henry Reeve. Longmans, 1875.
4. *Lord George Bentinck*. By Benjamin Disraeli. Longmans, 1871.

WHEREVER the topic of parliamentary manners and traditions may be mooted, the inevitable comment is upon their evident and palpable decay, and the consequent danger to the very foundations of the Constitution. This is the universal verdict of the Press, which, although it has ceased to give anything but a travesty of our debates,* yet accepts as the merest commonplace that the House of Commons has sunk to an abyss of degraded manners from which it can never emerge. It confirms its own view by reproducing, in the most exaggerated form, an occasional lively incident or unmannerly interjection—which in fact has passed and has been forgotten in a few minutes, assigning to it almost the same space which is spared for an important debate upon which great issues often depend. It would be easy to illustrate this by copious examples. But we have no wish to rush into the lists against the newest and perhaps most powerful Estate of the realm; and we have no doubt whatever that the business instincts of its directors have inspired them with a shrewd perception of their own commercial interests.

Far be it from us to say that there is not a grave danger lest the chief governing body in our realm should lose its hold upon the nation by the decay of the interest and respect which it is essential that it should maintain. The weight of the House of Commons amongst the Estates of the realm has increased enormously. But

* It may be well to say that the present writer is one who has been a Member of the House for a very considerable number of years, and has for many more years been intimate with its ways and manners.

that has not prevented the growth of vigorous competitors, whose movements are more untrammelled, who can strike out new lines of their own, and who, above all, exercise what is practically irresponsible power. The House must act with the constant consciousness that it must eschew innovations. The fact, moreover, that under the Constitution it possesses practically unlimited power, must make it wary of giving rise to suspicions of extending that power in practice.

We propose to consider the present Parliamentary situation, calmly and without prejudice, and without ignoring much that has given rise to grave scandal, and to deep regret amongst those who most value constitutional government. We would invite those who are most keenly alive to the defects, to consider the enormous difficulties which have been the inheritance of centuries. Has any great political institution, in any country, had to accommodate itself, often within a few years, to such vast constitutional and social changes? The powers of a sovereign may be entirely remodelled. If so, those who wield those powers must learn by their own personal action to accommodate themselves to these changes. But how is this to be done in the case of a popular assembly whose authority might very well be destroyed by that collective responsibility, which generally means no responsibility at all? Within the Assembly fierce antagonisms exist. The rancour of party cannot by any conceivable process be averted. The aims of more than 600 men gathered in that House are infinitely diverse. With functions revolutionised, not so much by statute as by slow and almost imperceptible process of change, who would have dared to predict that the political institution, which is really the hinge upon which our Constitution turns, would remain keenly alive, as it has done, to its own continuous individuality and to its inherent sense of responsibility? Not only so, but that it would show signs of becoming even more alert to the preservation of that continuous individuality, to the recognition of that conscious responsibility? Yet we venture to think that we shall be able to prove that this represents the real facts of the case. Nothing is more certain than that every new year of Parliamentary experience reveals to every member

of the House who understands its spirit, more and more of that continuous collective personality of the House which is far more powerful than any separate personality in the House. For the composition of the House it is, of course, the nation and not the House itself that is responsible. We have ourselves made, in deference to the presumed trend of public opinion, vast and—to say the least of it—hazardous extensions of the electorate; and with each extension, the selection is likely to be guided more and more by caprice, and less and less by any preponderance of judicial wisdom. Yet, in spite of the changes, chances, and almost reckless hazards, we assert that there remains in the House this mysterious and hereditary sense of continuous existence. It haunts the very precincts; it inspires a certain partnership in which all share. It is the source of all the best appeals which can be made to the solemn and overriding sense of justice and fair dealing which is inherent in the House, and may always be kindled into activity. It is often the most effective awakener of that sense of revolt against what offends the inherited sense of what is dignified and becoming. Those who lack imagination, and who sneer at historical tradition and all it involves, will, of course, be the last to come under the influence of that potent sway, and of many it may safely be said that they will never even remotely perceive its value and fundamental importance.* To the vast proportion of the House it, nevertheless, remains an inspiration, and amply compensates us for long hours of weary labour and of baffled effort. It is the possession of this inestimable heritage that raises the House of Commons above all its compeers, all over the world. Any irresponsible scoffer or cynic will, of course, discount this and dispose of it in a few sentences of shallow wit. But it is just as well that the truth should occasionally be told; and we make bold to say that no one who has

* A curious instance of this lack of what is becoming is given by a letter which appeared in 'The Times' recently, in which a certain member, instead of apologising for his exaggerated intrusion upon the time and patience of the House, actually makes it a boast that he and another of his colleagues, inflicted upon the House no less than some 1500 questions during the course of last session. The privilege of putting oral questions is one to be exercised with a due sense of responsibility. If all exercised it in the spirit of this boast the position would clearly become intolerable.

risen to the level of the inherited standard of the House, will hesitate about giving his adherence to the truth of its vital and energising tradition.

It has survived through many hazards, and has asserted itself against avowed and dangerous attacks, which might have gone far to destroy a less vigorous vitality. The House has often been obliged to accept within its walls those whose avowed object it was to undermine its character, and to destroy its powers at the root. Its leaders, however able and zealous, have not uniformly been loyal to the underlying collective personality of the House, and have not rarely forgotten the delicacy of the conditions upon which it depends. We have notorious instances of offences against the dignity of the House during recent days, to which we shall presently refer further. But we must not overlook some older and more conspicuous offenders, whose example might well have led to lamentable results; and who had less right to put forward the exercise of ignorance, lack of experience, and the want of the steady influence of hereditary responsibility.

This is not the place, even were it possible to do so, to trace in detail all the steps by which Parliamentary traditions and usages have grown up. Comparisons between remote times and the present day would, if thoroughly carried out, yield much of deep interest to the student of our Constitution; and all members of Parliament owe a very deep debt of gratitude to Sir Erskine May and to his most competent successors who have supplemented his work in this direction. But our object now is to make a general survey of the aspects of Parliamentary life in certain typical periods not too remote from our own day, and when the fundamental constitutional position was much the same; and by means of that survey to estimate the position of matters in our own day, and to compare the different standards of those days and of our own.

In the earlier part of the 18th century, the House of Commons held by no means the preponderating influence which later accrued to it. The number of people who interested themselves in politics was vastly smaller. The newspaper press was of little importance, and its place was taken by pamphleteers who used pens of un-

rivalled potency, avowedly for or against the Administration of the day. It would be an interesting speculation to consider what Swift's influence would have been had he, like some of his modern clerical brethren, been able to speak from the vastly extended platform of a modern newspaper press. Parliament carried on its own work, but the details of its business were subject to no fierce light of publicity, and even of that scanty publicity the House of Commons had by no means the preponderating share as compared with the other House. The next age was that of avowed and almost universal corruption, which might well have shaken the fabric of the Constitution had that not been firmly planted in the genius of our people. It is in the second half of the 18th century that we begin to become intimate with the daily life of Parliament, and can trace more distinctly the steps by which its forms and traditions became developed. Fortunately, we have abundance of authorities in the recorded reminiscences of those whose story we are compelled to accept, however much their motives and their sincerity have been impugned.

It may, perhaps, truly be said that at no period in its history has Parliament boasted of a more distinguished collection of men amongst its members than in the last quarter of the 18th century; and the most marked characteristic of these men of outstanding ability was their common devotion to the House to which they belonged, and the keenness and zeal which they brought to its service—a devotion and a zeal which self-interest no doubt largely prompted in them as in their successors. Pitt and Fox, Sheridan, Dundas, and Burke—to name some without any comparison of merits, and with no regard to affinity of principles—were only a conspicuous handful in a galaxy of men eminently qualified for Parliamentary life. But that galaxy had certain advantages which they did not owe to any merit of their own. They belonged to a privileged class, and owed their seats, in the first instance, only to patronage. They were accustomed to the same shibboleths, and were all alike drilled to the same general code of manners. They had to regard, not so much the judgment of their constituents as their personal allegiance to those to whom they owed their position, and also, it must be remembered, those selfish con-

siderations which demanded careful attention to the best means of securing places of emolument. Such considerations are never absent; but, without claiming any very high standard for our own time, it may safely be said that they weigh for comparatively little in the motives which actuate the vast majority of the House of Commons of to-day, who are not on the perpetual outlook for place or emolument. The greater proportion, however keen about their political opinions, are interested in objects quite different from political office, and official prizes would have little attraction for them. Of course they know of the existence of such ambitions—necessary, and almost avowed, amongst a section of the most prominent members. But they regard these as spectators rather than as participators; and they are glad to know that there are those amongst their leaders to whom they are matters of supreme indifference.

Another advantage which belonged to the giants of that day, was that they had far more ample opportunities of holding the stage for themselves. For the most part, the debates were left entirely in their hands. They found few competitors for intervention amongst the rank and file. The rules of the House gave them full licence to occupy the time at inordinate length, and of that licence they made full use. Closure in any form never entered into the imagination of any member of the House, which would, as a whole, have regarded it as a blow at its fundamental privileges. A small minority of the House, divided between the two sides, were entire masters of the domain; and their responsibilities were all the greater. To these responsibilities they brought abundant talents, and great power of domination. Let us see how they used that power and those responsibilities.

It may be convenient here to say something as to the successive chroniclers of Parliamentary life during this and the following periods. Wraxall is our chief authority for the age of Pitt and Fox. He was followed by one who had some of the basest qualities of the political gossip. This was Creevey, who saw Pitt's latest years, and continued his reminiscences for a generation longer. He had many advantages as a narrator, because he was himself for many years a member, and lived at the centre of things until the accession of Queen Victoria. He was

in the confidence of many leading men, and although without any resources of his own, he managed to live in the most select society, and to enjoy abundant advantages of hospitality which he was utterly unable to return. But his narrative is spoiled by venomous party spirit, which blinded him to any redeeming feature except in those with whom he was politically connected. To him, Pitt is 'the enemy of mankind'; 'quite incapable of the elevated views of Fox.' Such utterances taint his evidence; and their tone is repeated in many passages through his journals. These do not form congenial reading. His search for some unworthy motive is too persistent.

A similar narrative is attempted by Charles Greville, whose journals were published in 1875, and who claimed the advantage, as a chronicler, of being entirely superior to any party feeling. But such superiority was purchased by the grievous defect that he knew Parliament only from the outside, and that the confidences which he picked up as an official were of a kind which he had no legitimate right to use, and which involved him in some of the baseness of an eavesdropper. He was a careful observer, but he had the faults of the rôle which he chose to play, and there was little wonder that the posthumous publication of his memoirs provoked much ill-feeling, and surrounded his name with no pleasant halo.

We have help from many other sources; but it comes often from books written with different objects. One of the chief of these is Disraeli's 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' which is no mere storehouse of recollections, but which, incidentally, gives us a picture of the inner working of Party divisions within Parliament, which can scarcely be rivalled by any other. It has the convincing fidelity of a narrative by one whose hand was on the helm; and it shows on every page that the currents of party controversy have the same essential twists and eddies in every succeeding generation.

We are inclined to think that the most discriminating and the most faithful description of the debates of the Parliamentary life of his own day, is that supplied by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. We have said that in more recent days a somewhat similar attempt was made in the

Greville Memoirs, but for the reasons given their attempt failed. The records of an official, however much liberated from any restraints of taste and propriety must be told, after all, from the outside and not from the inside. His most laboured efforts to liberate himself from these restraints often excite nothing but amusement, mixed with disgust. Something of contempt cannot be absent from our contemplation of the eaves-dropper. We regret that such records have had even more recent imitators. To any one who enters the political arena and partakes of its struggles, the field of political strategy is free, and he may take part in its combats and onslaughts, according to his own judgment. That field is not equally free to those who gain access to political confidences from the accident of being cognisant of them as paid servants and attendants.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has been the object of much envenomed attack from the most opposite quarters. The pen of Macaulay was dipped in bitter ink when he alluded to him; and Macaulay's inveterate foe, Croker, was equally furious in his denunciation. But the agreement of two such hardened partisans from opposite sides need not perhaps compel us to condemn Wraxall without examination. He does not, indeed, attract by any very amiable traits in his character. He was withheld by no scrupulous delicacy from prying into the secrets of domestic scandals. He dwelt with somewhat unfastidious gusto upon rather disgusting personal details. His political ideals never rose above the level of expediency, and he neither felt nor professed any lofty unselfishness, although he is hard upon the selfishness of others, and betrays an almost exaggerated respect for some abstentions from pecuniary gain, which would not be held to be entitled in our own day to more than moderate praise for conduct which would, and ought to, be considered as a matter of course. Pitt's scrupulous refusal of all pensions and endowments which patronage placed at his disposal, is certainly a thing of which his party might be proud, and which the nation might well hold in honour, especially when such scruples were at that time rare, and the lack of them often smirched the names of those who reckoned their own patriotism very high. But we need not forget that the most vague sus-

picion of any effort after personal pecuniary gains, except such as was avowed, and legally sanctioned, would go far to ruin the career of any British statesman in our day.

Wraxall, we must admit, does not attract feelings of admiration, or enable us to form any very exalted estimate of his heart. But it does not follow that he is, therefore, the less valuable as a limner of his time and above all of the House of which he was so long a member. It is true that he did not exhibit the phenomenon of absolute consistency—rarely possible to the leading combatants of any age, and certainly conspicuously lacking in the age which Wraxall described. But early in his career he joined the party which adhered to Pitt, and it is difficult to trace in his subsequent career any breaks in his support of his leader which did not rather redound to his honour, or were at least defensible on sound grounds of argument. His party consistency, however, did not prevent him, sometimes with ruthless severity, pointing out flaws in the armour of his leaders, any more than it made him grudging of praise of those of the other party. He saw with full force, and opposed with ceaseless energy, the grievous faults in Fox. He denounced the scandals of his life with no lack of severity. But he is never insensible to the genius of Fox, and never fails to pay what from a less obnoxious critic would have been held a generous testimony to his kindness of heart. To the present writer, who yields to few in his admiration of Pitt, it may be permitted to say that he has frequently found it impossible to refuse assent to some of the condemnations which Wraxall passes on some of Pitt's political acts. We refer most especially to the course pursued by Pitt in regard to the prosecution of Hastings. That prosecution was pressed by Burke with all the acrimony of an embittered temper, and all the spleen stirred by his own unsuccessful career; and by Sheridan with all the unrestrained wit and unbridled fancy which were the peculiar properties of that political libertine. But, after all, these avowed enemies of Hastings, who were determined to build new careers for themselves upon his ruin, never disguised their motives or their aims. The desertion of those who ought to have been his chief friends, such as Pitt and Dundas, who did not rival the

honest loyalty of their Royal Master, was a far more galling wound to Hastings, and we are bound to confess that the memory of it rankles. They were both to pay dearly for their desertion, under circumstances so dramatic as to seem a special contrivance of Fate. Such was the man to whose faithful but ruthless narrative we are obliged largely to trust for our impression of Parliament in that age. It is from that picture that we must try to compare it with the Parliamentary manners and morals of later generations. That he fell occasionally into mistakes as to facts is only natural; but the denunciations of his critics often exaggerate the importance of those errors. The real value of his picture is that it conveys the irresistible impression that it reflects truly the scenes which he depicts. The violent attacks of the *Rolliad*—which selected him as one of the chief objects of their sarcasm—are the best tribute to his influence; and he never allowed his temper to be ruffled by them, or to blind him to their occasional wit.

We have already alluded to the powerful influence of an unwritten but pervading tradition of Parliament which had its beginning long before the period of which we speak, and which still exists with undiminished force. It creates a love for, and a loyalty to, the House, which few of those who have once shared its spirit are ever likely to lose. It is the underlying pride in this tradition which makes it possible to accept with absolute equanimity, the easy strictures of the outsider. If one who shares in the life of the Assembly to which he belongs fails to appreciate it, it is because he falls below the position to which he has been called.

The daily routine of the House, which has grown up from precedent to precedent, and above all the simple but always dignified ceremonial by which its procedure is ruled, are of enormous value; and any infringement of them, such as was deplorably exhibited on one day last session, has its origin in treason to the House, and if not checked would lead to appalling dangers. Those who can recall the session of 1906, which for the first time saw Labour as a constituted party, and not merely a handful in a House of 670 men, may remember some symptoms of a tendency to flout, and to resist, that ceremonial usage. No greater service was done to the

House and to the Constitution than that performed by Mr Speaker Lowther, in sternly repressing any such tendency. It required no long perseverance to stamp it out; and within a few weeks, or even days, our Labour colleagues accepted, almost with cordiality, those solemn incidents of procedure which they quickly recognised to be in the interest of all parties.* Of course, we have frequent recrudescence of the evil, and at times it advertises itself with painful results; but it is confined to a handful, and injures the party from which it proceeds far more than the House.

Parliament has throughout been conscious that, in harmony with its constitutional powers, it must avoid the discussion of certain topics and must refrain from criticism of certain functionaries. It would be an evil day if the House assumed judicial functions, or interfered directly with the administration of those laws, for the making of which it is responsible. Any such criticism is, therefore, strictly tabooed, and proceedings against any Judge of the High Court can only be taken by a petition to the Crown agreed to by both Houses. The same fundamental rule prevents any interference with the functions of the Crown; and the House has so instinctively felt that the introduction of the Sovereign's name into debate was fraught with danger, that it is quick to resent the slightest approach to any infringements of this wholesome rule.

It is equally felt that if debates are to be properly conducted, and the dignity of the House maintained, there must be severe restraints upon the language used in attacking an opponent. Certain words have been expressly proscribed by precedent, and by clear pronouncements from the Chair. But the spirit by which this rule is inspired is not to be trammelled by any catalogue of proscribed words. The language of provocative retort is quick to adopt new expedients and, in slightly varied words, to convey equally offensive insinuations. At times, of course, those whose training and disposition incline

* An anecdote was current about the House during that Session of 1906. When H. M. read the Speech from the Throne amidst all the impressive ceremonial which is usual, one member of the Labour Party is said to have remarked to his neighbour, 'We must kill out all this.' 'It will take a lot of killing,' was the reply.

them to it, will resort, unabashed, to the language of the gutter. But their numbers are small, and their outbursts are spasmodic. It is the more cunning and deliberate weapon of calumny which has chiefly to be guarded against. And it may safely be predicted that Mr Speaker, confident in the support of the House generally, would find means of checking such vicious tendencies without allowing his action to be impeded by a too careful adherence to the list of epithets which custom or precedent has proscribed.

Now let us see how far the House of Commons of Wraxall's days, composed as it was almost entirely of those who sat there by privilege, and who were drawn from those sections of society from which custom demands special propriety of conduct, and a nice appreciation of the dictates of good taste, did observe these rules. Let us select a few specimens from different parties so that condemnation may not unfairly fall on one. Here is a paragraph from a speech of Fox, referring to the King's speech just presented to Parliament:

'Those ignorant of the character of the prince whose speech we have just heard might consider him as an unfeeling despot exulting in the horrid sacrifice of the liberties and lives of his people. The speech itself, divested of the disguises of royal forms, can only mean "Our losses in America have been most calamitous. . . . When, by Lord Cornwallis's surrender, all hopes of victory are for ever extinct . . . I prohibit you from thinking of peace. My rage for conquest is unquenched and my revenge unsated."'

The introductory words of mock palliative add to, rather than diminish from, the studied insults. It is absolutely certain that at the present day, the House would bitterly resent any such calculated attack upon the Crown. Yet in 1781, no attempt to check it seems to have been made.

Let us take another instance, also from Wraxall, of a personal attack, from the other side, which would certainly not be tolerated at the present day. It came from a Mr John James Hamilton who held a fairly high position at the Court and in Pitt's administration. On one occasion, in the debate on the Address, after some fulsome adulation of Pitt, he used these words,

designating Fox as the person indicated: 'One of those men, who having dissipated their fortune, impaired their constitution, and prostituted their talents, entered the House of Commons for the purpose of repairing their ruined finances from motives of personal ambition and self-interest.' It is quite certain that at the present day no member of the House who retained any sense of self-respect would allow himself to stoop to such language; nor would the House fail to let him see their sense of the indecency—if he dared to do so.

How would the House now endure an outburst like the following, recorded of so justly respected a member as Burke, who intervened with that passion of malignity which often besmirched his genius? The topic under discussion was the conditions under which a Regency would be established, in the event of the King's prolonged insanity. He swept away certain arguments for delay adduced by Pitt; and, addressing himself to the House, cried out passionately, 'Slaves, do you presume to hesitate or to hint a doubt on the point? I will satisfy your scruples. The question shall be debated, and decided.' Such a paroxysm would now be received by the House only with ridicule and contempt.

How would it estimate the generosity, or even decency, of one in the position of Dundas, who had a private grudge against Hastings, but who, of all men, knew the surpassing value of the great pro-consul's services to the Empire, using, while the cause of Hastings was yet unheard—and from his own knowledge as Chairman of the Secret Committee of Inquiry—these words in the House, 'Mr Hastings never visited the frontiers of Bengal, without having in his contemplation the imprisonment of a prince, or the extermination of a people'?

Nor is it to be forgotten that, apart from such outbursts as tainted the judicial atmosphere of the House, its proceedings were by no means exempt from the virus of corruption, inherited from the days of Walpole. At times this became a flagrant scandal. Wraxall tells us, with the support of very substantial evidence, of the doings under the Government of Lord Bute, as avowed by their authorised agent, a certain Ross Mackay, who died only in 1796.

'The Peace of 1763,' he says, 'was carried through by pecuniary distribution. . . . I was myself the channel through which the money passed. With my own hand I secured above 120 votes; 80,000*l.* were set apart for the purpose.' It is scarcely a sufficient answer to the well-established scandal to assert, as did the critics of Wraxall, that the stories were 'incredible.' In 1782 the form of corruption had changed and bribes were conveyed by flagrantly dishonest contracts. Whitbread—no contemptible witness—made such allegations openly in the House; and no attempt was ever made to answer, or even to inquire into them.

We must remember that the ugly stain of pecuniary corruption received considerable condonement in a House many of the most conspicuous members of which were personally interested in those well-paid sinecures, which were then recognised as legitimate instruments of government. Burke is still cited as one of the loftiest of characters in English statesmanship. Yet, in 1793, when his pecuniary position was embarrassed, he received as a grant from the Crown, two outstanding pensions for three lives, which he immediately sold for more than 30,000*l.* What would be the position of any member of the House at this day against whom such a transaction was even remotely suggested?

The truth is that at all periods and in all phases of its evolution, the House of Commons has had to go through various and not always edifying habits and episodes, and it is useless to expect that it will not always be liable to regrettable lapses. Its real and surest safeguard is a jealous maintenance of that sound, although often unwritten, tradition to which we have more than once alluded and to which the House instinctively clings. At the time of which Wraxall writes, in terms which, however tainted by occasional malevolence, wear an irresistible impress of truthfulness, the House was composed of men of marked ability whose social position ought to have been a guarantee of rectitude and honourable feeling. But they were tainted by an inheritance of pecuniary corruption which, if it did not partake of the flagrant scandals of times very lately passed, yet did undoubtedly spread throughout the ranks of the House an intolerable financial greed, and an insatiable appetite

for well-paid sinecures which still survived in considerable numbers even in the later days of George III. The consciousness that such motives prevailed did much to lower members in the estimate of one another, and so lowered the tone of an Assembly which might have been expected to bequeath to posterity a lofty standard.

It is, indeed, hard, and to many it must appear fanciful, to trace a certain continuity of spirit and of tradition, throughout the many generations of our Parliamentary life. Each period has had its peculiar, and often very diverse, faults. That to which we are now referring was certainly not lacking in distinguished ability, and it has bequeathed to us a proud gallery of Parliamentary portraits which perhaps no other age could emulate. There is, however, no doubt that the succeeding generation, if it did not rival the age of Pitt and Fox in Parliamentary distinctions, did contrive to get rid of a great deal of that atmosphere of pecuniary corruption which continued to be strong until the end of the 18th century. There will always be those who pursue their own selfish objects and whose political conduct is shaped by personal aims. But, at least, it can be said that the baits laid to allure the self-seekers became attenuated and that the appetite for them waned; and in the days of which Creevey and Greville profess to give us an account, such corruption had practically ceased, and any suspicion of being implicated in it would have effectually crushed any political career. The changes of the intervening century might certainly have broken most completely any traditions except those rooted so deeply as is the case in the House of Commons. The first change—not the most startling, but that which made its mark because it was the first step towards democratic institutions in our country—was the Reform Act in 1832, the echoes of which still sound through our political life. In its first results it aroused all the apprehensions of those who dreaded its effects upon the manners of the House. The old restraints were gone, it was said, and unbridled violence of language would soon banish the decencies of debate. As a fact no such thing happened. The new composition of the House produced, after some delay, legislation of a novel kind; but the outbursts of violence and licence died out almost at

once. The spirit of the House inevitably asserted itself against those who were disposed to be disorderly.

The Reform Act of 1867, as well as that of 1885, introduced a far stronger tincture of democracy than was involved in the Act of 1832. In each case new dangers were predicted; and the composition of the Parliament of 1885 was such as might have justified gloomy forebodings. Fortunately for the country, the House elected in 1885 was broken by the recklessness of its leader in regard to his Irish policy. Had it not suffered decapitation on that issue, there were many who thought it might have made startling advances on the democratic road.

It was in the election of 1906 that these intervening Reform Acts reached most closely to the democratic ideal. There were many contributory causes for the Radical triumph in that year. But even apart from these accessories, it was only natural that the changes of 1867, and of 1885, should at last attain full fruition. For the first time the Labour Party became a consolidated and organised body; and there were avowedly many who thought that one of the surest means of consolidating democracy was to break the bonds of Parliamentary tradition and flout the rules of Parliamentary decorum. We have already referred to the hardly sufficiently recognised services of Mr Speaker Lowther in firmly controlling any such design.

Our most recent experiment has been in what some deemed the bold, and others the reckless, advance of 1918 —when more than 7,000,000 voters were added to the electorate, under conditions that made it almost inevitable that its numbers must soon be still further increased. The Labour Party had now entrenched itself in a powerful position, and the advantages of that position were perhaps enhanced by the tactless exhibition of premature alarm on the part of some of its opponents. The Labour Party now openly avowed the principles of advanced socialism. Not only was a capital levy to be imposed, but the whole framework of the system upon which our commerce and our manufactures are based was to be swept away, and a complete revolution effected. A large proportion of the Party professed their confidence that this might be done by constitutional means, and not by resorting to violent, or, as they are designated,

'direct' methods. But a considerable contingent made no effort to conceal the fact, that no methods were too drastic or too direct for them; and they declined to pledge themselves to the so-called moderate measures advocated by their nominal leaders. It is hardly surprising that they should show very clear indications of their desire to sweep away any Parliamentary traditions or usages that might impede their progress in that direction. These extremists come largely from one district in Scotland, where there is a preponderating influence in the hand of Irish immigrants by whom the traditions of our Parliament are regarded neither with veneration nor with regard. To destroy these traditions would be, for itself alone, an object of ambition. Much more so, if its certain result would be the complete dislocation of the English economic system. Never, therefore, was it more imperatively necessary to defend rigidly, and without any thought of surrender, those traditions upon which the efficiency of the House depends. The flouting of them is part of a deliberate policy, not, we believe, shared by the bulk of the Labour Party, but which derives its real efficacy from the fact that it is associated too closely with the general policy of that party to be rashly disavowed.

The first entry of that new contingent in 1918, and its varied fortunes in later years, contain the material for some wholesome lessons. The House was disposed to be tolerant—some thought, too tolerant—of the first displays of disorder. They were chiefly characterised by the vilest of vulgar abuse—of the kind which soon evinces its inefficacy as a weapon, even to the prejudiced minds of those who resort to it. At first it evoked a certain sympathy from those associated with them; and we are obliged with regret to record that some of those who have since justly acquired the respect of the House, did, at the outset of their career, not stand aloof from such unmannerliness, which their self-respect has doubtless taught them now to despise. But there are still a considerable number who do not conceal their inclinations in that direction.

In dealing with such an attempt there must be no lack of vigilance, and there is no room for timid temporising. The House of Commons has experienced many transformations, and history has doubtless novel experiences

awaiting it. We have spoken of the far-reaching changes in the composition of the House, which threatened to break that continuity of tradition which is its principal safeguard, and fundamental changes in procedure, if made without great caution, might have gone even farther in the same direction. The need for such changes gradually impressed itself with increasing force. Much laxity could be tolerated when the proportion of those who aspired to join in debate was very small, and when they all belonged to a limited class of society, unconsciously inclined to obey the same rules of conduct. We are told that Lord Beaconsfield, in his last premiership, with the picture of the Irish party in his eye, pronounced that with the existing rules, it would be quite easy for two or three resolute men to hold up the whole business of Parliament. His forecast was almost realised. There was no power of limiting the length of speeches. Any member according to his own caprice could move the adjournment at an early hour, and prolong a varied discussion on that topic to the prejudice of all regular business. There was no limit of hours, and the only process by which persistent obstruction could be overcome was that of physical exhaustion. Without some revival of rules it became manifest that the functions of the House must be hopelessly hampered. And the more the obstructionists realised their powers, the more ruthlessly would they use them.

Yet those who recall the early 'eighties will remember the bitter opposition with which the suggestion of the closure was met, and how dire were the prophecies of the extinction of parliamentary freedom which it would involve. It must not be forgotten that amongst those who were staunch friends of constitutional traditions, and who would have nothing to do with any intentional lowering of the tone of Parliament, there were many who prized and used the privilege of giving loud, and, it may even be said, disorderly, expression to their estimate of the avowed obstructionists. Such men rarely obtruded themselves in debate; but there are many who must recall the time when the cock-crowing behind the Chair was considered a more or less legitimate instrument in killing an obstructionist debate. Such men, and not a few of the serious constitutionalists, felt that the

closure was a dangerous weapon. Had they foreseen its further developments in the 'Guillotine' and the 'Kangaroo,' their objections would probably have been even more pronounced. And yet what Member of the House would not be prepared to admit now that the closure and its many accompaniments, designed to curtail debate, are absolutely essential? They may doubtless be misused, and each side would probably be ready to adduce instances of such abuse. But as a fact, the very rule itself prevents the likelihood of such abuse, the more it works its way into the methods of the House, and becomes subject to its traditions. The House learns by habit to decide quickly and surely when closing methods are necessary and when they are not; and a Government which overstrained its powers in this direction would very soon lose the sympathy of the House. It is none the less true that if a man who ceased to serve in the House in the 'seventies, were suddenly to find himself a partaker of its life and business to-day, he would hardly recognise that he was sitting in the same assembly if he regarded the mere routine of business. On the other hand, as soon as he became accustomed to the details of the new order, he would find that he was sitting in a House, essentially and fundamentally the same as that with which he was formerly familiar. 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!'

There was another change, in comparatively recent years, from which many constitutionalists, attached to our Parliamentary traditions, shrank as something repugnant, and as a possible means of degrading the independence and dignity of the House. We refer to the payment of Members, which the Government of the day boldly announced, before the election of 1910, as a part of their policy, thus acquiring adequate authority for its subsequent introduction, without further reference to the electors. As a fact there was no special legislation for the purpose. The money required was voted in the Budget, and then confirmed by the Appropriation Act. The procedure was criticised, but probably on no very sound legal grounds. Undoubtedly this new step gave rise to grave misgivings, and seemed to portend a complete alteration in the status of Members of Parliament. We had long been accustomed to attach a certain prestige

to honorary service; and it was confidently predicted that the alteration would produce a change in the class of man who would seek access to the House. It may be permissible for the present writer, who dissented emphatically from the step, and recorded that dissent by his vote, to say that he is confident that he is not by any means alone amongst the dissentients of 1910 in feeling that his fears were unfounded. It is not so much that the payment of Members can be proved to have done any positive good. There are perhaps few in the House who owe their position there solely or even principally to the fact that they can reckon at least on the moderate salary. It might indeed safely be said that the proportion of such men amongst the Labour Party is not larger than in other parts of the House. The 'wages'—as Mr Gladstone was accustomed opprobriously to designate a form of payment to which he was vigorously opposed—did not really alter in any substantial way the composition of the House, still less did it alter its traditions and procedure. If it has made the position of any members more easy, and enabled them to meet the exigencies of their duties with more facility, few will be found to grudge a change of which they were formerly suspicious.

We have thus endeavoured to trace the results of the revolutionary changes in the composition of Parliament, in the constituencies to which Parliament is responsible, and in the avowed aims now put forward by certain Members of the House—which threaten the very foundations of our economical and commercial position, and which only a few years ago would have been eagerly and indignantly repudiated by any party in the House. We have briefly reviewed some of the more important changes in procedure, which have very fundamentally altered its debates and changed its administrative methods. Both these distinct categories of change merit attention; but it is, of course, the composition of the House itself which is immeasurably the most important. A large proportion of the critics of the House are alarmed with good reason at the threatening of revolution. This fear renders them more susceptible to the defects in the House of Commons, which seems to them to be daily losing its power as an effective bulwark

against revolutionary change. It were to be wished that these reasonable and widely-spread misgivings would stir in the minds of the constituencies a sense of their own responsibility for arriving at sound information and a sound judgment. The readiest means of obtaining this knowledge would be a careful study of good and adequate reports of the debates; but these, as we have stated, are not now provided as they used to be by the daily newspaper press. The position is indeed a dangerous one. The representative assembly of our country now includes many who openly avow revolutionary aims, and who profess no reverence for traditional Parliamentary methods. We believe that in the firm maintenance of these traditional methods lies the supreme hope of saving the Constitution. We believe further that by the blessing of providence, the vital continuity of Parliamentary life has been able to impress these traditions of which it has been the faithful custodian on the spirit of Parliament itself, quite apart from all the petty idiosyncrasies of parties or individuals. But that vital light must, at all costs, be cherished and its extinction guarded against. For that, all alike—the authorities of the House, the House itself, each member of it, and above all, the country speaking through the constituencies—are responsible. It is idle to scoff at Parliament and to belittle it by the circulation of trifling gossip as to its procedure. The country will have the Parliament it deserves. Help that Parliament to maintain its inherited identity and those traditions of which we may all be proud. Take care that those whom you send to it are conscious of their responsibility, and fit to share in those aspirations. Those who do not share them are either unworthy to do so, or are ignorant of all that they involve. Those who are concerned in them cannot permit or condone any laxity that would impair their force. The vital core of them is still in full activity if allowed its proper scope. And never let us forget those encroaching dangers of economic disaster against which they are the surest bulwark.

Art. 12.—CLASS TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.

An Essay towards the Philosophy of Education. By Charlotte M. Mason. Kegan Paul, 1924.

It is interesting to note the different ways in which the problems of education are being faced, by the Elementary Schools on the one hand and the larger Secondary Schools on the other. Of all the problems confronting the educational authorities, none of which are simple or unimportant, the most complex seem to be those which deal with the intellectual training; and further, the complexity is chiefly caused by the necessity of children being taught in classes and not individually. In other words, it is well known among school teachers of all grades that the leading educational writers, such as Pestalozzi, Herbart, Milton, Froebel, Herbert Spencer, have made many excellent suggestions, based on their knowledge of young minds, for the teaching of individual children; but the problem that faces the modern educationalist is, and always will be so far as we can tell, a matter of class teaching. Hitherto it has been thought that failure is far more likely to occur in a class of, say, fifty than in one of twenty-five; at least, if the failure in the smaller classes is still very noticeable, it is not nearly so glaring and undeniable as when the numbers are doubled. Hence, it has come about that for the last twenty or thirty years experiments have been fairly frequent in Elementary Schools. The aim has not been changed, but the methods have been modified; while in the Secondary Schools such changes as have taken place have been less due to doubts concerning the educational principles that are followed, than to the desire for variation of the curriculum; the aim being throughout to evoke in a larger number of children a living interest in knowledge for its own sake.

My present purpose is to inquire if this object is being secured; or if, on the other hand, there is some warrant for the fairly prevalent opinion that a high percentage of failures in the intellectual department of school-work is inevitable; and that, as the teaching has become far more conscientious and careful during the last forty years, it would be foolish to suppose that

satisfactory progress is not being made. The immediate subject of inquiry will be the stimulating of such a love of learning as will stand the test once stated by Dr Sadler, which can be applied to youths of seventeen and eighteen at the time of their leaving the Secondary Schools. It is as follows: Do they carry with them into the world any marked desire to go on learning the subjects which they have been taught at school? For if not, it must be admitted that the school training has been unsuccessful. Of course it is easy to misapply the test. To a superficial observer there has been an immense improvement in general industry during the last fifty years, and it has been crudely supposed that when that is the case the sum of knowledge in the rising generation must be greater than in the last; which gratifying result is ascribed not only to a change of social conditions which prohibits idleness, but also to far better methods of class teaching, and to a better human relation between master and boys. But if experienced teachers, or indeed any one with a first-hand knowledge of schoolboys, are asked the plain question whether a satisfactory majority of young men of eighteen can be said to have a thirst for knowledge for its own sake, the answers, it must be confessed, are disquieting. There is a general agreement that in some 60 per cent. of the boys of that age there is no discernible desire for learning, and that in the remainder such as exists has little reference to the subjects they have been taught, but is kept alive by knowledge picked up at haphazard in play-hours at school or in the holidays at home. This, it is admitted, is a somewhat dismal estimate, and the reports we hear up to date do not lend any encouragement to the hope that the intellectual vitality of our young people is more vigorous than it was a hundred years ago.

One grim symptom of this state of things should be noted. A considerable number of our Public schoolmasters, well aware of the improved standard of conscientiousness and skill in teaching which has been noticeable in the last half-century, and of the jejune character of the result, are inclined to fall back upon the theory that English boys are stubbornly averse from any intellectual effort and incapable of finding pleasure

in it. Hence it is believed that success in class teaching is not so much intellectual as moral. The aim of fostering and satisfying an eager thirst for knowledge has been abandoned in favour of the hope that tenacity of purpose, endurance of drudgery and dogged effort, are being secured; and, as was pithily put by one of them some twenty years ago, it matters not what subject boys work at provided that they hate it enough.

Meantime, the arduous task of bracing the wills of English boys to a prolonged effort of the mind for the securing of knowledge, which they can only hope in a kind of second-hand fashion will some day be profitable, has been lightened by various devices. Instead of ponderous lessons and long hours, indiscriminate severity, dingy class-rooms and unsympathetic teachers, our boys nowadays find that every effort is made to gild the pill. They feel the masters to be quite human, the books read are less remote from their experience than they used to be, and a galaxy of prizes is offered to those who are desirous of competing for them. The atmosphere is congenial, jokes are frequent, and the administration of the ferule is a thing of the past. Nevertheless, the intellectual results are, as has been stated, most disappointing. The character of the disease, however, requires some more careful diagnosis.

Foreign critics, inclined to disparage English education, have based their indictment upon young men's ignorance of history, science, and even literature. This and other causes have led to a widening of the curriculum, with the result that at twenty years old the average standard of knowledge among our young men is higher than it was; but that symptom is quite compatible with languid belief in learning. Especially noteworthy is the reluctance of young adults to pursue the subjects which they were taught in their schooldays, unless for professional reasons they are compelled to do so. Yet it was for the encouragement of this love that all the devices alluded to above have been brought into play. The question, in short, arises whether the cause of the disfavour with which boys still regard learning may not be due to some deeper reason than a wrongly constructed curriculum or want of skill in the teaching. We have, therefore, to inquire whether the trouble is

due, not to the choice of subjects but to the method of the presentation of all subjects; and it will be found, I feel sure, that the very artifices which have been invented for making lessons pleasant have operated to a contrary result. This requires explanation.

It is essential for the touching of the heart of the problem to observe the way in which a normal child learns before he is subject to regular lessons. Outwardly the picture is familiar. A child up to seven years of age is always looking about him, investigating through his five senses a miscellaneous and unassorted mass of facts; and, failing to arrive at their meaning, asks a string of disconnected questions of any one who happens to be within the range of his voice. A great deal of the information that he receives goes in at one ear and out at the other, but a certain amount finds a lodgment in his mind; and, according to a common estimate, is more securely remembered than facts gathered in later life. If this is so, there would seem to be some difference in the process of learning pursued by the untaught child and that which he is compelled to adopt when he sits in class under an adult teacher. Can the difference be discerned?

To put this question in other words we may ask, why does a child instantly forget a great deal of what he is told and firmly grasp a certain number of facts which he gathers either by himself or from listening to his elders? It is certain that of the latter category nothing is lost, while of the former only a little is retained. Why should there be so marked a difference? A rough and ready answer would be, that what he learns for himself his mind is ready for; what the teacher tells him later on is, as we say, put to him in the wrong way; but probably the truer explanation would be, that many things the adult thinks he ought to learn his mind rejects because it is not ready for them. A little reflexion will show that this readiness, or unreadiness, depends on how far the new fact is connected, or unconnected, with facts previously acquired by the little mind. That is to say, learning is the relating of a new fact to an old one; or, as it is put by our educational writers, a proceeding from the known to the unknown. Clearly what is meant is, that the child feels the relation which exists

between the one and the other. He is interested in the story of King Alfred and the cakes, because he knows a great deal about cakes and a little about kings, and experience has taught him what is meant by a scolding for a sin of omission. Let us note in passing that it is this previous knowledge which gives interest to the new information, and that all other devices for exciting interest are found to be abortive.

Moreover, we adults learn by doleful experience that facts acquired when there is no natural curiosity about them slip out of the mind far more easily than they come in. Many people know that after hearing a lecture we probably forget all excepting the answers to questions we have ourselves put to the lecturer. These and many other indications show that learning is an active assimilation of new facts or ideas by a mind, to some extent prepared for them by previous knowledge or experience.

We are now in a position to understand the apparent hopelessness of the task of a class-teacher. He is dealing with a score or two score of little minds, no one of which is furnished exactly like any other. Starting, as nearly all teachers do start, with the false belief that twenty or forty vessels are set before him which it is his duty to fill, he adopts the fatal policy of trying to stir interest by presenting the matter in a way that is interesting to himself and other adults of his acquaintance. He dimly knows that he is making a leap in the dark; but he does not know that what is interesting to him cannot be interesting to a child, or only to a very few of the more precocious. Conscious, moreover, of an impending examination looming before them, the youngsters make a violent effort to hold this meaningless and alien knowledge long enough to pass muster when the day of trial dawns. It is not wonderful or in the very least degree surprising that the whole process, through which they are obliged to pass, is distasteful to them. Meantime, it may be surmised that alien facts reluctantly taken in do actual harm while they remain in the mind by blocking the delicate machinery of thought and absorbing energies required for the process of sorting. Anyhow we must note that, as the method of teaching is fundamentally wrong, the mischief that is done varies directly with the zeal and conscientiousness of the teacher. Time was

when in certain Public Schools no subject was taught with any thoroughness except Latin. The time ostensibly devoted to Mathematics and French was used sometimes by the boys in gaining some knowledge of English literature, furtively read in the class-room when they were supposed to be doing something else. At the end of a few years of this singular blend of education they had acquired some precision in the knowledge of Latin, and a little general knowledge gathered by their own efforts. But when, later on, all subjects were taught with zeal and thoroughness, and the intermediate times were filled with other activities, such as military drill, lectures, compulsory games, etc., it was found that spontaneous and natural learning became impossible; and the unnatural effort to learn by being crammed or spoon-fed produced a deep and silent disgust with that which they were told they ought to love; namely, the acquisition of knowledge.

What, however, have the school authorities been doing meantime? They have furnished, or have been given, material for an abundant supply of prizes; thereby letting the boys understand that they are not expected to advance in knowledge except by efforts so painful as to demand bribery, to which the name of encouragement has been often given by Headmasters in their annual report on Speech Day. A dark fact, however, is passed over in silence. The only boys who are encouraged by prizes are the quick-witted who do not need any stimulus except the sense of making progress. The rank and file, some 80 per cent., are left to what they call 'slogging along,' feeling the necessity of passing some professional examination later on, on which they are told their happiness in the future largely depends. By this and other artifices a considerable increase in industry has been secured, and in moments of depression schoolmasters have taken refuge in this indisputable fact: noticing also that as the boys are now fully occupied they are much better behaved. One thing certainly to be noted is, that there is but little increase in spontaneous eagerness to learn what the universe and the history of mankind's efforts after a better world have to teach; and we are reminded too, of the weighty dictum of the philosopher Herbart—'All intellectual effort due to anything

except interest in the subject is bad for the character.' Meantime it must be admitted that there is one bright spot in the picture. In any school in which history, geography, and popular science are well taught there has been a perceptible growth of intellectual interest among some of the boys whose minds were previously unawakened. If the reasons for this gratifying phenomenon are carefully considered, we shall find ourselves set upon a road which promises to lead to something like the long-desired goal.

The truth is that, in being given the opportunity of learning some history and science, the boys have been allowed once more to assimilate knowledge in the natural way. But we must notice that science is spoken of as 'popular.' We are thinking, therefore, of knowledge as distinct from analysis. Science taught 'scientifically'—that is, the rudiments of chemistry and physics—is mainly analytical, as the grammar of a foreign language or mathematics is. We found that the child's process of learning was the gathering of new facts and relating them to the old by a rudimentary process of thought; the thinking faculty being thus unconsciously exercised. This is the only form of genuine learning possible for normal children under fourteen. But if this is so, how grievous has been the method pursued for some hundreds of years in this country! Down to about 1885, children and adolescents alike were supposed to wrestle with analytical problems intended for the training of the faculty of thought, without being given anything to think about. When the time given to these problems was curtailed and history substituted, a slight improvement was to be noticed. And when, later on, natural science, i.e. lectures on astronomy, trees, plants, and elementary biology, found a place in the curriculum, the number of boys whose minds were quickened was further increased. But a most serious mischief still continued for the youngest pupils—those of the Preparatory School age. Tradition still compels the masters in these schools to cling to the old subjects, which continue to occupy a foremost place in the entrance examinations. Moreover, as a minority of clever young boys in each Preparatory School are being trained for classical scholarships, the exigencies of the situation almost compel the Preparatory

School work to be of the analytical kind ; with the result that, on their entry into the Public School, the eagerness to learn which was manifest at the age of seven, has already given place to a mechanical and unexpectant sort of dutifulness which is called industry, but bears very little resemblance to the joyful discovery of the interest of life which marked the opening years of childhood.

I am aware that this statement of the situation will be impugned ; and many will say that the encouragement of 'English' subjects—that is, history, geography, literature, and natural science—has resulted in as much improvement as can be expected in this tantalizing world. Also, that the inevitability of teaching being given to large classes makes it idle to hope for any effectual change. To this I would reply that, as one great test of good teaching has failed to be fulfilled, we cannot acquiesce in things as they are. The mass of schoolboys in this country have lost all ardour in the pursuit of truth for its own sake by seventeen years of age, though at seven they were full of it. My contention is that their minds have been inhibited from gathering knowledge in the natural way, because of their being prematurely forced into analytical studies in the Preparatory Schools. Secondly, such imparting of knowledge as they have enjoyed has been marred by unworkmanlike methods. This I must explain as briefly as possible.

It has often been remarked by the handful of schoolmasters who have read books on educational theory, that the principles advocated are only applicable to a single child-pupil, and are irrelevant to the formidable problem of young adolescents gathered in classes. This is no doubt true of writers of note, such as we have already mentioned ; and disappointment on this score has, till recently, diverted the mass of teachers from the consideration of principles which they feel to be an unattainable ideal. But the difficulty has been met by Miss Charlotte Mason, whose method of applying the principles in question to large classes has achieved surprising success in Elementary Schools—that is, among children up to thirteen. The principles which, when stated, appeal most forcibly to our convictions are those which assume the spontaneous activity of the young mind ; and, as shown above, this activity has been

grievously discouraged by the conception of learning being a passive process on the part of the pupil, and the activity belonging to the teacher alone. All ardent young schoolmasters have started work thinking that the presentation of knowledge which seems to them to be most important and most interesting, is their work; and that if it is faithfully done there is no need to expect failure, except in the case of abnormally dull pupils. But if our diagnosis is correct, it will not be necessarily the dull pupils who reject such teaching, but those whose minds are not previously furnished to receive it, or whose method of apprehension is not identical with that which has been followed by the teacher.

The service Miss Mason has rendered to education is mainly practical. She has shown how the teaching of all English subjects can be effectively given by leaving the pupils instinctively to select from what they are told according as their minds are ready for it. Information is given from books carefully selected to suit the different ages. The reading of a passage once, or a single hearing of it read aloud, is followed by the reproduction, there and then, of the subject-matter, as far as possible in the children's own language: this is done orally or in writing. And the practice is in accordance with the frequently observed fact that a young child when interested in any new knowledge normally wishes to tell some one about it. This, it should be noted, is the wholesome completion of what is called assimilation. A child who passes on the last fact that he has gained hold of does not do so because he is a budding pedagogue, but because he instinctively tries to make sure that he has firmly grasped something which to him is a living truth: living because it is vitally related to some truth previously apprehended. If the problem set before class-teachers is calmly considered, it will be seen that the cause of failure is in the teacher's wrong conception of a child's mind. He imagines it to be a receptacle which it is his task to fill: instead of leaving the child to assimilate the new knowledge by his organ of apprehension, the healthy activity of which depends quite as much upon rejecting what is alien as upon imbibing what is congenial. For this wrong conception gives all the effort to the teacher and as little as possible to the

pupil; and yet the process of learning by adults as well as by children is, and must be always, a process of self-activity; an activity that shows itself quite as often in healthily rejecting as in healthily absorbing.

There are two further ingredients in the process which should be carefully noted. Hundreds of boys are said to be unable to concentrate. Now the faculty of concentration is by our method exercised daily by the information only being given once; whereas in the traditional method it is repeated over and over again by the teacher, who has the examination looming before him. Now when it is practically certain that the form in which he has presented the matter is unsuited to three-fifths of the class, could anything be more mischievous than the ramming or cramming of it in by the hammer-and-tongs method conscientiously pursued? Secondly, and less obviously, the great defect in the traditional method is counteracted by Miss Mason's careful stimulating of the imagination. We constantly hear lamentations from patriotic people on the want of imagination in the English mind. But imagination cannot be encouraged except by being exercised. Hitherto no such exercise has been allowed in Elementary and Preparatory Schools, though the age of the pupils demands it: that is, if we check it at that age it will never be recovered. Thus, as the presentment of the information is made as economically as possible—that is, without being enriched with details—many of the children give their imagination play by adding touches to give life to the picture. If the main outline of the story is firmly seized, these pleasant little excrescences are the healthy outcome of the beautiful faculty, with which we were all of us endowed more or less, but in most cases only for a short time. It will be seen that to this end the matter given by the teacher should be stated in pure, simple English, but bare of detail, so that the children should feel that there is something for them to do; and only the tenderest criticism of unhistorical additions is allowed so long as they show a living interest in the story.

Space forbids any further elucidation of the method here recommended. It is to be found fully explained in Miss Mason's posthumous work. But to patient-minded

people its best justification will be found in the many Elementary Schools where its success is already assured. It is, moreover, a gratifying fact that the Headmasters' Conference and the Preparatory Schools' Conference will be discussing the question at their annual Christmas gatherings. The Headmasters may be trusted to walk warily. Indeed they will be obliged to. There is too much of good sense in the objection sure to be advanced against our proposal to allow of its being ignored: I mean the fear that this is an attempt to deprive school work of its disciplinary character. But no one supposes that any such result is likely to occur, nor is it to be desired. Sidney Smith, in 1825, wrote of an objection to the facilitating of progress in Latin, that the boys would be deprived of the need of effort, by saying you might just as well blame Mr Macadam for giving us good roads on the ground that the horses would all become fat. The answer is indeed even more direct. Analytical studies—Latin and French grammar and arithmetic—will continue to be taught more or less on the old lines. Young boys do not mind their mental digestion being stimulated to act provided that they are meantime being plentifully provided with appropriate food.

EDWARD LYTTTELTON.

Art. 13.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

MR BALDWIN'S Government, and the House of Commons which supports it, enter this month their third year of life. They are at the middle of the voyage—'nel mezzo del cammin.' It is necessarily a critical moment in their career. The impressions, the influences which arise from contact with the electorate are at their weakest. The land from which they set out in October 1924 has sunk below the horizon; the new country of the next General Election to which they are bound has not yet begun to loom ahead. They have only their own instincts and principles to guide them. A year hence they will be making their land-fall; whether that be harbour or rock-bound coast will largely depend upon the course steered in this year of open sea. At the beginning of a year so momentous for the Conservative Party, it is surely wise to survey the situation and attempt an appreciation of it. The first broad question that arises in any such survey and appreciation is—What is the main political requirement of Britain? What, to-day, should be the principal objective of the party which has the responsibility of governing and guiding the nation? There can be no doubt as to the answer which the great body of sane, central, dispassionate opinion would give. What Britain needs and what public opinion demands is the continuance in power of a steady but progressive Government, neither stagnant nor fanatic, representative of and supported by the better mind of the nation, with its energies concentrated upon a broad national policy, not merely until the end of the present Parliament, but for another term of years thereafter. Below the temporary gusts of excitement and those questions which produce only the nine-days' small-talk of politics—now, whether this dockyard or that should be closed, or, again, why 200,000*l.* should be given for a Civil Service Sports ground—the central need, so clearly grasped and so forcibly expressed two years ago, has not materially altered.

To provide such a Government, the only party available would seem at present to be the Conservative. The internal condition of the Labour and of the Liberal Party

forbids the belief that either of them within two or three years could face the task. That internal condition is too notorious to require elaborate analysis. Both are clearly in a sorry plight. In the Labour Party the rift between Moderates and Extremists constantly widens, and is visible among the Parliamentary leaders, in the rank and file in the House of Commons, and, as was made manifest by the recent Trades Union Congress, in the organised Labour Movement as a whole. Nothing but external pressure of the severest sort can restore the solidarity of Labour. And the Liberal Party is apparently *in extremis*. Through the bitter feelings existing between the Pharisees and the Sadducees, the fierce vendetta of the two Liberal ex-Prime Ministers, their fundamentally different and conflicting conceptions of the strategy and tactics to be pursued, Liberalism has, it would seem, achieved what to the scientist is still denied—the splitting of an atom into its component parts. The Conservative Party alone stands between the country and another period of political confusion. The first and main feature of the situation thus is that it is no mere prompting of selfish party ambition, but the predominant national duty of the Conservative Party so to order its activities and policy that the reliance of the nation upon it will not be dissipated, and that it will be entrusted for another term of years with the government of the country.

If, then, the prime need of the country is for the assured continuance of a steadily progressive Government, made powerful and stable by a wide national support; and if there seems good reason for the view that such a Government can be provided after the next election only by the Conservative Party and, by neither the Labour nor the Liberal Party, whether alone or in combination, the next question in order of importance which arises is—What is the main task before such a Government? It is the achievement of 'Peace in Industry.' The reconciliation of Labour and Capital is the *sine qua non* of national prosperity. Peace in industry is no sentimental catchword. It is the first and greatest practical need in a country so highly industrialised as Britain. If peace in industry be obtained, the human foundations of prosperity are laid;

upon them the economist, the scientist, the education-alist, the statesman can build, and the resources of British civilisation, character, and knowledge be fruit-fully expended. But without peace in industry, Britain is a scorpion stinging itself to death. This truism assuredly needs no evidence to support it, especially in a year which has seen a General Strike actually take place as well as a stoppage in the mining industry, which, when these words are being written, has lasted some nineteen weeks and is not yet at an end. It is indeed not a proposition to be argued and re-argued. It is the fundamental fact of the situation; and like other fundamental facts, it demands more than the lip-service of hasty and superficial acquiescence. It has to be kept constantly in view, and so impregnate the consciousness of all who are dealing in positions of responsibility in the public affairs. For it must operate automatically as the touchstone and test of every action and every proposal, shaping and moulding them with the same insistence and unrelenting pressure with which the determination to achieve victory over the enemy acts as the mainspring of an army in the field or 'religion' dominates the mystic.

Now peace in industry in Britain cannot be attained in a day or a month or a year. It will only be secured if, over a long period, it is made the prime object of the policy of a government and a party determined to impress its views finally upon the nation. For it implies a change of attitude of mind in many. It rests upon the growth of confidence between class and class—and confidence in classes whom suspicion divides is 'a plant of slow growth.' Above all, it is a plant which, especially at its early stages, is easily and quickly destroyed. The establishment of peace in industry requires in the party and the Government that attempts it, the firm yet mild, the energetic yet patient, the sympathetic yet commanding personality and character, which a man must have to train and temper a high-mettled horse. It is no job for the irritable, the vengeful, the petty, the unstable, the callous, or the cowardly. It calls for the best, and nothing but the best, for a long time and for the whole of that time.

It may be asked, How can a government or a political

party bring about peace in industry or by what positive policy can it be developed? Only some guiding propositions can be stated here. Firstly, the general policy of the Government and the activities of the party must rigorously eschew purely class or party actions and aims. What a Government refrains from doing, may, for the purpose of establishing confidence between different classes, be even more important than what it does. Secondly, Labour must be encouraged and given every possible opportunity to obtain an economic and industrial status higher than that of a mere wage-earner only. At present the workman's life is hopelessly lopsided. He has full political status: he has full educational status. Economically, he is on the level of a machine; for, in the language of political economy, his wages, the sole reward of his industry, are only part of the cost of production. The status of ownership must be introduced into the economic life of the wage-earner. It is futile to talk of the reconciliation of Capital and Labour unless there is similarity of economic status. The method by which alone this can be done, under the conditions of modern industrial production, are share-holding, profit-sharing, co-partnership. Peace in industry as well as the general stability of the community rests eventually upon the steady development of a property-owning democracy. The scope of direct legislative action, particularly with regard to profit-sharing or co-partnership, is exceedingly limited. But by exercising its influence to guide public opinion towards this objective and by developing such cognate policies as the extension of small ownership in land (which is by no means without influence on the psychology of urban labour) and of individual house ownership, the Conservative Party can, if it will, act as a powerful directing force towards industrial peace.*

So far, the situation, with its needs, lays itself out in the plainest, broadest, and most simple lines—the continuance of a stable, progressive Government, concentrating its energies and directing the efforts of the nation to the attainment of peace in industry, with, so

* These topics are more fully discussed in previous volumes of the 'Quarterly Review': 'Labour in the New Era,' January 1925; 'The Nation and the Land,' July 1925.

far at least as other competitors are concerned, the Conservative Party, the natural and probable, if not the only possible, provider of such a Government and such a policy. The Conservative Party has thus a great part to play.

What of its present temper and mood? Does it give reasonable hopes that it is able and anxious to make the effort required, involving perhaps a sacrifice of other objectives and almost certainly the abandonment of some prejudices? The prestige, the qualities, the intense concentration of the Prime Minister on this policy, the extraordinary *rapprochement* and mutual understanding which exist between him and the great body of his fellow-countrymen, give just such a hope. But it must be admitted that there has been, since the General Election, a distinct and definite movement to the Right, an obvious hardening of opinion in the party as an organisation—visible in its central and local associations, in the resolutions passed at its annual conferences, and to some extent among the rank and file of its members in the House of Commons. There is nothing abnormal in such a movement. The grand climacteric of the Right is always reached at the moment when a Conservative Parliament is at its furthest from the electorate. The tragedy of the situation, if tragedy be not too strong a word, is that the Right is perhaps not greatly interested in peace in industry. It does not, of course, except in extreme and quite inconspicuous cases, want war. It is rather that its heart and wishes are set on other matters, which prevent it fully appreciating the predominant national importance of peace. It certainly does not realise how slow and laborious a process it is to obtain and establish it. Very revealing have been the criticisms occasionally and furtively expressed of the Prime Minister's concentration on this objective: for the somewhat incredulous consent given him by this type of mind when, in March 1925, he counselled the House of Commons to discard the Trades Union Levy Bill, was exchanged within a month or two for the comment that the policy of peace was failing. Suspicion, apparently, in the view of the Right, can be turned into confidence as quickly as eggs can be turned into omelettes.

Two main factors have assisted this movement to the

Right, this hardening of opinion: first, the rapid and successful extension of political authoritarianism in Europe; secondly, the General Strike at home. The full effects upon political thought in England, the incitement given to fallacious and dangerous deductions by what may be described as the anti-democratic Counter-Reformation now in progress in the Latin and Catholic countries cannot be fully discussed here. It must suffice to say that only the most superficial and empirical politician could suppose that a system of authoritarian Government, apparently well-suited to and highly relished by the Italian, the Spaniard, the Pole, and the Greek, has any relevance to or would be tolerated by a people with the instincts, the character, and the traditions of the British.

The General Strike and the measures of necessity taken to meet it are another matter. The combination of moderation and strength shown by the Cabinet was perfect. But an emergency which arms the Executive with dictatorial powers and exhibits it in untrammelled authority and activity naturally stimulates, as it seems to justify, the point of view of the Right. In nothing more than a desire for 'firm and resolute government' does appetite grow with what it feeds on. It seems so short and easy a step to apply to ordinary circumstances the methods proper to extraordinary, that the success with which the Government and the nation broke the General Strike inevitably accentuated and accelerated the hardening of the opinion of the Right. But this hardening of opinion, so long as it does not result in the promotion of a positive and incompatible policy, would not absolutely preclude the prosecution of industrial peace. Yet it might well put success in jeopardy: a campaign necessarily so long and demanding so much patience, can hardly be won if half the army be half-hearted.

It happens, however, that the Right, as it approaches its grand climacteric, would seem to be concentrating its hopes and directing its energies on utilising the third and critical year of the Government for the passage of two specific measures—the amendment of the law relating to Trades Unions, and the Reform of the Second Chamber.

These are large topics. Both bristle with difficulties; raise immense issues; are charged with explosive matter. In combination, they will monopolise the session in which they are being dealt with, set its tone, determine its character, and, for good or evil, affect the country's view of Conservatism. How do they bear upon its main objectives? Will they help towards peace in industry? Will they increase or diminish that general confidence in the Conservative Party, which is essential, if, in return, it is to supply the nation with a strong and stable Government after the next General Election? These questions deserve the most careful consideration: for they are the pivot of the whole political situation.

The two topics of the amendment of the law regarding Trades Unions and the Reform of the House of Lords must be considered separately; but, first, it is to be observed that they have one striking feature in common. Neither was before the country at the last General Election. So far as Trades Unions are concerned, it is true that some Conservative candidates pledged themselves to support an alteration of the methods by which the political levy is raised. But even that limited and specific proposal was not made part of the official platform of the Election; and otherwise, Trades Unionism, its position under the existing law, and the possible amendment of that law, were subjects left alone. To the Reform of the House of Lords, a constitutional question of the first magnitude, cutting deep into the whole political and social structure, reference was made in few if any constituencies by Conservative candidates. It was not so much as mentioned in Mr Baldwin's election address. Speaking at Perth, however, four days before the polls, the Prime Minister made the following carefully-guarded declaration:

'It is our duty to consider, within the framework of the Parliament Act, whether it is practicable to make provision for the machinery of the Second Chamber for preserving the ultimate authority in legislation to the considered judgment of the people, and, if it is practicable, the adaptation or amendment of the constitution of the House of Lords would be a necessary condition for carrying this into effect.'

There was no suggestion, in these words, that a

drastic reform of the House of Lords was to be the central measure of the central session of the ensuing Parliament.

It may be confidently laid down as sound constitutional doctrine and essential to the honest use of the power confided to a party by the electorate that topics of first-rate importance, which have not been in issue at the preceding election, should not be made subjects of legislation by Parliament, unless some new circumstance, arising since the election, has made such legislation urgently, instantly, and imperatively necessary. This year of 1926 affords an example of such imperative necessity. A plain though unpalatable duty forced Parliament to pass the Eight Hours Act, so soon as it became clear that unless the existing law was amended, men employed in the mining industry would have to accept a lower rate of wages, involving, of course, a lower standard of living, than would otherwise be necessary. The surgeon's knife had to be used, and used at once, if the stricture was to be relieved.

But have any circumstances arisen which make the amendment of the law regarding Trades Unions and the Reform of the House of Lords urgently, instantly, and imperatively necessary? So far as the Reform of the House of Lords is concerned, it would be ludicrous to maintain that they have. A question which had for eleven years been quietly 'brooking no delay' was not likely to acquire a new urgency during two years in which a Conservative Government was in power, supported by a majority of over 200 members in the House of Commons. If reasons of urgency have to be found in order to make a drastic reform of the powers and composition of the Second Chamber a legitimate constitutional proceeding of the present Parliament, they must be sought elsewhere than in any event of the last two years; for no such event has occurred.

In regard to the Trades Unions, it seems to have been too readily accepted that the General Strike and the coal stoppage are new circumstances which make amendment of the law imperatively necessary. What grounds are there for this view? The petard long prepared has been exploded, with infinitely less damage to the community than could have been anticipated. The truth is

that amendment of the law relating to Trades Unions has been rendered less and not more urgent and imperative by recent events. But they have given an opportunity for action. It is this opportunity that, at all costs, the hardened opinion of the Right is determined to seize. Had these events really made immediate legislation essential, they would necessarily have shown clearly and obviously what it should be. They have, in fact, only produced a vague feeling 'that something must be done.' It is said that the General Strike has shown the necessity of defining accurately what is and what is not a legal strike. There may be doubt on this point; but the main result of the General Strike is that such an effort will not again be made, except with the open and unmistakable intention of initiating a revolution. The General Strike will never again be used as an industrial weapon, for, as such, it was an absolute and disastrous failure for its users. It has wrecked their forces. Of what use are legal definitions in face of an attempted revolution? That can only be met by the armed forces of the State and the whole weight of the community's abhorrence. Defining and declaratory legislation, therefore, would be directed either against an event which will not occur or else against one, to deal with which it would be inappropriate and futile.

Next it is said that no longer can Government employees be allowed to join Trades Unions. Certainly the desertion of large numbers of them was one of the gravest features of the General Strike, and, on the assumption that general strikes 'have come to stay,' such a precaution would no doubt be wise—though, of course, quite useless if the purpose of the strike were open revolution. Otherwise, it is a matter for serious consideration whether a Government is to mark its disapproval of Trades Unions, as a means of collective bargaining between employer and employee, by forbidding its own employees to belong to them. For the rest, what new light has been thrown on the policy of introducing a secret ballot or on peaceful picketing—the only other topics on which it would seem that any considerable body of opinion desires legislation? The secret ballot would not have prevented the coal stoppage. Men do not go idle and wageless for nineteen weeks, unless, at

the outset at least, their hearts are in the policy of resistance. Moreover, the practical difficulties connected with a secret ballot are almost insurmountable. As for peaceful picketing, it was not picketing which, for so long, maintained the miners' front unbroken. Where a break-away has been prevented, this has been the result of leaders pouring into the district and using their authority, their influence, their oratory, to confirm the minds and wills of their followers. And it is generally agreed that no legislation can cope with the deadliest form of picketing—the intimidation to which the wage-earner's wife is subjected in her home or in the street. That can only be prevented by executive action and police or other protection. Not sections of statutes, but squads of policemen and companies of soldiers, must deal with such pickets as surrounded the London Docks or demanded their T.U.C. permits from motorists at the outskirts of Edinburgh during the General Strike.

Even if recent events have thrown no clear or certain light on what amendment of Trades Union law is urgently necessary, the fact may well be that the law, as it stands, is far from perfect and should be improved. Is it the time to undertake this improvement immediately after events so large and exciting as the General Strike and so serious as the coal stoppage? Unless the safety of the State requires instant action, the wiser course would be to wait until opinion had returned to normal, until tempers had cooled, until there was no danger that the spirit of *væ victis* may appear in the statute book. There is another consideration which forbids hasty action—even if it be assumed that action is needed. The events of 1926 must have produced upon the Trades Unionist a profound effect. Their novelty and magnitude make this certain. Let him have a breathing-space to turn them over in his mind, in order that he may draw his own lessons from them. It is needless to prophesy what these lessons may be, but to interrupt the ruminating process, which may be so helpful, with panic legislation, for which there is scant urgency, is to lose the opportunity that out of the waste and follies and blunders of 1926 good may come. And again, public opinion greatly desires the return of the Trades Unions to their industrial work and the abandonment of their political.

To threaten them with legislation which may be punitive and will certainly arouse their suspicions, is to force the Trades Unionists into the very centre of the political stage. It will give them a rallying ground. In resisting such legislation to the best of their powers, as resist they must, they will be plunged into a purely political struggle. The best way by which the Conservative Party can help to divorce the Trades Unions from politics is to refrain from legislation against them.

But the main and overwhelming argument against the introduction of Trades Union legislation next session is that it is very nearly incompatible with the pursuit of peace in industry—so nearly indeed that it is not worth undertaking, unless to the safety of the State it is essential. The wage-earner, though he may criticise his Union, knows in his heart of what value it is to him. He knows that the right to strike and to strike effectively is essential, if the Trades Unions are to have a weapon in reserve. It is true that many wage-earners are not Trades Unionists. It is true that many dislike the methods of their Unions; but an attack upon the Unions is an attack upon the wage-earning class, and the wage-earning class as a whole will rally in their defence. Trades Union legislation is, for the Conservative Party, however good and honourable may be the motives for its introduction, the policy not of peace but of the sword. And the opportunity for the opposite policy which is opening now may not come again. The State, the Government, the Conservative Party, and the Nation have shown their strength, which proved, naturally enough, to be irresistible. Let them now show their patience, and from the vantage-ground on which they stand, concentrate upon a healing policy. The position is really the same as that with which Abraham Lincoln was faced at the conclusion of the Civil War. Measures of vengeance and oppression were pressed upon him, and by the very people who when the struggle appeared doubtful were faintest-hearted. But Lincoln, who was adamant during the war, refused to treat the beaten side with harshness. Such, indeed, is the lesson of high statesmanship always; let it be applied now, and in its application it may lay the foundations of industrial peace. If, on the other hand, the contrary policy is

pursued, not merely will the chances of industrial peace be imperilled, but also the Labour Party, like the Trades Unions, will find a rallying ground on which to restore the forces at present demoralised. And in this issue the whole of the Prime Minister's policy is involved. The moment calls for courage and leadership. Peace in industry may now be within his grasp if he returns to the task interrupted by the industrial upheaval. He is pledged to 'pick up the bits.' At present it seems as if there were those who were determined to grind them to powder.

While, however, it may be just possible to gratify the hardened opinion of the Right by some Trades Union legislation, a drastic alteration in the powers and composition of the Second Chamber cannot be accomplished in this Parliament without destroying either the reputation or the solidarity of the Conservative Party. We have seen that no plea of new circumstances arising since the General Election can be called in to excuse or justify this Parliament undertaking such action. It was not for that purpose that it was elected. To construct, introduce, and carry a complete scheme of vital constitutional change without giving the electorate an opportunity of expressing their views upon it, would be an abuse of a parliamentary majority such as has never yet been attempted in modern politics. The fundamental constitutional principle of the Conservative Party, expressed by every leader and echoed by every follower is, in Mr Baldwin's own words, 'to preserve the ultimate authority in legislation to the considered judgment of the people.' But the proposal to complete the reform of the House of Lords in this Parliament neglects and contravenes that principle, for it gives the people no opportunity whatsoever of using their judgment. The Conservative Party, in short, in attempting to re-establish the sound constitutional principle it has invariably enunciated, would start by breaking it. Clearly something is wrong here. It is not difficult to see what it is. The plan, at core, involves a Parliamentary *coup d'état*. Now, if there is anything certain in constitutional matters, it is that one *coup d'état* begets another. For the school of thought which sees a revolution at every corner, it would be pre-eminent folly to peddle in such

perilous stuff. Intellectually, of course, it is on the level of the anxious householder who searches with a light for a leak in the gas-pipe. However the question of the House of Lords is to be dealt with, it cannot, with any regard to the most elementary constitutional decencies, be disposed of by any large or final scheme in the present House of Commons.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this Parliament has no mandate to complete during its course the task of reconstructing the Second Chamber or of altering its powers. The Coalition Parliament had such a mandate. It was the price of coalition stipulated for by the Conservative Party, but it was never exacted and never paid. It has not been renewed. Nor is that all. When the Liberal Government decided in 1910 to diminish the powers of the House of Lords, it took the strong course of appealing to the country and of getting its approval. The present conditions, therefore, have received the sanction of the electorate in the most direct and definite way through a general election. The election of December 1910 was devoted almost exclusively to a discussion of the respective merits of the Parliament Bill and of a rival scheme put forward by the Conservative Party, which included the re-modelling of the composition of the House of Lords on semi-elective lines and the application of the Referendum for the solution of deadlocks between the two Houses. That scheme was rejected at the polls.

To attempt such a *coup d'état*, to turn the energies of the Conservative majority in the House of Commons to carrying it out, would be to put an immense strain upon the solidarity of the Party. It is by no means certain that it could sustain it. The attempt cannot be made without incurring the risk that the party in this Parliament would be so shaken that it would be no longer fit to give the country a stable government after the next general election. The proposal thus runs counter to, and is utterly incompatible with, the main duty of the Party so to order its activities that, whatever be the internal condition of other Parties, it, at least, is able to supply this prime need of the country. Those who insist that drastic reform must be carried out in this Parliament are proceeding—no doubt unconsciously—on the

assumption that the Conservative Party will be defeated at the polls and, by fair means or foul, must, before that happens, erect a constitutional bulwark against the legislation of its successors. It is a defeatist policy; it is founded on the fear of defeat, not on the duty of achieving victory.

Yet a constitutional problem there is, for the fact remains that at present no adequate means exist of insuring that in legislation 'the considered judgment of the people shall prevail.' If a Parliamentary *coup d'état* be renounced, how is the problem to be approached? There are only two practicable methods. The first is to introduce during this Parliament a complete scheme of reform of the House of Lords, for the purpose of full discussion and criticism in both Houses, and, thereafter, to make such a scheme, if it commands the approval of at least the Conservative Party, a leading issue at the next general election. By this method the grave risk that the Conservative Party may be shattered is avoided; while at the same time the whole of the difficult questions, upon which at the moment there is both dubiety and difference, will receive ventilation, and the attention of the public under conditions of calm and coolness be turned to this large constitutional question. The other course is to proceed by stages, abandoning the attempt to reach constitutional finality even in the next Parliament. Minor alterations in the composition of the House of Lords, 'within the framework of the Parliament Act,' could, of course, be carried out without constitutional impropriety. It would immensely strengthen the House of Lords as a legislative chamber if its numbers were reduced through the whole peerage electing a certain fixed number of their members to sit in Parliament. There is at present no authentic representation of Labour in the Lords. That is a practical defect which could be remedied by giving the Crown, through the Prime Minister, the right to summon, after a general election, a certain number of individuals to sit in the Second Chamber for the duration of the Parliament.

No attempt need be made here to lay down categorically which of these two methods is the better. Both of them, from a purely constitutional point of view, are unimpeachable. The present writer approaches the ques-

tion from the position that the final objective is a reduced but reinforced House of Lords, entrusted with powers of reference to the people. To achieve that end, internal reform of the House must take place first, in order that the country, by experience, may be satisfied that it is fit to wield such a power. If, on the other hand, it is desired to reach finality at the earliest possible date, it would seem inevitable that the House of Lords should be made an elective chamber. But the introduction of the elective principle is beset with difficulty or with danger. The hereditary Peers, it may safely be premised, would never consent to the complete withdrawal of their right to sit in the Second Chamber. Thus an insurmountable difficulty would confront a Conservative Government which proposed a purely elective body. Yet the partial introduction of the elective principle is the most unsatisfactory of all expedients. It brings the hereditary and the democratic principles into direct conflict and opens the door to a new phase of political agitation, undertaken with a view to making the Second Chamber elective only. There is, therefore, much to recommend the second alternative. It is in keeping with the temper and tradition of England. For England shrinks instinctively from constitutional change until change is proved, by events, to be actually necessary, and even then prefers to take one step at a time. The Parliament Act has not yet been proved, in practice, to be a failure. The Referendum, though many believe that it is the destination to which British democracy must move in its gradual evolution, is viewed with doubt and suspicion by some Conservatives and nearly all Liberals, who even now retain much of the Whig tradition that the political function of the people is strictly and permanently limited to the election of parliamentary representatives. This and much more that could be added merely show that public opinion is not yet ripe for a final scheme of reform. However that may be, and whichever of the two alternatives be selected (if, indeed, the whole subject of the House of Lords be not left untouched for the moment), it is clear that the policy of endeavouring to pass in this Parliament a final and drastic scheme of reform of the Second Chamber is unsound, dangerous, a gamble, and a folly.

To sum up the political situation, the duty and the objective of the Conservative Party are plain and obvious. It is the maintenance for a considerable number of years of stable and progressive government and the establishment of peace in industry and the reconciliation of Labour and Capital. For this the situation is favourable and the opportunity auspicious. The disintegration of the rival Parties is complete. Its own reputation stands high. The national regard and respect for the Conservative leader is deep. Across this prospect there falls the shadow of a grave danger, originating within the Party itself—the desire to use its power to obtain a mechanical security, instead of an organic—in industry by ‘curbing the power of the Unions,’ in the Constitution by erecting a bulwark against the next Socialist Government. It is driven by the desire to achieve incompatibles. To pursue incompatible aims is to court failure: to achieve them is impossible. Faced with the alternatives of ‘a smack at the Trades Unions’ or the reconciliation of Capital and Labour; of the alteration of the constitution by a Parliamentary *coup d’état* or the continuance of the national confidence in the moderation, fair-mindedness, and disinterested outlook of the Conservatism of to-day, the Conservative Party enters a fateful year. How will it stand in October 1927?

NOEL SKELTON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Henry Rider Haggard—Walt Whitman—Restoring Shakespeare—Prof. Weekley—Bart Kennedy—Godwin's Enquiry—William Lisle Bowles—Sadhu Sundar Singh and Another—Becket and the Albigenians—German Stories—Gilbert and Sullivan—The French Drama.

TIME was when between the spring and the autumn seasons of publishing there was a dead period or holiday time. Such abstinence in the output of books seems to have passed away, and a casual glance at the stream of literature poured forth during the recent summer, suggests that much of it is an opportunity for the release of serious and even unreadable thought—lay sermons on life and time, the soul, evolution, and other aspects of existence, natural or otherwise, from the mystical to the mathematical. It is just as well perhaps. The thought which cannot be expressed is apt to grow intolerable; and that, doubtless, is the cause of much of the literary lumber which suffers its brief, dusty, and neglected day. As is our duty we shall examine some of the better of the serious efforts that have reached us in the past few months; but, possibly because of that régime of printed dullness, we are glad to welcome the new inflow of autumn books.

Among the best of these is Sir Henry Rider Haggard's posthumous autobiography, '*The Days of My Life*' (Longmans), written in 1912, but kept meanwhile in the publishers' safe, and now issued under the excellent editorial care of Mr Charles Longman. It did not need these volumes to remind us of the truth that Rider Haggard, besides being possibly the most popular writer of romance in his day, was a large-hearted, high-minded, serviceable man; who, indeed, was a little disappointed at his own success in literature for it took from the time and energies he would rather have given to legal, political, and social activities. 'To me happiness and work well-done, or service faithfully accomplished, are words with a like meaning,' he wrote in this honestly self-revealing record, and his acts and deeds prove the assertion true. He was happy in his work as a Norfolk and a South African farmer; as a lawyer, a magistrate, an examiner

of agricultural conditions in England and in Canada; while at the beginning of his career he helped to make history under Bulwer and Shepstone at the Cape. His were the hands that hoisted the official Union Jack at the first annexation of the Transvaal; and always he lamented with indignation the stupidities, levity, and ill-feeling which tended to make South Africa a bloody cockpit and the grave of innumerable reputations. Rider Haggard did good service to the country and the Empire he frankly loved; but in spite of his thinking little about them we cannot allow so excellent a master of fighting romance, with its colour, excitement, picturesque circumstance and healthy sentiment, to go to his last place, without paying a tribute to the teller of tales. In this autobiography Rider Haggard confesses that his mental sympathy had a natural tendency towards ancient Egypt, the Norsemen, and the savages of Africa, and that to write the stories in which Allan Quatermain played his part was recreation to his active pen, because he himself was Allan Quatermain. Also, he suggests, while keeping on the right side of a sane acceptance of possibilities without plunging into the whirlpool of psychic wonder which often has been death to the credulous, that there might have been a supernatural explanation of that mental sympathy. It is a touch of the mighty problem which accompanies the mystery of genius. Certainly some of the coincidences he describes are curious. The particulars are too lengthy to quote here; but in 'King Solomon's Mines,' 'Mr Meeson's Will,' 'Maiwa's Revenge,' and 'Fair Margaret,' a less-known book, extraordinary predictions or confirmation of facts occur which at the time of the writing were unknown. To mention the names of those novels—household words—compels the recognition that through them his fame is surely established in the popular heart. And what mighty stuff they were! Evidently they thrill now as they thrilled their earliest readers; and it is good to feel that even at this over-written day, when thrills are made by the hundred in newspapers and on the film, Ayesha wields her mystic lure, Allan Quatermain retains his ascendancy with rifle and courage, Maiwa's little hand touches the heart to tears, and the magnificent Zulu, Umslopogaas, triumphantly keeps the steps; and so with the other

warriors and lovers in all regions, who, marching through these illumined pages, maintain the deathless victory of old romance. Interesting as it is, we could gladly have dispensed with the photograph of Umslopogaas taken the day before his death, as it detracts from his visionary splendour—and after all, when the exactitudes of the camera are pitted against the illusions of the heart, who is to say that the mere machine was right? We prefer to keep in mind the ebon hero who fought the great fight. This is a fine autobiography, welcome and valuable, not only because it records the achievements of a successful writer and loyal citizen; but also because it reflects the personality of a true English gentleman.

Mr John Bailey's '**Walt Whitman**' (Macmillan) is a happy return to the high traditions and standard of the '**English Men of Letters**,' which had become somehow lost from its predecessors in the new series. This volume gives a lucid and sufficient account of the man, his life and circumstances; and then proceeds to an excellent piece of constructive criticism. If some of us were a little jaded through the irregularities of Whitman's muse, and the after-effects on the multitudes of poetasters who clipped their prose into ill-regulated lines and fondly fancied they were guilty of free verse, we now can return to his works with a restored eagerness. Mr Bailey is aware of the defects of his poet, and points out the weaknesses and frequent wrongness—the wildernesses of catalogue, the occasional bald journalism and bathos; but such blemishes, inevitable to a pioneer whose heart was warm and alive with prophetic greatness, are comparatively nothing. Whitman was a vital force, whose humanity will enrich the world for centuries to come; the lover of the downtrodden and the under-dog, his sympathy was greater than all America, while still he was peculiarly American. He expressed the national ideal in their Civil War, and himself was made by that War. The singer of the spiritual greatness of Abraham Lincoln, he shared that greatness, as he shares the immortality of his '**Captain**.' A successful, helpful book is this upon Rare Walt Whitman.

So many foolish volumes are annually printed and issued around the poems, plays, and personality of William Shakespeare, that the receipt of a work of

serious constructive criticism, something which upbuilds and does not mislead or detract, is greatly welcome. And here, from Vienna, has come such a book. '**Restoring Shakespeare**' (Allen and Unwin) consists of a sustained and amply justified, critical analysis of the misreadings and misprintings in Shakespeare's Plays, as they have been put right, with facsimiles of letters and other examples of handwriting, the work of an Austrian professor, Dr Leon Kellner. This book should be on the shelves of every Shakespearean student, for no one better knows how incomprehensible sometimes are passages in the plays. Often the stumbling-block is one word which comes like a madman's cry in the midst of a phrase otherwise crystal clear. Dr Kellner goes so far as to assert that bad sense of the kind is impossible with Shakespeare. It might have happened to Marlowe or Massinger, he declares; but not to him; and the lucidity which comes after he has applied the test of a close examination of the lettering of the time, whether printed or written, goes far to justify his courageous assertion. Apart from its positive usefulness, this volume is good for browsing in, as we see the prudent critic at work realising common sense where chaos had been, and incidentally bringing to mind memories of scenes and characters which have given pleasure to theatre-goers for three hundred years. It is pleasant also to read the dedication to William Archer, a Quarterly reviewer, whose work and influence for literature and mankind were always on the side of luminous sanity.

Here is another of those witty and jolly books by Prof. Ernest Weekley, '**Words Ancient and Modern**' (Murray), which do more to spread the light on the history of our language than all the ordinary works of philology put together; for the reason that, while he is as accurate and full of information as, let us say, the egregious Dr Dryasdust, he is read for the enjoyment he gives; whereas the works of the beetle-brained doctor, who has as much humour in his heart as, to quote Toby Belch, 'would clog the liver of a flea,' are avoided as dead-sea fruit. The whole secret of Prof. Weekley's success is that he is alert to the living interest of language. He culls fruitful instances from the great works of old time: Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare,

Scott, as well as from Tommy in the trenches and the latest newspaper slang. This freshness makes his book vital; familiar without flippancy. He traces within its pages the possible, probable origin and history of seventy-four words, and in doing so brings intellectual profit as well as interest and honest amusement to his readers.

Mr Bart Kennedy has a genial nature and a simple soul. His '**Golden Green**' (Cecil Palmer) is a pleasant book, briefer and slighter than its bulk suggests. Mr Kennedy has been a sort of tramp; and undoubtedly is blessed with the gift of innocent wonder; so that in his walks abroad in Kent, at the proper speed of two and a half miles an hour, he has taken note of the shining simplicities of existence, and found them to be the miracles they are. He saw stars in their brilliance and at once was conscious of infinity, vital and inhabited; he felt the rain fall; he heard the birds sing, and with the ears of his imagination hearkened to wisdom and melodies breathed by immaterial and eternal lips. All that is to the good, although indeed it does not carry us so far as this kindly author thinks it does; but Mr Kennedy's interest is not limited to the illimitable. His feet—ever at his proper tramp's pace—carry also to the mellow atmosphere of what he calls a 'pub,' wherein he enjoys his 'pint,' and evidently provides many a pint for others. We think he is most companionable in that atmosphere, and hope to meet him again, uttering his brotherly philosophy, while the inevitable red-faced inn-keeper stimulates and pours.

It is significant that after having been out of print since the third edition was exhausted, more than a century and a quarter ago, William Godwin's '**Enquiry Concerning Political Justice**' (Knopf) should be re-issued by a New York house; for the fact is evidence of the thoroughness with which the new generation of Americans is studying the philosophical bases upon which their and our constitutional systems are established. Whatever may be thought of Godwin, whose little habits and practices were less than ingratiating, there is no doubt of the importance of this, the principal work of his life, especially for the influence it had upon his son-in-law, Shelley, and upon William Blake, whose verse, as a direct consequence, was irradiated with a

social earnestness which had some effect on their contemporaries. Reading again these thoughtful pages which have a quality of style and a dignity of statement that might not have been expected of Godwin, it is curious that for a brief span of days this work should have caused a spell of panic; so much so that when it was urged that Godwin should be prosecuted for the perpetration of the theories developed in this Enquiry, William Pitt, in his generosity and common sense, observed that a three-guinea book could never do much harm among those who had not three shillings to spare.

If it had not been for his controversy with Byron over the impropriety of regarding Alexander Pope as a poet, and for his friendship with some famous men, it is certain that by this time William Lisle Bowles would have been as amply forgotten as any rural clergyman of the 18th century. Although he wrote verse and printed sermons, at his own expense, it all was pretty thin and none of it has lived; the best excuse, therefore, for the issue of Dr Garland Greever's volume, '**A Wiltshire Parson and his Friends**' (Constable), is to be found in the entertaining reviews by Coleridge, contributed to the '*Critical Review*,' and hitherto not identified as his. They deal with 'Monk' Lewis's famous shocker, and two of Mrs Radcliffe's emotional and highly-coloured tales, with an insignificant note on a romance by Mary Robinson. The correspondence with Southey, Crabbe, Caroline Bowles, Wordsworth, and others has no particular interest and contains too many words abandoned as 'illegible'; but in spite of his insignificance we rather like Bowles if only because of his absent-mindedness. A man who can put two stockings on one leg and then search for the one missing was worth a personal chapter or two; but hardly worth a thesis of the dimensions of this.

Sadhu Sundar Singh is an Indian ascetic, a convert to Christianity, who already has impressed the world of religious thought through his character and his writings. His '**Meditations on Various Aspects of the Spiritual Life**' (Macmillan) have these parallels with the discourses of Christ: his thoughts and language are simple, so that all may receive them, and he freely illustrates with verbal pictures to bring his points home. This

little book is attractive and should be useful, especially to simple minds; though-sometimes, as is to be expected, this Eastern philosophy is unequal to Western stress. For instance, in the strained and complex circumstances which an elaborate civilisation suffers, we find his easy treatment of what is known as the Problem of Pain insufficient. His pages, however, should bring comfort to many.

Not with any wish to hurt feelings, but because from inward appearances it seems to be so, we feel compelled to assert of the late T. A. Bowhay, as Betsy Prig did of the apocryphal Mrs Harris, that we 'don't believe there's no sich a person.' It is true that the frontispiece drawn by Mr Eric Kennington shows the refined face of an elderly man; but it might be the drawing of an imaginary person; while the publishers' assertion that the writer of this volume, 'Life and Man' (Cape), died of heart-failure while it was passing through the press, rather emphasises the doubt, as in very many books of the kind the writer has died just at that time and in that way. Moreover, the foreword, written over initials, makes any judgment of the book impossible. This is an example of how it goes:

'Some are so irritated to the core of their being that they declare if they read any more they will go mad. Some are roused to bitter, intellectual opposition. Some can see no sense until they have read repeatedly, compelled to do so by a curious inner necessity, and every time they do so being prompted to repeat the experiment and glimpsing more meaning than they did before. Some will read a few paragraphs only, and instantly feel awed by the revelation they offer of the meaning of life.'

And so on. But, truly, a careful and sympathetic endeavour to realise what the writer would be at, leaves the persistent sense of 'Bunkum.' For the defects of the book and the reasoning on which it is based are too transparent for a comfortable faith in it. Questions are begged by the dozen. Assertions are glibly made and their inauthenticity felt; while at once, before the effect can go further, we are whisked off to another glib and doubtful assertion or question begged. It is very unsatisfactory. 'Nature has never aided man in any way, nor can it aid him.' 'Nature generally lies still and

dumb about man. She cannot speak, she cannot reveal the mysteries lying hid within her bosom.' 'It may be said that scientific men learn by experiments, but that is not the case.' 'Signs are not absent that Nature would prefer man not to think.' These are instances, self-contradictory, culled almost at random from the first few pages; and so it goes on, bristling with assertions which apparently are as helpful as were the declarations of Mr F.'s Aunt. Why is it that this sort of thing so often suggests the eccentrics of Dickens? Yes, and here is another. Is this not like Chadband? 'Man's ignorance could not produce man's knowledge, man's speechlessness could not create man's language.' It won't do. We 'don't believe there's no sich a person'; and, therefore, in our wish to be grateful and comforting, we turn aside to praise the style, binding, printing of the book, which are so charming and good that we wish they had gone to a work of some worth.

No more lucid and convincing study of a man, a period, a controversy of first-class political importance, has been written than the Dean of Winchester's revised '**Thomas Becket**' (Cambridge University Press). It has no literary embroideries; but tells the truth plainly of the rise and activities, as well as the causes of the tragedy which brought a bloody end to the first native-born Archbishop of Canterbury. It is, of course, a much-written story; for Becket, from the very morrow of his martyrdom, has lived in the popular imagination, and become, whatever the quality of his sanctity may have been, an appealing figure. In the long duel with his masterly King, 'that animal greedy for glory,' Becket, as Dr Hutton acknowledges, judged by true principles, was in the wrong; but yet he was accepted by the sympathetic multitude as fighting the battle of the weak against a tyrant. Had Becket won, and the Church maintained its courts and terrestrial privileges in defiance of civil justice and law, a tyranny ecclesiastical, worse than that of mediæval Kings, would have fastened upon England and been the blight upon humanity which priestcraft powerful and unchecked always has been. Dr Hutton, being a good Churchman as well as a frank and liberal historian, has been able to give fair play to both sides of the controversy which produced the Con-

stitutions of Clarendon and brought Thomas of Canterbury to his dramatic and heroic death.

Not a great many, it is to be feared at this late day, will wish to inquire closely into the history of the rise and fall of '**The Albigensian or Catharist Heresy**' (Williams and Norgate), even as told, with sympathy and an admirable vigour and clearness, by Mr Edmond Holmes; but those who might wish to study that pathetic story, of a movement largely mistaken and yet of high motives; of motives and ideals so high as to be indeed impossible, could not do better than come to this small book. Written in the true historical spirit, it clears up many mistaken notions about those people of Languedoc, who, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, made a widespread practical protest against the tyrannies and corruptions of Rome; were crushed by that Church as heretics remorselessly, being the first-fruits of the terrible Inquisition; yet even in their failure, in their death, were able to impress the victors with some of their principles. It was through their extreme teaching on sexual morality—for even marriage was forbidden by them—that Rome assumed its condition of the celibacy of the priesthood.

Again we are disposed to praise, as we rightly can, the format and cheapness of '**The Twelve Best Short Stories in the German Language**' (Gowans and Gray), selected by the late Dr Richard M. Meyer, for those are the leading qualities of the book. The Germans are not great story-tellers, whether the tales be long or short; and although we are readily disposed, from the grateful memories of long-ago, to give a passing meed of immortality to the Brothers Grimm and to Wilhelm Hauff, we get nothing so brief and engaging in this book; which begins with Schiller, includes a story told by Goethe exactly a hundred years ago, and concludes with '**How Jacob Prevailed**,' written by Ludwig Anzengruber, and published in 1877. Well, the short story generally was still far from its perfect form in England and elsewhere fifty years ago; and therefore, we need not be surprised at finding these '**best short stories**' somewhat heavy as compared with the corresponding work of other countries.

No happier moment could have been chosen for the publication of Mr A. H. Godwin's critical appreciation

of the Savoy Operas, entitled 'Gilbert and Sullivan' (Dent), than now, when that sprightly and generally amusing company of highly important people—Pooh-Bah, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., Don Alhambra, Ruth, Josephine, Katisha, with the others who are as well known to the multitude as the dining-room door-handle—again are delighting votaries and worshippers at the Princess's Theatre. Mr Godwin is an interesting guide, and his suggestions are generally stimulating; though he does sometimes split straws and take some piece of Gilbertian nonsense, evidently the quaintness of a moment, as if it were based upon several philosophies and must be the keystone of a serious arch of thought. Yet his book is welcome, witty, and wise, and an excellent reminder of jolly unforgettable tunes and nonsense all sublime.

Americans are studying the history and technique of the Drama very seriously, and in many of their university colleges Chairs of Dramatic Study have been founded, through which the arts and science of acting and of stage plays and playwriting are examined and followed through; though, it seems, as yet without a great deal of good resulting. A number of volumes have been published by American professors concerned with the growth and quality of the Drama in their own and in European countries; and here is one by Prof. Hugh Allison Smith of Wisconsin, 'Main Currents of Modern French Drama' (Holt). The most valuable chapters of this book are concerned with the earlier period of French dramatic history; but the volume has its limitations. Surely in a book on modern French Drama, the Guitrys should be referred to; possibly in the place of the Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, who, even although his language is French, is himself no more French than O. Henry, for a similar reason, could be called English. Moreover, in a book about French plays, why do the illustrations, almost with the solitary exception of the divine Sara as 'Theodora,' show us American players in French parts? We have, for example, Maude Adams in 'L'Aiglon,' Walter Hampden as Cyrano, Ida Rubenstein as 'La Dame aux Camélias.' Has the French genius owed as much as that to America?

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